The ART of
Living Incognito.

BEING

A Thousand LETTERS

On as Many

Uncommon Subjects.

Written by

JOHN DUNTON,

During his *Retreat from the World.*

And sent to that

HONOURABLE LADY

To whom he Addres'd

His Converſation in Ireland:

With her Answer to each Letter.

PART I.

To be continued till the whole Correspondence is finished.

Then if One Mortal Two ſuch Grants might have,
From Private Life, I'd ſteal into my Grave. —— Cowley.

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The Dedication.

To that Honourable Lady to whom the following Letters were directed.

MADAM,

THO I know you take no great Pleasure in Addresses of this Nature, yet, by an happy Experience I can say it, Pardoning of Faults is not uneasie to you; especially those that can't be avoided: This is of that Nature: for what Man could forbear writing a Thousand Letters, after you had engag'd your self to answer 'em? And where could I think to find so Illustrious a Patron, to give 'em Credit and Esteem, in such an Age as this, so over-charg'd with Wit and Sense? What if the World's a Stranger to your Rank and Person? It knows in your Thoughts what sufficiently declares your strict Alliance to Vertue; and nothing can take your Title to support it, but must have some Pretensions to instructing in the Laws of Vertue.

I confess you are a Lady of a particular Genius: for those that see you, know little of your Mind; and the World you communicate your Thoughts to, neither see nor know your Person: Nay, some believe you have no real Being but in my **Brain**. I am oblig'd to 'em for thinking me such a Man of Art, that can divide my Principles; for 'tis apparent those I act by, are very different from those I make use of to correct and reprove my Actions; Yet all this while (say those Men) the Title of **Honourable Lady** is but a Fiction I amuse the World with. I know your Ladyship is unconcern'd what is thought of it; I am not: but would be thought a Man of Truth; and, if I knew how, would fain convince 'em of their Mistake; but if only Seeing is Believing with 'em, I can never do it: that sort of Conviction I shall never have in my power; and if they will not believe upon the Credit of an Honest Man, I can go no farther.

Thus you see, Madam, how much I value Truth; what else cou'd make me decline the **Glory of owning your Thoughts**, which I have ever had in Admiration, since I had the Honour to know 'em. 'Twas in your Thoughts I discern'd the Charms of Solitude, which soon inspir'd me with the Resolution of Living Incognito, pro-

posing to my self the most intimate pleasure this World can give; but now, by an unhappy Fate, must make it my Retreat, and both live and die so.

'Tis to you, **Madam**, I must be indebted for all the Pleasures I shall find **in Retirement**, and shall never be weary of presenting you with **Variety of Thoughts**: Your **Reflections** will give 'em such Beauty and Lustre, none will be able to resist the Wise Instructions they carry in 'em, how mean so ever the thoughts are that gave 'em their first Rise

I shall only add, This **Whole Correspondence** will be contained in about 200 **Parts** (at 12 d. each) In which I solemnly declare, I'll have no Assistance (by Writing, whatever I have from Books) from any one of my former Authors; For seeing I have a Thousand Magots swarming in my Brain (for this **Art of Incognito** will consist just of that Number of Subjects) I'm willing now that the World may see the Magots of my own begetting: for, as Randolph says,

—**If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son** —which I don't speak out of Ostentation, but that the World may see, after Printing so many Magots of others writing, I'm now (by Imitation) become one my self. And as these Thousand Magots (or the Art of Living Incognito, for they are Synonimous Terms) will be publisht in 200 Parts, (and at so easy a Price, that the Poorest may purchase 'em) **Ten of 'em** will be finisht by Lady-day, and the rest with what speed I can; which I hint as a **Piece of News** to my Honest Printers, and my other Friends that I use to employ. But, Madam, tho in this Undertaking I fall upon Subjects, that (by reason of their Uncommonness) may be thought **Magotty**, yet if I insert any thing not agreable to Sound Doctrine, 'tis your Province to find it out; and tho your Good Nature is as ready to forgive Faults, as your Wit is able to find 'em, yet pray (Madam) tell me my Errors, Mistakes and Omissions, not with the Tongue of a Courtier, but with the Severity of a True Friend: And since the Art of Living Incognito is your own, by so many Titles to it, refuse it not the Honour of your Protection, but suffer this Oblation from,

MADAM,

Your Ladyships most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

John Dunton.

The Art of
Living Incognito.

LETTER I.

Of Living Incognito.

Madam,

I Acquainted you(a) in the *account I sent of my Conversation in Ireland*, that I was contriving a Correspondence with your Ladiship which I'd call the *The Art of Living Incognito*; for, as others Squander away their Time in Publick Hurries, and in rambling from *one Vanity to another*; I chuse rather to retire to a Solitary Village (Blest with a Neighbouring Grove, a Purling-stream, two Cuckoos, and one Nightingale) and here under the *Covert of a spreading Tree*, I intend to devote the remaining part of my Time, *To study my self*; (for as *Cowley* says, *The Voyage Life is longest made at home*) but more especially the works of *Creation and Providence*, *&c.* And this on purpose to Correct, and Confess the Errors of my past Life, which if I do, 'twill evidently appear, *Bene qui latuit bene vixit, he hath liv'd well, who hath lain well (or so) hidden*; and therefore I call this Retreat the *Art of living Incognito*, so few Persons devoting the latter part of their Time to write and publish the Errors of the former.

(a) p. 433.

But let others Act as they please, I ever thought it dangerous for a Man to Dye *in a hurry*; Men involved in Trade cannot so soon prepare for a better State, as Men retired from the World may. I have ever pitied those Men, *whose necessitous Employment, and Fortune hath put them under an obligation of making even at one time, the Accounts of this World and the next*; I therefore resolve to narrow my thoughts, and take the advantage which **Experience** gives, of thinking *strictly*, and reviewing my Life, and being freed from **fancy** (*which cheated me in my Younger Years*) to consider how far the **Rules** I have gone by, how specious soever to others, and pleasant to my self may be consistent with a severe expectation of an Account above, where Pleasure, Interest, and Passion must disappear. For this reason I'm now retir'd to a **private Cell**, for 'tis only here, *I can shape a true measure of my self*;

See the *Guardians* Instruction. P. 5.

learn the contempt of what hitherto I have admired; humble my Soul for my many failings, and warm my Devotions by the expectation of a wiser and better State.

Madam, This is a **large Province** I'm entring upon, yet I shall tye my self to **no method**, any further than making **every Letter a distinct Subject**; but shall be very glad if now and then you'll propose a Subject your self: *For the Character you writ of your self, your Essay on Friendship, and on the Miseries of Human Life, &c.* are so very instructive, that I desire they may come into our first Part (for the Project will be 200 in all) and I'll Answer 'em as so many Letters; and if *Variety has a Charm in it*, I hope we shall please some Body. I know an *Undertaking* of this Nature, is liable to Cavils, and there are a sort of Men in the World, who love to *shew their wit* in making Exception against every thing but the Product of their own Brain, and therefore their *Objections* are not to be regarded; however I'll endeavour to Treat of Subjects that are most Surprizing; and what I Write, shall be still submited to your Censure, and Publisht with this Title, *viz.*

The Art of Living Incognito: Being a thousand Letters (on as many uncommon Subjects) Written by John Dunton *during his Retreat from the World, and sent to that Honourable Lady to whom he addressed his Conversation in* Ireland, *with her Answer to each Letter.*

Madam,

I have here given ye *a clear Idea of my Art of Living Incognito*, and what I design by it, and if the Subjects I intend to chuse, have **Magick** enough in 'em to procure *your Remarks*, I shall think my self highly Honour'd, not only as I shall thereby think I am continued in your Friendship, but as you're able to rectifye all my Errors, which doubtless (*in so large an Undertaking*) will be very many; however I'll venture to tell ye my **Naked Thoughts** on ev'ry Subject I Treat of. And my first shall be,

Of Living Incognito.

The *Art of Living Incognito* is of great Antiquity; 'twas first Practic'd in Paradice; *Adam and Eve even there hid themselves amongst the Trees* (a) *of the Garden:* And if we look further into Scripture, we see *Moses* in the Mount, and with the People, with a different face, open to God, *veil'd to them.* God wou'd not always have us shew our brightness to the world, in some Cases he loves our *Talent in a Napkin*, lapt up, and hid; and therefore, tho' *John Dunton* (in Anagram) is *Hid unto none*, yet I'll attempt to live

(a) Gen. 3. 8.

hid.

hid unto all; and my comfort is, tho' I live ne'er so *Private*, he knows me, that will (if I serve him) bring me Heaven; others, if they commend me, there's all; and it may be to my cost: So I'll fly all Company, for, *why shou'd I lose Heaven for good words?* So much for the Old Testament; (as to *living Incognito*.) And if we look into the New, we shall find the End o' all our Saviours Miracles, for the most part was, *See you tell no Man*: It is one Lesson, even in Religion it self, *not to be seen*; and yet not precisely, *not to be seen*, but not therefore to do well, *to be seen*; our commendations must be to do, and not say; or if we say any thing, *say we are unprofitable Servants*; so that *living Incognito*, is not only a Duty (in some Cases) but has many Blessings attend it. And further to recommend it to our Practice, Dr. *Fuller* tells us 'twas an *ART* learnt, in the first Century; *Retirement was in the Primitive Church*, to save themselves from the heat of Persecution; they were now, (says Dr. *Fuller*) *always alone, yet always in the Company of good Thoughts.* King *Agis* one Day requested the Oracle of *Apollo*, to tell him who was the happiest Man in the World, who answer'd, *One* Aglaion, *beknown of the Gods, and unknown of Men*; and making search for him throughout all *Greece*, found at length that it was a poor Man in *Arcadia*, who 60 Years Old never went from home, keeping himself, with his only Labour in his Garden. (a) Had King *Agis* asked me the same Question, I had answer'd to the same purpose, and therefore 'tis part of my Character, (b) *To love to be guess'd at, not known; and to see the World, unseen.* Then

(a) *Livy.*

(b) *See the Account of my Conversation in* Ireland P. 433.

Come, (c) Sabina, *come away,*
Don't your Joy and mine delay;
But to make 'em both compleat,
Come and taste of my Retreat.

(c) *For so I'll presume to call you throughout our* whole Correspondence.

To Invite ye to it consider, nothing can carry ye *so near to God and Heaven*, as a voluntary Retreat from the World: The mind of Man, when disintangled from *Riches*, &c. can walk beyond the sight of the Eye, and tho' in a Cloud can lift us into Heaven while we live (tho' we liv'd in in a Dungeon) *I know the hurry of Business is apt to ingross our thoughts: And therefore 'tis I'm come from behind the Counter.* Instead of losing Time in a Shop, I do now in a Quiet Retreat, learn to despise the World. I think 'tis a Great Madness to be laying new foundations of Life, when I'm half way through it.

Farewell to Dublin, p. 119.

And they, methinks, deserve my Pity,
Who for it can indure the Stings,
The Crowd and Buz, and Murmurings,
Of this Great Hive the City——*Cowley*——

By living private, we ſhun a world of unfortunate Engagements. — We have nothing to reſiſt in a Cell, but a few wandring thoughts; nor nothing to ſeek after, *but to be happy.* There we are free from publick Cheaters and private Makebates, unenvy'd in every thing but happineſs: And 'tis impoſſible to ſteal that from us, when we have nothing elſe to do, but to keep it. So that methinks in my Cell, I'm learning to live for my ſelf as well as for other People. A learned Divine cou'd ſay to a Lady *that asked him what Life was, That to live, is ſtill to live with her*, ſo I may ſay, That *to live is ever to live Incognito.* Methinks I had ſcarce a being till my Raven went to Roost; I mean, 'till it left the Hurries of *Stocks-Market*, for the *ſolitude of Jermen ſtreet*; and this was but the *firſt ſtep to Happineſs neither*; for tho' 'twas private, yet 'twas ſtill in the City of *London*, which I've now left, that by living ſtill more *Incognito*, *I might live indeed*; and having in this laſt Retreat met with a good Land Lady, we live *like Adam and Eve in Paradice*; She imploying her ſelf in her Garden, and I in admiring where I've bin wandring all my Days; for I was never Great, nor Happy 'till now: Moſt Princes are of this opinion, or they'd never ſtudy to conceal themſelves, — We ſee, even Ambaſſadors that repreſent the Perſons of Kings, d ſpatch their affairs *Incognito*. Nay, Emperors themſelves think it makes 'em greater ſometimes to appear unknown —— The Great *Czar* of *Muſcovy* firſt appeared in *England* in that manner: ſcarce a Gazet but tells of ſ ne Prince arriv'd *Incognito*: *The Savoy Ambaſſador* arriv'd ſo ſterday.

King *Henry* the Second, after his return fr Conquering *Ireland*, both out of fondneſs, and for ſecuring t' ſucceſſion, he caus'd his Eldeſt Son *Henry* and his Wife *Margaret*, Daughter of the *French* King, to be ſolemnly Crown'd in his preſence, at two ſeveral times; in the laſt of which, he *for that Day liv'd Incognito*, I mean for that Day he conceal'd his being King of *England*, by waiting as a Servant upon his Son, while he ſate at the Table; which young *Henry* did litle regard, boaſting, *That his Father did not hereby diſhonour himſelf, ſince he was only the Son of an Empreſs, whereas himſelf was Son both of a King and Queen*: which Proud Speech mightily diſpleas'd his Father, who thought he had done his Son no ſmall Honour by waiting on him, as a *King Incognito.*

The Story of King *James* the Firſt, Riding to his Nobles behind a Miller, (who took him for a poor Farmer) is ſufficiently known — Neither was *Charles the 2d* leſs frequent in theſe Adventures: How often, dreſt in a mean habit, wou'd he ſtraggle to a poor Cottage, to inquire, if the owner ever ſaw the King, and what he thought of his Goverment? (Madam) I ſuppoſe you have heard how his

wind-

winding up the Jack, in a dirty Frock, saved his Life; and those that consider his preservation in an *Oaken Tree*, will own there is (if in any thing) *An Art in living Incognito* — And therefore I am so far from envying even Kings and Princes in their Pomp and Grandeur, that I pity 'em as *Royal Slaves*, or as Men that are never easy, but when now and then they *retreat from the World, and conceal themselves for a Glimps of Happiness*. So that I'm much happier in my **present obscurity**, than he that sits on a Throne, or that's *galloping after the World*, for these have scarce an hour they can call their own, (and that hour is fill'd with cares.) But,

Nothing looks in my Retreat,
Discontented, or Unsweet;
True 'tis **Private**, and you know,
Love and Friendship shou'd be so;
Solitude dissolves the Mind,
Makes it pleasant, free, and kind.
But the Pleasures you have known,
I mean those in *London* Town,
These, *Sabina*, you'll Confess,
Fears and Dangers, make 'em less;
Crouds, Diseases, Feuds, and Noise,
Render 'em imperfect Joys.
But in Shades and Silence given,
Ev'ry Extacy is Heaven.

Whoever (in this Retreat) sees my Rural Pipe, my Shady Grove, Hedge of Hony-Suckles, Fruitful Garden, Hive of Bees, and little-Cell, with my Contempt of Honours, Riches, Pleasures, *&c.* will own 'tis impossible I shou'd be Happier, except in Heaven, or in the Company of a kind Wife; and that *my Retreat* might want no Perfection,

Nature makes Arbours here, and ev'ry Tree,
Disposes all it's Boughs to favour me——
Here warbling Birds in Airy Raptures Sing
Their glad Pindaricks to the welcome Spring.
The Valleys too, here Eccho's do repeat,
Here gentle Winds, do moderate Summers Heat;
Clear is the Air, and Verdant is the Grass,
My Couch of Flowers, the Streams my Looking-Glass.

If you ask me how I spend my time, in a Place where I'm seldom seen, and scarce known to a Dog or a Cat? I answer, — I begin the rising Day with Prayer, and spend the rest of the time either in writing (tee ye, or reading *the Port Royal* (the Book you so much commend,) when I'm weary with this Exercise (for a little Change)

I walk to St. *Vincent's Rocks*; here I sit for an Hour or so, **blessing my self**, that I'm clear of *London*; having left Honour to Mad-Men, and Riches to Knaves and Fools, I fall to laughing at both. But if I happen to be griev'd at any thing, (for *Iris* and *Daphne* can ne're be forgot) I tune my Distresses to the Widow'd *Turtle*, and she Records my Woes with her own; or if this fails to give me relief, I call to some *Kind Eccho* to help me to grieve the faster; or if I find no comfort in Tears, I need but think of you, and then be my sorrows what they will, I *sit like Patience smiling at Grief*, and fancy I am still Happy —— So that if I *live Incognito* (and have but the use of my thoughts) I can ne're be wretched. I'm sure I reap more pleasure in my *Retreat from the World*, than the *French* Ladies do in the Streets of *Paris*. Or if it happens that I am weary of **being alone** (if he can be so, that enjoys himself) 'tis but Riding a Mile or two or at furthest to *Southborrow-Grove*, and I'm strait in the Meadows, 'mongst wholsom Girls making of Hay, and that's enjoyment enough for one that's *afraid of Peticoats*. When I'm tir'd with these sights, **I tye my Horse to a Tree**, and take a Nap under the Shade of it, and when the *Cuckcoo* awakes me (if I'm thirsty,)

For wholesom Drink, I don't go far to look,
Each Spring's my Tap, my Barrel is each Brook,
Where I do quaff and too't again by fits,
And yet (Dear Madam) never hurt my Witts;
For why 'tis Beer of *Grandam Natures Brewing*,
And very seldom sets her guests a Spewing;
To which sweet *Bubb* I'm kindly welcom still;
Good Entertainment, tho' the Cheer were Ill.

In this manner do I spend my **Solitude**; and If I ben't wanting to my self, *thus living Incognito* might soon fit me for Heaven; for those Stars, which have *least Circuit*, *are nearest the Pole*; and Men who are least perplexed with Business, are commonly nearest to God; which sufficiently recommends a Life of retirement. Besides this, to live *Incognito*, is to follow the Example both of learned and Great Men. *Lotharius* the Emperor resign'd his Crown, and spent the remainder of his Life in a *Solitary* place. This way of living is so much esteemed by the Witts, that we find the Gardens of *Adonis*, *Alcinous Hesperides*, were Subjects for the finest Poets. The Pleasure *Lucanus* had in this World, was nothing else but a little Garden, and when he dyed he commanded his Grave to be made in it; and

Dio-

Diocleſian left his Empire to turn Gardiner, Even the Poet *Cowley* (*a*) *that had known what Cities, Univerſities and Courts cou'd afford, broke through all the Intanglements of it, and which was harder, a vaſt Praiſe, and retired to* a Solitary Cottage *near* Barn-Elms; *where his Garden was his Pleaſure, and he his own Gardiner* —— *Timon of Athens* was ſo given to ſolitarineſs, that he hated the company of all Men, and therefore was call'd *Miſanthropos*; he uſed and employed all his skill to perſwade his Country-men to ſhorten their Lives having ſet up Gibbets in a Field, which he bought for them that were diſpos'd to Hang themſelves. (*b*) *Fabius* the Conſul was ſo little for being known, that in 70 Years which he lived, departed not once from his Village of *Regio* to go to *Meſſana*, which was but two Miles off, by Water; and *Apollonius* Travel'd o'er three parts of the World to conſer with ingenious Men, and being returned, he gave his Riches to his poor Kindred, and lived ever after a Solitary Life—— *Democritus* plucked out his Eyes becauſe the pleaſures of this World ſhou'd not draw him from Contemplation.—— St. *Bernard* got all his knowledge in the Woods and Fields.—— *Jerom* forſook all the World to live *Incognito*; —*Cræſus* after the Death of his Son, did the ſame, and ſo did *Hiero* a Tyrant of *Syracuſe*.

(*a*) *As I hinted in my Converſation in* Ireland p. 365

(*b*) *Plutarch.*

Among Even the *Mahometans* there are many *Votaries* they call *Dervees*, who relinquiſh the World, and ſpend all their Days following in ſolitude and retiredneſs, expecting a Recompence (as they ſay, and are very well content to ſuffer and wait for it) in that better Life. Thoſe very ſharp and very ſtrict Penances, which many of this People for the preſent voluntarily undergo, far exceed all thoſe the *Romaniſts* boaſt of; for inſtance, there are ſome who live alone upon the tops of Hills (which are clothed or covered with Trees, and ſtand remote from any Company) and there ſpend the whole time of their following lives in Contemplation, ſtirring not at all from the places they firſt fix on, but *ad requiſita naturæ*, crying out continually in theſe or the like Expreſſions, *Alla Achabar*, &c. that is, God Almighty look upon me, I love thee, I love not the World, but I love thee, and I do all this for thy ſake, *look upon me, God Almighty.*

Theſe, after they thus retire, never ſuffer the *Razor* or *Sciſſars* to come again upon their *Heads*, and they let their *Nails grow like unto Birds Claws*, as it was written of *Nebuchadnezzar*. Dan. 4. When he was *driven* out from the *ſociety of men.*

This People after their retirement, will chuſe rather to *famiſh*, than to *ſtir* from their *Cells*: and therefore they are relieved by the Charity of others, who take care to ſend them ſome very

mean Covering for their Bodies (for it must be such, otherwise they will not accept of it) when they stand in need thereof; and something for their bodily sustenance, which must be of their courser Food, otherwise they will not take it; and no more of that at one time, than what is sufficient for the present support of nature.

Neither is the *Incognito Life* of the famous *Nostredamus* less remarkable, than the affected solitude of the *Derveeses*, of which take the following account. Some Leagues from *Aix* (says the Author of the *Historical Voyages*) stands a *Burrough*, call'd *Sallon* where **Nostredamus** so Famous for his Predictions, was Born, and interr'd in the Church of the *Franciscan Grey-Fryers*, his Tomb being half within the Church, and half without. The Monk that shewed it us (says this Author) told us that *Nostredamus* himself had ordered it to be Erected after that manner: for that *finding the World to be so corrupt as it is, he was desirous to leave it in singular manner.* For that having rais'd his Tomb to Mans height, he caused himself to be enclos'd therein while he was living, after he had made *Provision of Oil for his Lamp, Pens, Ink and Paper*, and pronounced a Curse upon him, that shou'd open it before such a time, which by the Calculation of the Fryar, was to expire at the beginning of the **Eighteenth Age.** *I cannot tell* (says this Voyager) whether *Nostredamus repented or no; but I am sure he was in an Ill condition, if he let his Lamp goe out before he had finished what he had to write.* We also read that *Hyginus*, after he was made Bishop, took such a Fancy to Live *Incognito*, that he retir'd to a Cave, where he hid himself; 'twas here he writ an Epistle, touching God, and the Incaration of the Son of God.

But the Men are not Singular in their Love to a Private life, for we find some Ladies too, as well as the *Men*, have delighted to live *Incognito* ——— **Elizabeth** (commonly called *Joan Cromwel*) the Wife of *Oliver Cromwel*, chose rather to be a great Person *Incognito* (if you'l believe the Author of her Life) then to live in that State and Degree, which her *Husbands Grandeur* allow'd of. 'Tis true (says this Author) she kept one Coach, but to avoid Pomp, her Coachman served her for *Caterer, Butler, Cup-Bearer and Gentleman Usher* —— Her Daughter and She often went alone into the Country, and there won'd spend whole Days in riding in a *Sequestred Caroach*, so that she seem'd to affect the *Scythian Fashion*, who dwelt in *Carts and Wagons*, and have no other Habitations. —— She was also the same **Recluse** in her Habit, rather *Harnessing* her self

See a further Account of her private Life in the Book called Elizabeth the Wife of the late Usurper.

ſelf in the Defence of her Cloaths, than allowing her ſelf the looſe and open Bravery thereof; and her Hood, till her Face was ſeen in her *Highneſſes Glaſs*, was clapt on like a Head Piece, without the Art of enſconcing and entrenching it double and ſingle in Redoubts, and Horn works —— *In fine, ſhe was Cap-a-pe like a Baggage Lady*, and was out of her Element in her Vicinity to the *Court and City*: She never car'd to be ſeen, and was never eaſy but when ſhe liv'd *Incognito*. And even of **Animals**, Some live a Solitary Life, as the *Hare* the *Pelican*, and the *Swan*; the laſt of which is Merry at her Death. —— So that the wiſeſt both of Men and Bruits have ſtill preferr'd a Private Life to a Publick; and the reaſon (*c*) why, *a Private Life* is preferable to all others, is, becauſe the firſt Miniſter of State hath not ſo much Buſineſs in *Publick*, as a Wiſe Man hath in *Private*; the one hath but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the Works *of God and Nature*, under his conſideration. And therefore 'twas, *Scipio* was never leſs alone, than when he had no Company. *Tully* when he was thought to be Idle, Studied moſt —— And *Miſon* the Philoſopher (that he might Study himſelf) lived altogether a Solitary Life; when one by chance met him laughing to himſelf, and demanding the cauſe why he laughed having no Company? Anſwer'd, *Even therefore do I laugh, becauſe I have no Company with me.* I might heap up Inſtances of this Nature, but here's enough to ſhew I ben't ſingular in deſiring to live unknown; certainly, Madam, the pleaſanteſt and moſt profitable condition of Life is to live *Incognito*. This we find further verified in *Charles* V. *Emperor of Germany*; for after conquering Four Kingdoms, he reſign'd up all his Pomp to other Hands, and betook himſelf to his Retirement; leaving this Teſtimony behind him, concerning the Life he ſpent in the little time of his retreat from the World, *That the ſincere ſtudy of the Chriſtian Religion, had in it ſuch Joys and Sweetneſs as Courts were Strangers to.* And to ſhew to the World that his reſigning his Crown, was the reſult of Mature Thoughts, upon transferring his Kingdoms to his Son, he made this following Speech: 'Other Princes (ſays he) 'leave their Crowns to their Children only at the inſtant when they Dye; that is, when they are not fit 'to wear the Diadem any longer; but as for me, I was 'never willing that Death ſhou'd make this Preſent to my Son, 'but rather that he ſhou'd receive and hold this Bleſſing from me; 'and as I was a means to make him live, ſo (before I Dyed) I 'wou'd be a means to make him reign, and thereby oblige him to 'me, more entirely. This Speech was no ſooner ended, but he

(c) *See my* Iriſh Converſation. *P.* 365.

See a Book call'd Curia Politiæ, *p.* 1.

Retreated to a *Private House at Bruxelles*, and thence he descended to an humble Hermitage, where he liv'd about 3 Years, and died. *Certainly 'tis as brave a thing to quit Crowns and Scepters as to gain and conquer 'em*; Tho' of the Two, I shou'd think 'tis easier to resign a Crown than to wear it; and therefore *Queen Elizabeth* was us'd to say, *If any Man knew the weight of a Crown, he'd not take it up, if it lay in his way.* Certainly a *Private Life* is the most happy, as 'tis free'd from all Noise and Nonsence, from all envying, or being envyed. Besides, my Senses, in my *Private Retreat*, are feasted with the clear and *genuine taste of their Objects*, which are all Sophisticated in Courts and Cities. I now live where I can safely think my Hours away, and I am heartily sorry I did not Retreat sooner, for I'm weary of this Villanous World, and the Foolish Impertinences of my own Sex; a wretched Circle they move in of *Vanity and Hurry*. But now I am free'd from all, and nothing but the Smiles of *Valeria* (n) (whose Sense as well as Sex, affords a more reasonable and Calmer Joy,) cou'd ever Reconcile me again to *London*. But why shou'd I despair of seeing her here? For she is only for a *Spiritual Friendship*: And I do assure her, the Grove where I daily walk, is prophan'd by no unholy Love; and so very private, that 'tis hardly seen in a Year.

(n) *my present Wife.*

Then 'twere Sweet, 'twere wondrous Sweet,
Cou'd I and Dear *Valeria* meet,
In this Lonesome Shady Grove,
Full of Friendship, full of Love.
Oh! what Tender things wee'd say,
Whilst the Minutes flew away.

But I talk of Impossibilities! However, I'll Carve her Name on ev'ry Tree, and Dream of her ev'ry Night; yes, I will, *Sabina*; for Conjugal Love may be very Passionate: Besides I don't retire from the World that my Thoughts might be idle, (for the Mind of Man is ever thinking) *and if I must think of something*, can it be better employed, then in thinking of her who shou'd Study to make me Good, and keep me Innocent?

Besides (Madam) a *Private Retreat* from the World is the only place, *where to Practise your Good Advice*, and to live to learn well how to Dye; so that I am better pleas'd *with living Incognito*, (if it does not abate your Friendship) than they that glitter in the Courts of Kings. —— Thus (*Sabina*) have I bid *the World good night*, before my time to go to Bed; as 'twere on purpose to make a Tryal of

your

your Friendſhip; for all Men adore the **Riſing Sun**, but few, or ſcarce any, have any Love for his **Setting**; however, this is my preſent Caſe, and I'm ſo well pleaſed with it,

That if one Mortall. Two ſuch Grants might have,
From *Private Life*, I'd Steal into my Grave;
I'd Live unthought of, and unheard of, Dye;
And grudge Mankind my very Memory. —— *Cowley.*

But after all I can Write of a *Private Life*, perhaps you'll ſay, That *Solitarineſs* is a Treſpaſs againſt the Nature of Man; and God, when he made all things, *ſaw it was not good for Man to be alone.*

Then he who Lives, and makes no Man partaker,
Uſurps himſelf, and cloſely Robs his Maker.

To this I Anſwer, —— cou'd Man have liv'd *ſtill in Innocence*, and Women wou'd ceaſe tempting, ſurely nothing had bin ſo good as a Female Companion, (for as to the Men, I have nothing to ſay to 'em,) but ſince Women have prov'd the Devil too, or rather worſe, I think 'tis better *to fly 'em all* (all ſave the *Dear Veria*) as *Joſeph* did his tempting Miſtreſs: Had our Grand-Mother *Eve* done ſo at firſt, She had not bin the Mother of ſo much *Sin and Miſery* as ſhe hath bin to her Poſterity. ——

I cou'd ſay more for *Living Incognito* (which is the *Art I am now learning*) but have tir'd you and my ſelf too; ſo ſhall only add, Your Anſwer to this Letter is impatiently deſired by,

Your Ladyſhips moſt Humble and moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

The LADY's Answer to my first LETTER.

SIR,

IF Living *Incognito* is an Art, *'tis of Nature's teaching; for 'tis very natural for those that are neither pleas'd with the World, nor the World with them, to retire from it; which was the case with the* Primitive Christians: *They liv'd amongst the Heathen, that had a very different sense of things from them; they could not speak their Thoughts, they were so generally disapproved and condemned; and being sensible their Habits of Vertue were yet but weak, not throughly confirm'd by Time and Experience, their Love and Zeal was only strong, which made 'em fly from the* contagion of ill Example and Temptation, *as well as from the fury of Persecution; which was made the easier, by that contempt they had for Riches, Honour and Pleasure: For I believe at first, neither* Pride, Ambition, *or* Vain-glory, *had the least share in so singular and remarkable a way of Living, as in Caves and Desarts, whatever it may have had since: But to prevent the imputing our safety to any care and contrivance of our own, we have seen that which was so innocently designed at first, in tract of time became the source of all the Superstition, with which the World hath since that time so much abounded. Could they have secured to themselves good Thoughts, as* Dr. Fuller *presum'd they always had, their* Retreat *must needs have been happy: But St.* Jerome *found it not so well; for in the midst of his macerating Mortifications, his Imagination brought him a* Troop of beautiful Maids in a Dance, *as he himself relates. Then what can stop the current of evil Thoughts, that follows us in solitude, notwithstanding all our care to get out of their reach?*

That Man the Oracle *pronounc'd happy, had that advantage of having always been a* poor Gardiner, *honestly imployed in getting his Living; so that he had no temptation to contest with, from without or within; and all the World is agreed upon the* innocent pleasure a Garden gives; *he was therefore certainly happy: But whether the happiest in the World, is a great question; since 'twas impossible for him to taste and understand his happiness so perfectly, as one that had experienc'd another way of Living, and whose Repentance for his pass'd Follies might equal his Innocence, and so exceed his Happiness.*

I am

I am no stranger to the Pleasures of the retired Life *you invite to; I know and taste it to the full, 'tis what I have always courted ever since I was at my own dispose, and which I now am perfectly possessed of, and find in it all those advantages you mention of* sublimingones Thoughts, and setting them above the World; *sure all thinking Persons will study to disintangle themselves from those ensnaring Delights, as well as from the Cares and Troubles that attend 'em; to which Design, no Age ever gave so fair Advantage: For to love* Pleasure and Conversation, *at this time, and in this Town, is to dote upon Crimes and Folly and if a* retreat from it, is Life, according to your estimation; 'tis Death to stay in it, according to mine. *I wonder whether that* **Learned Divine** *you speak of, has the Art of answering all* hard Questions, *with the same Ease he answered that Lady; I wish I knew how she understood him; he seemed to me to* question what is Life, to make answer a young Lady, *by which I understand he meant his own Chief Good; he ought to have added,* what was Life to the Lady.

I take the love of Liberty to be taught by Nature, *and is that which occasions the Sallies Kings and Men of Quality make sometimes, for a little ease of the burthen their Place and Quality condemns to, whilst* Incognito *they taste the pleasure of Liberty, and may perceive all the Power, Honour and Riches, and all the Pleasures, the World studies for 'em, and heaps upon 'em, makes up a very imperfect Happiness; whilst all their Words and Actions are under such restraint; nay, their very Thoughts and Affections are tied to Rules and Reasons of State, not meerly for the discharge of their Place and Dignity, but to please others, that others may be pleased with their Greatness; all which is a violence to Nature, and could never be supported by any that had leisure to think, unless by* some great Mind, *like our present King, that willingly sacrifice themselves and all that is dear to 'em, for the Blessing and Happiness of more Kingdoms than their own.*

But 'tis enough for such ordinary Minds as yours and mine, *to put our selves into a safe retreat, and after the Example of the finest Poets, the wisest Philosophers, the greatest Saints and Holy Fathers,* learn to live with, and endure ones self; *and to shew our selves as wise as those, that willingly undergo any thing for the purchase of Riches; we for the purchase of Time, as precious to the full, chuse* to live Incognito, *where Time is our own, and none either borrows or robs us of it; and the only place where we can redeem that Time we have lost or misspent. This were enough, bating the pleasure, to justifie the* **choice of Solitude**; *but the Testimony of a great and wise Emperor must not be slighted;* his Mind look'd great, that could think nothing less than an Im-

Imperial Crown, a fit Present for his Son; *yet could support it self without it: And what could look more wise, than in his* Retirement, *to set himself to the study of the Christian Religion, and so truly and experimentally declare the pleasure he found in it, to be that which* Courts, and the great Pretenders to Pleasure, *were strangers to; and if there needs any thing more to recommend it, 'tis that the Body may share in the Pleasures of this Retirement; while the Fancy and Imagination, and all other Senses, are entertain'd in Fields and Gardens, with more Innocent Objects, than in Courts and Cities.*

I know not how your Living in a Private Retreat, *to learn well how to Die, should lessen my Friendship; it rather qualifies you better to be my Friend:* I have no other business in the World but to die, *and 'tis only for that end I value Friendship, that one may mutually assist each other in this great work: Your* Retirement from the World, *does not lessen you in my esteem, therefore is no trial of my Friendship, but makes you more worthy of it.*

Nor can I object against Solitude, *because* Man was at first made for Society: *Since Man is now so fallen from his first Perfection, he is scarce a reasonable Creature, or fit* Company for Brutes; *and for Women, tho' aspiring to the excellency of Angels, are arrived no higher than to the state of Evil Spirits, to prove Tempters, the cause and occasion of all the wickedness the World abounds with, all which may well acquit us from the* Laws of Society, *and give us leave to make the best of so sad a Condition, and learn the* Art of Living Incognito.

I am,

Your &c.

LETTER II.

In Praise of Poverty.

Madam,

MY Art of Living *Incognito*, having been honour'd with your Approbation, I am encourag'd to pursue my Project of writing on a Thousand Subjects; for this is to *Live Incognito* to good purpose, and to shew to the World how *Solitude may be Improv'd*. In this Undertaking (as I hinted in my first Letter) I shall tye my self to no Method, so think it needless to make an Apology that my Second Letter is a brief Essay

In Praise of Poverty.

Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, in a Letter to his Wife, after his Condemnation, hath these words, "*If you can Live free from Want, care for no more, for the rest is but a Vanity.* A little Meat sufficeth to nourish us, a poor Bed (without Rich Curtains) will serve to repose us, and a little Cottage may well defend us, both from the extremity of Heat, and bitterness of Cold. I cou'd wish with all my heart, that ev'ry man would set before the Eyes of his Understanding, the Two Principal Extremities of this Life, and that he would likewise consider, in what *Poverty* we are born, and depart again out of this World. *Naked we first entred into this vain world, and naked must we again leave it*: Is it not then a Stupendius Folly, knowing for certain that we are born *very poor*, and must also die without carrying any thing with us; to torment our selves so much for the Loss of our Goods? It is observed that there is this noble and magnanimous Spirit in the *Eagle*, that when she is in want, and greatly suffers hunger, that she scorns to *pout*, and make a noise, and a clamour, as other Birds will do, but rests her self satisfied, *If I have it not now, I shall have it hereafter*——

And none can be unhappy, who,
'Mongst all his Ills, a Time does know,
Tho ne'er so ill, when he shall not be so.——

" The greatest Misfortunes become tolerable in Time: the " Sentiment we have of them is lost, and vanishes
Moral Essays Vol. 1. p. 27. " away. **Poverty, Shame, Diseases**, the " loss of our being *abandon'd by Friends, Parents,* " *Children*, gives us Blows whose smart lasts not " long; the Agitation they give us, by degrees grows less, till " it quite ceases: Nay, *Zeno* was wont to say, That the goods of the World did more hurt then good; which was the cause that made *Crates* the *Thebane*, passing one day from his countrey of *Athens*, to follow the studie of Philosophy, to throw all the Gold and Silver he had about him into the Sea, imagining, that *Vertue and Riches could never consist together*: Men of the **Greatest Sence** have generally dyed Poor: *Valerius, Agrippa*, &c. as also the good *Aristides*, dyed so **poor**, that they were fain by Alms to be buried.

Great Butler's *Muse the same ill Treatment had,*
Whose Verse shall Live for ever to upbraid
Th' ungrateful World that left such Worth unpaid.
The **Bard** *at summing up his mis spent days,*
Found nothing left but Poverty and Praise;
Of all his Gain by Verse, he could not save
Enough to purchase Flannel and a Grave.
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, *and be interr'd on Tick.*

I might also instance in *Epaminondas*, King of *Thebes*, in whose Rich House and Palace was found but *one poor Straw-bed, or base Mattress* to put in his Inventory.

What, (*says St.* Chrysostom,) doth distinguish *Angels from Men*, but that they are not needy, as we are? And 'tis ever observ'd, that *Mens Desires encrease with their Riches*; and consequently, they that have most, are the most needy; and therefore the Poor, who have the least in the World, *come nearest to Angels*, and those are the furthest off, who need the most.—— He who needs (*says this Father in another place*) many things, is a Slave to many things, is himself the *Servant of his Servants*, and depends more on them, than they on him——So that the encrease

of

of worldly Goods and Honours, being but the *Increase of our slavery and dependance*, reduces us to a more real and effective misery.—— What hath the **Bravest of Mortals** to glory in? Is it **Greatness**? Who can be Great *on so small a Round as this Earth*, and bounded with so short a course of Time? How like is that to Castles built in the Air, or to Giants, Model'd (for a Sport of Snow) which at the *better Looks of the Sun, do melt away*? But for all this (*says the ambitious man*) were I to chuse my Station, I'd be a **King** at least. "*How full of Charms is it to imi-*
"*tate the Divine Original of Beings, to see whole Kingdoms Crouch-*
"*ing to me, to be encompassed with bare Heads, where e're I go; to*
"*have the power of Exalting one, and Debasing another, of disposing of*
"*Life and Death; and, in short, to be an Earthly God*?

To this I answer, There appears to me a greater happiness in an unenvyed Cottage, than in the Noisy Crowds of Flatterers. *Little does the Plebeian know how heavy a Crown weighs*, how great the Trust is, and how hard to be managed; 'Tis the Court that's full of *Ambition, Bribes, Treachery*, &c. The **Watch** must be kept so strictly, that there's no time to act Vertuously. But in the retired Solitudes of *Poverty*, one Fourth of our Temptations are lost; the uneasiness of the Flesh, causes a search after the Quiet of the Mind. I mention'd in my last, *Charles* V. *Diocletian*, and several others, who laid by their Scepters for Spades; and I might here tell you how happy the change was ——

But 'twill be again objected, That *the Rich have many Friends, but few (if any) cares the Poor*. I shall therefore be thought to be half mad, to write thus *in Praise of Poverty*, which is Universally despised, but without any good Reason; for abundance of this World is a Clog to the *Christian Pilgrim*: With what difficulty do those that have Riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven?—— I hear *Israel* praying in *Egypt*, quarrelling in the Wilderness; when they were at their Brick-Kilns, they would be at their *Devotion*, and no sooner are they at ease, but they are wrangling for their *Flesh Pots*. I dare say, many a man had not been so wicked, if he had but been Poor. It is the saying of a Great Divine, That *Solomon's Riches did him more hurt than his Wisdom did him good*. Affliction and Want do that many times, which fair means cannot; Wealth, like Knowledge, puffs up, when *Poverty* makes men flock to Christ. 'Tis *the Poor receive the Gospel*; then how much better is Poverty than Riches, if it carries me to Heaven? Who wou'd not be a *Lazarus* for a Day, that he might sit in *Abraham's* Bosom for ever? Poverty is despis'd, but 'tis the best Physick: I know not whether Prosperity

have loſt, or Adverſity recovered more: None prays ſo heartily for *his daily Bread* as he that wants it: Miſery, like *Jonah's* Fiſh, ſends them to their Prayers, that never *thought of God under their* Gourd. It is pity fair Weather ſhou'd do any harm: Yet it is often ſeen Riches makes many forget thoſe Friends which Want wou'd make crouch to.—— But Man cannot be ſo much above Man, as that the difference ſhould Legitimate his Scorn (*Diogenes Tub was a poor Houſe, and yet* Alexander *would come thither to talk with him.*) Then how welcome ſhould that State be which keeps us humble, and brings us acquainted with God? Who wou'd purſue the World, when Poverty makes us happy? *Alas! Madam*, This World is a Lyar, and he will find it ſo, that (like you and *Philaret*) does not retreat from it. But tho Men wou'd come to Heaven, yet they do not like this way; they like well of *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* Boſom, but not at *Dives* Door. But alas! Riches, like the Roſe, are ſweet, but prickly; the Honey doth not countervail the Sting, they end in Vexation; and, like *Judas*, while they Kiſs, they betray. Riches, like their Maſter, are full of Deceit, promiſe what they have not. How many have I ſeen in *London*, that by much Toil have gotten a vaſt Eſtate, that at laſt have envied the Quiet Reſt and Merry Meals of their Labourers? *Diogenes* laying his money at his head, a Thief was very buſie to ſteal it from him, which troubled him ſo much, that he could take no reſt; ſo at laſt, rather than he would deprive himſelf of his ſweet ſleep, he threw it to him, ſaying, "Take it to "thee, thou Wretch, that I may take my Reſt. And I think he was much in the right: My Companion in my preſent Solitude is much of *Diogenes* Temper, for he has parted with all he has, and is now (*being Poor*) happy in no bodies Opinion but his own. There is no *True Rich Man but the Contented, nor truly Poor but the Covetous.* If we can but make the beſt of our own, and think our ſelves well, even when others think not ſo, we are happy perſons. *Socrates* paſſing through the Market, cries out, *How much is here I do not need?* Nature is content with little, Grace with leſs. *Poverty lies in Opinion.* The Characterizer of Mr. *Pym*, p. 4. tells us of a Noble Man, who once *acted the Beggar's part in a Comedy*, and ever after perſwaded himſelf to be in his whole Life what he had Perſonated on the Stage for one hour.—— So that 'tis clear, *Opinion is the Rate of things.* What is needful, is ſoon provided; and Enough is as good as a Feaſt. *I am worth what I do not want.* My Occaſions being ſupplied with but 500. *l.* what could I do with more? I will not look at what I have, but what I deſerve; and I ſhall never think my own little, or another's too much.

It

It is a greater Misery to desire Much, than to have Nothing. The Rich are ever envied, but (tho 'tis hard) 'tis safe to be contented with a little. Nay, were we so contented, we are happy with Nothing, or with a small Pittance.

Content is all we aim at, with our Store;
And having that, with Little, what needs more? ——

The Poor of *B*——*r* Village (where I now live) are as well pleased with their Hempen S — cks (for the Parish allows no better) as your *fine Ladies*, whose *delicate Skins* are covered with Lawn. —— Contentation is a Blessing, not Wealth. True Riches consist not in having much, but in not desiring more. Some think they have not enough, if they have not all. Thus have I seen some Beasts, not knowing when they were well, burst with feeding.

Did not *Diogenes* well perceive this, being not illuminated with any other knowledge, than only that which *Nature taught him*: When he chose such a kind of life, which (I think) is unknown to no man, whereby he made himself equal, and fellow (as it were) with Fortune? Surely, his Estate was most happy, and yet had he neither *Money*, *Possessions*, *Medows*, *Gardens*, *or Houses*; neither would he that *Alexander* should bestow any on him. For, as the History noteth, *Alexander* came one day to behold him as a wonder, and said unto him, *Diogenes, behold, I am ready to supply thy need, because I see thee Poor. Diogenes* thus bo'dly answered him: I pray thee which of us two seemeth to be most indigent or needy? I, who have nothing but my *Mantle and my Wallet*, neither do desire any more; or thou, who not contented with thy Fathers Kingdom, dost offer thy self to so many dangers, only through *desire thou hast to rule*; and that desire is so great, as it seemeth the whole World will scarce content it? Certainly, whosoever judgeth the state of *Diogenes* unhappy; by like reason may repute himself most unhappy: perceiving the *poor* man to be pleased, and himself never satisfied. The things of this World, are in a manner but Apparitions; not so indeed: why then do we so labour to abound, and not rather to be content? But some Men are in such *haste to be Rich*, that they do not climb, but "vault into Preferment at a Leap: I know not their sleight, I "mistrust their quickness; few Men were ever *Great and Good* "*in an Instant*; all the harm I wish these is, that their early ri-"sing do them no harm; but what does their Wealth signifie, seeing Earth is but our Road to Heaven, and Riches such mean

things, that like High way Fruit, they are common to all—— Besides, *what will it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his Soul?* I will grudge no Man Riches, if he has 'em (as most have) upon those Terms. It shall suffice me there is another World to come, and that mine (if I follow *Sabina*'s Advice) shall begin when this is ended.——I will be content to want this for a while, that I may enjoy that other for ever. What is *Dives* the better to *out shine Lazarus*, and at last die and be damn'd? The good Man takes his God as he doth his Wife, for *Richer for Poorer, in sickness and in health:* We may not always judge of God's Favour by his Bounty; I am but a *Novice in Religion*, if I think I can be *God's Son, and miserable.* A Rich Court is a goodly sight, but he that looks up to Heaven, will not care for the World. All the Afflictions of this World cannot answer the Joys of that other. Then where is the Damage in being poor? For as Fortune is not my Landlady, so I fear not her displeasure; and, which still adds to the Happiness of a *Poor Condition*, if I possess nothing, my Account is the less. But to the Disgrace of Riches, 'tis *hard in Prosperity* for Men to remember themselves, and what they have *received of God*; we are apt to forget what we have been, when we are *changed for the better. Pharoah*'s Butler hath forgot he was a Prisoner. It is too true that too many love God for their own sakes, either they are *poor, and would be rais'd*, or they are sick and wou'd be heal'd; and like Beggars, no sooner are they serv'd, *but they are gone* —— I could tell ye (Madam) of a Miser worth Hundreds, that never did a Generous Act, but promis'd mighty things if he arriv'd to such an Estate. If I had his Wealth (as I am Heir to it) and do no more good, I shall add to my Condemnation, together with my Store: I will therefore study rather to use my little well, than to encrease it—God is therefore bountiful to us, that we might be so to others: *He alone hath the true use of Wealth, that receives it only to disburse it.*

Dionysius the Elder, entering into his Son's Lodging, and beholding there great store of Rich Jewels and Gold, said unto him, "*My Son, I did not give thee these Riches to use in this sort,* "*but to impart them to thy Friends.* But so few spend their Riches as they ought, that I think Poverty preferrable to Wealth; and the rather, as Poverty comes not from the East, nor from the West, but from God himself. He hath said to every Man, *Rule thou here, or work thou there, be this, or thus:* Then why do Men grudge at their Wants, when it is not Chance, but Providence? *It is less praise to be Rich, than to be able to despise the world*; the less I have

have here, the more I have to come. No *Lazarus* would change ſtates with that *Dives*, who if he might but live again, would be *Lazarus* to chuſe: Then who'd make haſte to be Rich? I hear *Iſrael* chid, not for eating, but for laying up their Manna.——— If Proſperity make me fond of Life, or afraid of dying, it had been better for me, if it had not been ſo well. 'Tis true, when Fortune ſmiles upon a Man, his Relations that ſhunn'd his Company when it frown'd upon him, flock to him again, as if he were *come from a ſtrange Country*, to welcome him home; they now offer their Services, with a thouſand Proteſtations of the *ſincereſt Friendſhip* to him, whom a little before they denied to have *a drop of their Blood in his Veins*. But tho the only thing Men are valued for, is their Money, yet a *Moderate Fortune* is the only thing to be wiſh'd and pray'd for in this World, leſt we be either tempted to Wantonneſs, thro a too great Plenty; or preſſed into Deſpair by the Sting of a pinching Neceſſity. I will pray therefore with *Agur*, Lord, give me neither Wealth nor *Poverty*, but a Mean; or if Wealth, Grace to employ it; If *Poverty*, Patience to endure it: If *I'm Poor and Honeſt*, I can ne'er be unhappy; for then God is my Father, the Angels are my fellows, Heaven is my Inheritance, and what can I ask more, ſave to be in that bleſſed place, where Riches have no Wings, and every *Lazarus wears a Crown*.——And as in Heaven *the Pooreſt Man is a King*, ſo on Earth they are ſo dear to God, that *Solomon* tells us, *He that mocketh the Poor, reproacheth his Maker*; and, which wou'd make one in love with Poverty, they that have leaſt, are freeſt from Cares. The Poor are in no danger from Plots, or robbing——*The moneyleſs Traveller can ſing before a Thief*; Neither is he that's as poor as *Job*, in any danger of ſtarving; for in moſt Churches they have that Reſpect for the Needy, that 'tis writ in Capital Letters, (as in *Cripplegate* Church) ——*Pray remember the Poor*——And Heaven it ſelf has taken that care of 'em, that in Caſes of Wrong, *Reſtitution* muſt be made to the Poor, where the right Owner is dead; and to encourage the *Rich* to be Kind, nothing makes their *Names ſhine* ſo much as Charity.

Salvian ſaith, that Chriſt himſelf is *Mendicorum maximus*, the greateſt Beggar in the world, as one that ſhareth in all his Saints neceſſities, and will never forget the charitable perſon. *Cicero* could ſay, *That to be rich, is not to poſſeſs much, but to uſe much.* And *Seneca* could rebuke them that ſo ſtudied, to increaſe their wealth, that they forgot to uſe it. I have read of one *Evagrius* a rich man, that lying upon his Death-bed, being importuned by *Syneſius*

ſius a pious Biſhop, to give ſomthing to charitable uſes, he yielded at laſt to give three hundred Pounds; but firſt took Bond of the Biſhop that it ſhould be repayed him in another world before he had been one day dead. He is ſaid to have appeared to the Biſhop, delivering in the Bond cancelled, as thereby acknowledging what was promiſed was made good, according to that promiſe.

What we give to the *Poor*, we ſecure from the Thief; but what we with hold from his Neceſſity, a Thief poſſeſſes. God's Exchequer is the *Poor Man's Box*; when we ſtrike a Tally, he becomes our Debtor. *Felix* the Fifth, being demanded, whether he kept any Hounds? he brought them that asked him to a place where a great company of poor people ſate down together at Dinner, ſaying, *Behold, theſe are my Hounds, which I feed daily*, with the which I hope to hunt for the Kingdom of Heaven. St. *Chryſoſtom* was a rare Spokes-man for the *Almighty's Box* (ſuch are the Poor) when he ſaid, That God commanded Alms, not ſo much for the Poors ſake, as the good of the Rich.—— Another calls Charity to the Poor, *An Art the moſt thriving of all Arts*. Nay, the Almighty often maketh preſent payment (knowing how hardly he can get Credit from our Infidelity) and even in Temporals. Thy bread caſt upon the Waters, maketh better than *Eaſt India Voyages*.—— But if the Rich ſhould be hard hearted, the Poor have Law on their ſide, and can force the Pariſh (where they were born) to keep 'em.—— And if they happen to be Kin to Eſtates, and han't Moneys to claim their Right, yet they can ſue *in Forma-Pauperis*; and if the Lawyers were honeſt, I don't ſee but the Poor are the moſt likely to carry the Day, as their Neceſſities plead, as well as the Lawyer, and the Juſtice of their Cauſe.——Or if they are bauk'd in a Juſt Suit, the worſt that can be ſaid, is, ——*There goes a Poor* (*injur'd*) *Honeſt Man*, which is more Honourable than to have it ſaid, ——*There goes a Rich Knave*. But ſuppoſe they had no Advocate, yet at *worſt* they can beg for their daily Bread, and then when they ſleep, Heaven is their Canopy, and *Mother Earth their Pillow*. Beggars, more than others, ſeem to be the peculiar Care of Providence. *Then who'd be a King, when a Beggar Lives ſo well?* or if all ſupport for their bodies fail, to ſtand their ground, and look to Heaven for *a handful of ſupply*, ſpeaks their Faith: At a *Lions Den, or a fiery Furnace*, not to turn our back, is a Commendation worthy a Prophet.——When our Saviour wou'd put to ſilence the diſtruſters of his Time, he points them to the *Lillies of the Field*, (not of the Garden, which are digg'd and dung'd) but

but of the Field, which have *no Gardiner but the Sun*, no watering Pots but the Clouds; and your Heavenly Father *(says he)* cloaths these.——Then who'd be afraid of Poverty, that has such a merciful Father to go to?——'Tis true, the Poor are Slaves to the Rich, and their words little regarded. We read of a Poor Wise Man, *that by his Wisdom deliver'd a City; yet no Man remember'd that Poor Man.* Yet this Text adds to the Honour of Poverty, as it makes it the Touchstone to try a Friend.—*A Friend in need is a Friend indeed.*——And there be some *(tho* very few*)* that have Souls brave enough to own a Friend in a Prison. *A Friend loveth at all times, and a Brother is born for Adversity.*—— For my own share, (for I'le speak the Truth, tho to my own praise) I never lov'd a Friend the worse for being either *poor, miserable, or* * *despised.*—— *Prov.* 17. 17.

* *See more to this effect in my* Irish *Conversation, p.*

Thus have I made it out, *(to the praise of Poverty)* that Earth is a place of Penance, and that *Brown Bread and the Gospel is* (a) *good Fare.* Earth is a place of Toil and Labour, and men go not to work in their best Cloaths. Men shou'd do well to *furnish their Insides* a little better, and let the Body shift. I never heard any man blamed for his Rags, but I hear it upbraided to one, that he *went in Purple.*——I might further add, to the Honour of Poverty, That the Saviour of the World was *born in a Stable*; and *tho the Foxes had Holes, and the Birds of the Air had Nests, yet the Son of Man had not where to lay his Head.* "*In the Poor* we (b) *Honour the Poverty of Jesus Christ, his Humility in those that are Humble, and his sufferances in the Afflicted.*

(a) *'Twas a saying of* Pious Dod.

(b) *Moral Essays, Vol.* 1, *p.* 145.

Thus (Madam) have I sent ye my *Thoughts of Poverty* which tho writ in a *solitary Grove*, yet have something in 'em that I hope will please ye; and if they do (tho my Notions are some of 'em New) no man will ever censure 'em; or if any presume to dislike what you approve of, I shall not value it, whilst you permit me the Honour of subscribing my self,

Your most Devoted Friend and Servant

JOHN DUNTON.

THE

The LADY's Answer to my Second LETTER.

SIR,

I Confess I have, as well as you, observed, that Poverty is much despised: I have known some Persons, tho Pretenders to Religion, speak with more Contempt of those they knew to be Poor, than of those that were by all detested for their Vices; yet I can't but think it worth ones while to be poor, were it only for the advantage of knowing ones self and others. A Friend is not known in Prosperity, nor can an Enemy be hid in Adversity. I never fail to set a mark upon those despisers of Poverty, as very blind and ignorant of the Blessings of the Gospel; Even many of them that are Teachers of it, have seem'd to over-look that great Lesson our Saviour teaches of dependance upon God, and the danger of Riches, upon the sole account of trusting to 'em. I own 'tis the best thing this World can pretend to, yet like it self as full of Cares, Troubles, and Vexations, and is given to the Children of this World as their Proper Portion; for they are capable of no better; and because God will be Debtor to none, those Corrupt and Imperfect Services they render him, shall be rewarded with such Corruptable and Imperfect Blessings as Riches can procure 'em.

There's hardly any Instance can be given of their ever making any person more Religious and Devout, more indifferent, and wean'd from the World, more humble and resigned to God, both in obeying and suffering his Will. These are the Vertues attending Poverty, which are carefully entertain'd by all such as aspire to those Perfections.

All the Vertue Riches pretends to, is the making choice of some Persons, to bless, as they believe, with their Riches, when they die, and perhaps impart some of their Superfluity, while they Live, to some miserable people, whom they esteem so for being Poor, with intent to make 'em their slaves.

But whatever Usage the World gives one for being Poor, it matters not, nor lessens the Blessing at all: We set a greater value upon the World than it deserves, to rate ones happiness by their Esteem. But whether they will allow it or no, to bear Poverty as one ought, deserves Honour, and 'tis better to deserve it than to have it.

Not

Not to be dejected with Poverty, *and the Contempt it lies under, shews a Right Judgment of the* World, *and the things of it, and speaks a Great Mind, supported with Nobler Objects; not so weak or Childish, to be uneasie in the want of* Toys and Trifles; *for so one may call all those Superfluities that are thought necessary to purchase Esteem and Respect in this vain world. God knows our* True and Real Necessities, *and never fails to furnish such as rely upon him*; his Liberal hand makes all Rich *whom he blesses: Even in Poverty, when he gives us Grace to seek the Kingdom of Heaven, that one Blessing adds all the rest*; *and what can give us better Means and Opportunity for that, then* Poverty? For by cuting off all Excess, it makes us Wise, Moderate, and Sober; *it brings us to Thinking and Consideration*, &c. *And then concludes in Humiliation and Thankfulness, which God will do us the Honour to accept, and that Crowns all.*

But such Advantages are rarely found in Riches, *'tis possible with God sometimes to make 'em Blessings*; *but with Men 'tis impossible, especially to those that* seeks and desires 'em. *But compare 'em both together in their worst Capacity,* Riches does more mischief than Poverty; *and 'tis only for the Love of Riches when Poverty does any mischief at all. So that I perfectly agree with you in your* thoughts of Poverty, *which I prefer much before Riches, both in their best and worst use And after Death, pray tell me what has the Rich to boast of more than the Poor? For* Alexander *seeing* Diogenes *tumbling among dead Bones, ask'd him what he sought? To whom the other answer'd,* that which I cannot find, the *difference between the Rich and the Poor. I am,*

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

Of the (Athenian) *Itch.*

Madam,

I Might inform you how studious I have been from my Youth, and how curious to know more than's Reveal'd: But when I read what mighty things some men promise themselves, and what braggings and boastings when they have discover'd any thing; it makes me conclude, that God will never give a Blessing to such *a violent pursuit after Knowledge*, that will not keep within its bounds: Even Cutting for the Stone in the Kidneys, was once practic'd with good success, but is now, and ever since *Gallen's*

Time, loſt and forgotten; and the ſame thing we may ſay of other *Curious Diſcoveries*. But as fruitleſs as our *Curioſity* is, 'tis now become a general Diſtemper. For Dr. *Wilde* (*a*) ſays, "*We all are ſeiz'd with the* Athenian *Itch.*

(*a*) *See his Poem on the New Parliament.*

And in the Book call'd, *The Viſions of the Soul*, (*b*) you have theſe words, "Mr. *Dunton*, and "Mr. *Smith*, the Coffee-man, deſire to know, whether there be "any Cure for the *Athenian Itch*. I quote this Paſſage and Book, to ſhew there is ſuch a Diſtemper (tho 'twas never mention'd by any Phyſitian.) (*c*) *All Ages* (*as if* Athens *had been the Original*) *have been Curious in their Enquiries*; *Curioſity it' ſelf is ſo much a part of Nature, that 'tis ſeldom laid aſide till the whole Frame is diſſolv'd*: Yet ſome few recover; (of which I'm one Inſtance); for my *Living Incognito* has quite cur'd my **Athenian Itch.**

(*b*) P. 118.

(*c*) *Athenian Mercury, Vol.* 1. *Numb.* 1.

I mean that vain deſire of knowing more then's reveal'd, which Saint *Paul* blames in the *Athenians* of old.)---*Thou bringeſt* (*a*) *certain ſtrange things to our Ears*, (ſaid theſe *Athenians* to *Paul*,) *We would know therefore what theſe things mean.* —*Theſe* Athenians *ſpent their Time in nothing elſe but in vain Diſquiſitions.* — Paul *ſeeing this, ſtood up in the midſt of Mars-hill, and ſaid, Ye Men of* Athens, *I perceive that in all things ye are too Superſtitious*, &c. I need ſay little to prove I'm cur'd of this *Itch*; my forſaking *London*, and all Company, plainly ſhews it. — Or if I was ne'er ſo curious, where cou'd I be Reſolv'd? If now I'd be asking Queſtions, it muſt be of Solitary Groves, of ſpeechleſs Birds, and a Poor Landlady, that ſcarce knows her Right Hand from her Left. —— But it matters not; for when *Athens* had done *anſwering Queſtions*, there was a ſtop put to my Curioſity, and *my Cell has ſo finiſh'd my Cure*, that I now Itch after Nothing: I am well contented with knowing no more (relating either to this World, or the next) but what I can learn from —*The Holy Bible*, ——*The Port Royal*, —— *and your Ingenious Letters.* And ſeeing theſe limit my Curioſity, I may boldly write ——

(*a*) *Acts.* 16, *V.* 20, 21, 22.

Of the Athenian Itch. ——

The Athenian Itch is a catching Diſtemper; it is not only in one or two Houſes, but it ſpreads every where. And 'tis obſerved, that as the *bodily Itch* chiefly lies in the hands, (and therefore we uſually ſay, our *fingers itch* to do ſuch a thing) ſo the *Athenian Itch* chiefly affects the Ear; and 'tis no ſmall Misfortune that

that this Mental Itch ſhou'd lie more in the Ears than in any other part of the Body. —— For the Ears are the *Doors of the Soul*; without theſe we were but *Artificial Creatures*, Men only in ſhew: Hence we know, we diſcourſe, we believe, we learn to ſpeak to God, and hear God ſpeak to us; without theſe we cou'd not ſpeak, nor know, nor underſtand. *In a word, by theſe* (under God) we are what we are —— Then e'nt it pity ſuch uſeful Organs ſhou'd be defil'd with the *Athenian Diſtemper*? But ſo, it is, and I ſcarce know a Man but has itching Ears: I was peſter'd with this Itch for 5 years my ſelf, (*witneſs the Athenian Mercury*, which continued for that time); but being cured, I wou'd do my beſt to cure others, more eſpecially thoſe *Nice Queriſts* that my **Athenian Mercury** has any ways infected. But I undertake the Cure of theſe Men with ſmall hopes of Succeſs; for tho with common things Men are little affected, (whi'e *Moſes* doth only what the Magicians can, he is ſlighted), yet Men are taken with ſomething that is not ordinary. All *Samaria* will run out to ſee a Man can tell them all that ever they did; and I doubt whether the Apoſtles drew not more after their Miracles, than their Doctrine; when they begin to heal, and caſt out Devils once, *Simon Magus* will be one too: But this *Athenian Itch* is Deſtructive to Soul and Body; when *Adam* wou'd better his knowledge, he loſt his dwelling in Paradiſe; and when thoſe *Builders of Babel* wou'd mend **their Dwelling** they loſt their knowledg. The *Itch* of finding the Philoſophers Stone, or of being great, or pointed at, how many hath it undone? For my ſhare, I will never more care to be, or to know that which I know ſhall repent me: What *Honour* is it to *James the Second* that he was once King? or to me (in my Private Cell) that I ha' once been **Some-body**? 'Tis clear that in ſome Caſes, and ſome things, a Man may *know too much*. It is not good to be prying into the *Privy Councels* of God, *St. Auſtin* being asked what God did before he made the World, Anſwered, *He was making a Hell for ſuch Curious Inquirers.* —— Thus dealt *Demaratus* with a Curious and Importunate Fellow that had oftentimes asked of him, *Who was the honeſteſt man in* Sparta? *He that reſembleth thee leaſt*, quoth he unto him. —— The Anſwer alſo of an *Egyptian* was not unfitly made to one that ask'd him, *What he carryed* there *folded*? It is wrapt up (quoth he) becauſe thou ſhouldeſt not know what it is? A vain *Curioſity* is hateful and greatly to be blamed in every one. —— The Example of *Socrates* is very memorable, and to be imitated, who being demanded, *What the World was*? Anſwered, That ſince he had any Judgment, he gave himſelf to ſeek out the *True Know-*

ledge of Himself, which yet he cou'd never find ——But so soon as he had attained thereunto, then he wou'd seek for other things that wou'd do him no *Service or Pleasure*. —— And *Aristotle* burn'd with such a desire of Curiosity, in understanding the Causes of Natural Things, that because he cou'd not know and conceive *the Cause and Nature of the Flowing and Ebbing of the Sea*, flung himself into it. And *Pliny* the Elder, whilst he was *over-curious* in searching out the Cause of the *Burning Ætna*, was burned therein ——

There are others also no less hurtful, who have been such *Curious Inquisitors* of the Causes of all Natural Things, that through frivolous and unprofitable Questions, they have fallen into that Impiety, as to seek for another beginning of all things than God; whereupon this Proverb arose — *Of Three Physicians, one Atheist.* ——

Neither are they less to be blamed, who hearken and *enquire so curiously after other mens Faults and Imperfections*. This Curiosity (says *Plutarch*) is commonly joyned with Envy and Evil-speaking, and is by that Excellent Philosopher compared to *Adultery, which may be called a Curious Enquiry after another Bodies pleasure*. If there be any One Imperfection in a Stock or Kindred; if any Infamy, Fault, Error, or Evil Government in a House, it is the Delight of *Curious Folks* to learn that throughly, that they may sport themselves, and tell long Stories of them; by that means using their Memory for *a Loathsome Register of other Mens Vices*; and yet neither see or know any Fault of their own. And therefore *Diogenes* beholding one of his Scholars in a publick place, talking very earnestly with a Young Man that was *thought to be Lewd*, demanded what Talk they had? To whom the Scholar answered, That the other rehearsed unto him a *Notable Trick of Youth*, which his Brother had played the Night before. Then *Diogenes* said to them both, *My will and pleasure is, that each of you have 40 Stripes with a Whip, within the* Amphitheatre; *thou* (quoth he to his Scholar) *for giving Ear unto him, and he for the Folly related, because a* Philosopher *deserves as much for hearkening to Folly recited, as doth the Vagabond that rehearseth it.* —— And certainly to shun *all Curious Enquiry* into others Imperfections, is the way more diligently to look into our own; but this is little consider'd; for as fatal as *a Vain Curiosity* has prov'd to Several, (as you'll hear anon).

Yet

Yet still methinks we fain wou'd be
Catching at the Forbidden Tree;
We wou'd be like the Deity. —— Cowley.

There's nothing the Nature of Man is more desirous of, than Knowledge; he pursues it to a Fault, and will fly even to Hell it self to advance it. —— I doubt whether some mens over-boldness with the *hidden things of God*, have not made them an accursed thing to them; and pressing before their Time, or Leave, into the *Holy of Holies*, have barr'd themselves from ever coming thither at all. 'Tis true, God Almighty cou'd send *one from the Dead*, to reveal to us those things we are *so Curious* to Know: But from God's Power, to argue 'tis his Will, is *no good Logick in the School of Heaven*: He does what e'r he pleases both in Heaven above, and in the Earth below; and what he pleases to reveal to us, we know; and what he has not so reveal'd, *are Secrets lock'd up in his own Eternal Counsel*, which 'tis a bold and presumptuous Curiosity for any Creature to Enquire into. —— There is no doubt but he can make *as many Worlds as there are Stars in Heaven*, if it pleases him; but that he has done so, he has not yet reveal'd, nor is it therefore our Duty to enquire. —— Why shou'd we call for Light, where God will have none, and make Windows into Heaven? I will admire God *in Himself*, and be content to know him no farther than in his Word. Where this Light leaves me, I will leave enquiring, and boast of my Ignorance. *To be wise unto Sobriety, is an Excellent Rule, prescribed us by the Apostle*; and the Reason (*says* (*a*) *Mr.* Turner) is obvious enough to any Man of competent Sense and Brains; For *Adam*, by an affectation of Knowing more than was necessary, came to know more than was comfortable; and *an insatiate Desire of Wisdom* (adds this Anthor) is certainly a Symptom of the hereditary Disease derived to us from him.

(a) *In his History of Providence.*

The First of Men from hence deriv'd his Fall,
He sought for Secrets, *and found Death withal.*
Secrets are unfit Objects for our Eyes,
They blind us in beholding; be that tries.
To handle water, the more hard he strains,
And gripes his Hand, the Less his Hand retains.

That

That Mind that's troubled with the pleasing Itch,
Of knowing Secrets, *having flown a pitch*
Beyond it self, the higher it ascends,
And strives to know, the Less it apprehends.——

God hath set us bounds to all our Disquisitions, and if we do not keep within compass, we forfeit our Faculties, and expose our selves to *all the Dangers; that are out of ken*; whatever we do let us do prudently, and have a Regard to some good end: For whatsoever is more than this, is more than is Needful, Safe, or Honourable.---Surely no Man will doubt this, that observes what *Divine Judgments have fain upon some that would ha' known more then they should*; I could heap up Instances of this Nature, but shall only Relate the Judgments that befell the **Curiosity** of an Officer, that came to Mr. *Perreauds house*.---Dr. *Dee*.---Mr. *Kelly*.---*John Faustus*,---*and a young man in London*.——

I begin with the Officer——who was a Papist belonging to a Court of Justice.---This Man came *out of Curiosity to* Mr. *Perreauds House*, and hearing that the Devil fore-told future things there, and some Secrets, he would needs Question him about many Matters; but Mr. *Perreaud* desired him to forbear, Representing to him both the Sin and the Danger of it: The Lawyer rejected his Counsel with Scorn, bidding him Teach his own Flock, and let him have the Government of himself; and so proceeded to propound *several Questions to the Devil*, as about absent Freinds, Private Business, News, and State Affairs; unto all which the Devil answered him; and then added, *Now, Sir, I have told you all that you have desired of me, I must tell you next what you demanded not, That at this very time, you are propounding these Questions to the Devil, such a Man*, (whom he Named) *is Debauching your Wife*; and then he further discovered many secret and foul Practices of the Lawyer. Neither was this all; for in conclusion, the Devil told him, *Now, Sir, let me correct you for being so bold as to Question with the Devil; you should have taken the Ministers safe Counsel*.—— Then upon a sudden the whole Company saw the Lawyer drawn by the Arm into the midst of the Room, where the Devil whirled him about, and gave him many Turns, with great swiftness, touching the ground only with his Toe, and then threw him down upon the Floor with great violence; and being taken up, and carry'd to his house, he lay sick and distracted a long (*a*) time.

(*a*) *See the Narrative of the Devil of* Mascon.—

The

The Curiosity of Dr. Dee was also severely punish'd. This man was an Excellent Scholar, and Mathematician, of the University of *Oxford*; he was desirous of a great deal of Knowledge; (which was commendable enough) *but making it his Prayer to God to make him wiser than the rest of Mankind*, he was, by the Divine Judgment, given over to strong Delusions, and sadly impos'd upon by the Apparition of Evil Spirits, under the disguise of good *Angels*, who promis'd to help him to the *Philosophers Stone*; but never left him till they had drein'd him of what Wealth he had; so that he died very poor, and every way miserable. All Men (*adds my Author*) may take warning by this Example, how they put themselves out of the protection of Almighty God, either by unlawful Wishes, or by seeking to *Devils*, *Witches*, *Conjurers*, *Astrologers*, *Fortune-tellers*, and * the like.——

* Dr. M. Casaubon's *Relat. of Dr. Dee's Actions with Spirits.* Pr.

I shou'd next relate the Judgment that fell upon *Edward Kelly*, for prying too far. **Secret things belong to God**; and therefore (said one of the Fathers) *where the Scripture has not a mouth to speak, we shou'd not have an Ear to hear*; but this *Curious Wretch* forgetting this, Consults with the Devil; *he'd rather go to Hell for Knowledge, than be ignorant of any thing.*——

But see the Event of this *Vain-Curiosity*; for (Dr. *Casaubon* tells us, that) clambering over a Wall in his own house, in *Prague*, (which bears his Name to this day) he fell down from the Battlements, broke his Legs, and so bruised his Body, that he dyed in a few days.——

Then again there was *John Faustus* must needs study the *Black-Art*, that he might Know more than others; and that he might ne'er be puzled with **Nice Questions**, 'tis said, he led about with him an Evil Spirit, in the likeness of a Dog, to consult with, as occasion offer'd. But for all his *Familiar Devil*, Divine Vengeance followed his *Curiosity*; for coming into an Inn in the Dukedome of *Wittenburg*, he sat very sad, and when his host demanded the cause thereof, he answered, that he wou'd not have him affrighted, if he heard a Noise, and shaking of the house that Night; which hapned according to his own Prediction; for in the Morning he was found dead by his bed-side, with his *Neck wrung behind him*, and the house where he lay beaten down † to the ground.

† *Vanly*, *Hist. Man.*

Neither

Neither must I forget to mention the *Bold Curiosity* of that Young Man Mr. *Baxter* mentions.—— There is (saith Mr. *Baxter*) now in *London*, a Youth, the Son of a very Godly Conforming Minister, who reading a Book of that Art called **Conjuration**, coming to the Words and Actions which that Book said wou'd cause the Devil to appear, was presently desirous to see him. He came (saith he) to me in Terror, having before opened his Case to a *Parish Minister*, and affirmed to me that the Devil had appeared to him, and solicited him with a Knife to cut his Throat; and told him he must do it suddenly, for he wou'd stay no longer. Mr. *Baxter* told him how safe he was, if he repented (*of his Vain Curiosity*), but never heard of him more.——

I might enlarge, but here be Instances enough to *check our Vain Curiosity*, and to shew how ill those Men succeed, that to be cured of the *Athenian Itch*, *go to the Devil for Brimstone.*—— Sure I am, to give way to Vain Curiosities, will disquiet our Minds, but will never amend 'em.—— Yet we have a wicked Custom in *London*, of Gentlemens *studying the Controversies for Ornament*, not taking them to Heart, nor handling them with that Reverence they ought; but *Nice Points* have never been my study: I ne'er put my Sickle into the Divines Harvest, but leave *Disputations to* those whom God hath marked for his Ministry: Or, suppose (which was never known) I shou'd *Itch but Once* to try how pleasing Sin wou'd be, yet at *Adam*'s Price I shou'd buy this Painted Apple, and thereby lose that *Paradice of Innocence*, and sweet Serenity of Mind which before I enjoy'd; and therefore, that I may check this *Curious Temper* in others, as well as my self, when ever I meet with those that are *too inquisitive*, I never answer *One of their Questions*; for I have observed, that your **Open Ears are Open Mouth'd**, and they that are craving to hear, are apt to tell.

Plutarch's *Morals*, p. 506.

The *Ambassadors* of the King of *Persia* were at *Athens* invited to a Feast, whereat also were present divers Philosophers, who to improve the *Conversation*, discoursed of many things both for and against; amongst whom was *Zeno*, who being observed to to **sit Silent** all the while, the Ambassadors pleasantly demanded what they should say of him to the King their Master: *Nothing* (said he) *farther than this, That you saw at* Athens *an Old Man who knew how to hold his Tongue.*—— And **Metellus**, the *Roman* General, being once asked by a Young Centurion, what Design he had now in hand? He told him, *That if*

he

he thought his own Shirt was privy to any part of his Counsel, he would immediately pluck it off, and burn it. —— That I may imitate these Grave Examples, I never desire to know much of another Man's Estate, nor impart much of my own. ——— Never any Man repented him of (*being satisfied with plain Truths*, and of) saying nothing. ——

Then *Sabina*, weary not your self with *Scruples, and Empty Niceties in Divinity*, but leave them to the Learned Dons; for I have shewn, (in the Instance of *Dr. Dee* and others) that these would not be Ignorant of *God's Secrets*, as if it were a matter of nothing to be sav'd, unless we also *know what God will have unknown.* —— For my own share, I think that sufficient which God hath thought enough for me to know, and do only seek to know what is just necessary to salvation: what that is, is couch't in a few words; * *Fear God, and keep his Commandments, is the whole Duty of Man*; and therefore King *James* was much in the right, when he told us, *Disputations were the Scab of the Church*: 'Tis Practical Divinity that must bring us to Heaven. When Dr. S——*b* and Dr. *S* ——*k* have vented, and banded all their subtilty, each against other, many Pious Men will judge it no other than a Witty Scolding. ——

* *Eccl.* 12. v. 13.

As Curious as our Wits are, which of 'em can tell me *what my Soul is* (except in Terms more dark than those by which I know it already) *and how it acts in a separate State?* Where's the Divine can unriddle the Doctrine of the Trinity, Resurrection and Incarnation of the Son of God? He that is Just in his Dealings, and practices those plain Truths delivered by a *Dod* or a *Preston*, lives as if he *out-knew* our greatest Disputants. —— The *Jews* proceeding this way, infinitely taketh me who as often as they fell upon any difficult place in Scripture, would say, —— *We know that* Elias *will come, and tell us all things.* But Dr. *Brown* has a better way of **Resolving Doubts**, and therefore I make his *Religio Medici* my Pocket-Companion. —— The Physick he prescribes for the *Athenian Itch*, is a certain Cure, and which shews him a good Christian, (tho Physician to *Charles* 2.) he does not make the way to Heaven more difficult than it really is. But when I meet with Doubts, that neither he, nor the Divine, can decide I have recourse to this sure Decider of all Differences, —— *Dominus Dixit*, —— and that makes me easie; for my Cell has cur'd my *Vain Curiosity*, and I am satisfied with a *Plain Truth.* ———

But these Busie Wits that Itch to propound Acute Questions, are fitly compared to the Sun in *March*, who then exhales Humours, but dissolves them not. Were their Positions *only* frivolous, they were more tolerable; but they commonly end in horrid Blasphemy.—— *Laurentius Valla* hearing a Cardinal dispute sublimely of God, and his Subordinate Spirits, said to his Companion, *And I could produce too, such Keen Arguments against my Christ; but I spare so Great a Majesty.*—— And some of late years, whose *Curiosity and Wit* has not led to such Blasphemy, yet have been so Fool-hardy, as to presume to be more of the Cabinet Counsel of God Almighty, than the Angels themselves (*by whose Ministry, some say, he created the World*). These have pointed at the precise Time of the World's Dissolution; others have been so curious as to find out the *Antient Place of Paradice*, (there was lately a Book publisht on that Subject) and what sort of Fruit that was which *Eve* gave to her Husband. *But these Curious Observations, like our small Watches, not one in an hundred goes true.* And how shou'd they? for Man's proper place is the Earth; if he's raised up into the Air, he's disordered; in the Water he drowns, in the Fire he burns; *the Spirit's place is the Body*, which soaring above the Matter, afflicts and destroys it self.—— When a Soul shall proceed in Matters of Religion by Politick Ways, and suffer it self to be pleased with Curiosity, which incessantly moveth it to *draw the Curtain of Holy Mysteries*, to see what passes in Heaven; such Spirits are Weak and Ignorant, since they fail in *the first Rule of Wisdom*, which discovereth to us, that it is an absolute Folly to be desirous to measure things Divine by the Rule of Sence and Humane Experience.—— The **Wit and Mind** of Man, if it worketh upon Matter (which is the Contemplation of the Creatures of God) *it worketh according to the Stuff*, and is limited thereby; but if it worketh upon it self, as the Spider worketh upon his Web, then it is endless, and brings forth indeed Gobwebs of Learning, admirable for the fineness of the Thread, but of no substance nor profit.—— Oh, *Athenian* Itch, to what daring Height does thy Disease carry Men! **But, Vain Curiosi,** (with *Sabina*'s leave) a word in thy Ear:

Like Promethens, *filch no Sacred Fire,*
Lest Eagles gripe thee; let thy proud desire
Suit with thy Fortunes. **Curious Minds** *that shall*
Mount up with Phaeton, *shall have* Phaeton's *Fall.*

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He that knows enough for Practice, and yet spends his time in search after more Knowledge; 'tis a labour and search like unto his, who not contented with a known and safe Ford, will presume to pass over the greatest River, in all parts, where he is ignorant of the depths; for so doth the one lose his Life, and the other his Understanding; even as that man, who not contenting himself with the *abundant Light of the Sun-Beams*, but seeking with his Eyes to pierce through the Brightness thereof, even unto the midst of the Circle of the Body, must questionless *become blind*; so falleth it out for the most part to those who go about *too curiously* to enquire after that which is not lawful to be known. We behold the Sun, and enjoy its Light as long as we look towards it *but tenderly and circumspectly*;——We warm our selves safely whilst we stand near the Fire, but if we seek to outface the one, or enter into the other, we forthwith become *blind* or *burnt*.——

——*So odorous Flowers,*
Being held too near the Censor of our Sense,
Render not pure, nor so sincere their Powers,
As being held a little distance thence.——

In a word, 'tis ill dancing for Nimble Wits on the *Precipices* of Dangerous Doctrines; for tho they escape by their Agility, others (encouraged by their Examples) may be brought to destruction.——

To leave the *Curiosity of our Town Wits and Conjurers*, (those *Junior* Devils, that wear the Impostor's Badge) I'le next visit the Philosopher; and his Curiosity is such, that he has no sooner read a Leaf in *Seneca*, but he'd be *a Privy Counsellor to the Stars*, a Member of the *Athenian* Society, a Resolver of all Questions. And now, Physicks and Metaphysicks, have at ye. Oh, how he loves to search into the Secrets of Nature! But which of 'em all can tell me *the Longitude at Sea*, or the Reason of the **Flux and Reflux** of that unquiet Element?—— 'Tis true, *Cowley* tells us, Philosophers are so *very curious*, that

Nature's great Works no distance can obscure,
No smallness her near Objects can secure;
They've taught the Curious Sight *to press*
Into the privatest Recess
Of her Interceptable Littleness;

They've learn'd to read her ſmalleſt Hand,
And have begun her deepeſt ſenſe to underſtand.

Fye! fie! Cowley! Why do you banter theſe Philoſophers thus? For you're very ſenſible the more they know, the more Ignorant they know they are.—— But now I think on't, *Diſſimulation is State Policy*, and Poets ſet out themſelves as *Ariſtotle* did his Books, not to be underſtood at firſt ſight.—— You muſt own, Mr. *Cowley* (tho you flatter theſe *Virtuoſo's*) that even **Diogenes, Crates,** *peer'd not far into the Secrets of Nature*, and that our Modern Philoſophers, ſuch as *Deſcartes, Legrand*, &c. knew as little as they. Nay, there's the *Royal Society* (tho compos'd of the beſt, and moſt Knowing Men in the World) can't tell us *why the Loadſtone always turns to the North? Why a Lyon trembles at the ſight of a Cock?* Even the great *Baſil* was puzled about the Body of a little Piſmire. No, Madam, as Curious as the Philoſophers are, they have not yet attained a perfect Underſtanding of the *ſmalleſt Flower*, * *and why the Graſs ſhould rather be Green than Red?* They'll affirm, That an Ague is Witchcraft, *that Air is but Water rarified*, that there's another World of Men and Creatures, with Cities and Towns in the Moon; *That the Sun is loſt; for it is but a Cleft in the Lower Heavens, through which the Light of the Higheſt ſhines.*—Oh ſenſeleſs Curioſity! for Men to waſte their Time in ſuch idle Dreams: Or cou'd theſe *Magi* prove what they ſay, yet ſtill they *Live in the Dark*; For what is all they know (by their moſt curious Searches) compar'd with what they know not?—— They have, perhaps, *Artificial Cunning*, but how many Curioſities be framed by the leaſt Creatures in Nature, unto which the Induſtry of the moſt *Curious Virtuoſo's* doth not attain? But I'le leave 'em in a fond Purſuit of they know not what.

* *See my Eſſay on knowing our friends in Heaven*, p. 34.

And next, ſtep to the *Chymiſt*, to ſee how modeſt I ſhall find him.—— *Modeſt!* he's more curious than the former, and to as little purpoſe.——He hath already melted many a *fair Manor*, in Crucibles, and turn'd them into Smoak, and all to cure the Itch in his working Brain; he has near ruin'd himſelf and Family, yet grows *more Curious at every new diſappointment*; he can't reſt with the Wit he has ſo dearly bought.—— No!—— he will make Nature aſham'd of her long Sleep; when *Art, who is but a Step-Dame*, ſhall do more than ſhe, in her beſt Love to Mankind ever could. Oh brave Chymiſt! Well, ſure Self-conceit-

ceitedneſs is the Sin in Faſhion: 'tis a hard matter not to think well of our ſelves: For *He*, (*yes He*!) can extract the Souls of all things by his Art, call all the Vertues and Miracles of the Sun into a Temperate Furnace, teach Dull Nature what her own Forces are.—— He's ſure there is *the Rich Peru*, —— *the Golden Mines*, ——*Great Solomon's Ophir*—— But *Solomon* was ſailing to it Three Years, yet he'll reach it in Three Months, *ay, in Three Days*; for he'll ne'er ſleep till he has this Art of Angels, this Divine Secret (*the Philoſophers Stone*); for he thinks it Tradition, comes not from Men, but Spirits. *What a Meſs of Vain Curioſity*, (I might add) *of utter Impoſſibility, is this?*. But no more than **Ev'ry Chymiſt** in *London* pretends to.—— Yet ſurely to *Alchimy* this Right is due, —— that it may be compared to the Husbandman, whereof *Æſop makes the Fable*, that when he died, told unto his Sons, that he had left unto them Gold buried under Ground in his Vineyard; and they digged all the Ground, and Gold they found none; but by reaſon of digging and ſtirring the Mold about the Roots of their Vines, they had a good Vintage the Year following: So aſſuredly the *ſearch and ſtir to make Gold*, hath brought to light a great number of good and uſeful Experiments, if Men cou'd be contented with 'em; but they are not; but wou'd ſtill know more, **that's their Sin:** And it ſtill finds 'em out, as is evident by the Puniſhment they always have in being diſappointed of that Pearl they ſold all they had to purchaſe.—— *Oh, Egregious Folly! for Men to ſpend their Moneys in ſuch Idle Diſquiſitions.* But ſome Men think nothing out of their Reach. I ſhall inſtance in thoſe that built, or would have *built, the Tower of* Babel, *whoſe Top might reach to Heaven*: It is not likely they could be ſo ſimple, as to think really they ſhould reach to Heaven by it; they might think they ſhould be ſome what nearer perchance; and however, get a name among men in after Ages, that they that built ſuch a *Tower*, were ſomewhat above men. *But confuſion was their reward.*

And as to the *Art of flying*, I have no reaſon to be againſt it, if diſcoverable by humane induſtry; I have reap'd the pleaſures of it in my dreams more then once; and I thought no pleaſure comparable to it, though but in a dream. Yet I doubt it may have ſomewhat of the Babyloniſh preſumption in the eyes of God; and that ſuch high curioſities are ſo far from being *uſeful*, that they may be dangerous.——

Madam, I might go on in queſt after *Longitude, Diving Engines, the Perpetual Motion, and all Projectors*, by what Name or Title ſoever digniſi'd or *diſtinguiſh'd*, but their Number's endleſs; ſo I'le ſearch

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no longer, nor ſpend any more Time in ſuch *Vain Speculations*, leſt unawares I ſhou'd be guilty of that *Vain Curioſity*, which my Cell has cured; and that I ha'been all this while reprehending. Not but amongſt the vaſt Numbers of *Projectors*, ſome of their Maggots have taken, yet I do ſay, the only *valuable Projection* that ever I met with, was that of the *Penny-Poſt*, invented by that Worthy and Ingenious Citizen Mr. *Dockwra*; and this I own, is of that uſe to the *City of London*, that he ought to be had in *Everlaſting Remembrance*.

Thus have I briefly open'd the Nature of the **Athenian Itch**, (an **Itch** much worſe than that of the Body) and preſcribed the beſt Phyſick I know to cure it; and by the *Bleſſing of God* it may prove effectual. The only Men I diſpair to cure, are the *Poor Chymiſts*, and the *London-Projectors*; and theſe will reap no benefit by theſe *Preſcriptions*; but if they'll forſake their Idle Whimſeys for Two Days, and come to *my Private Cell*; (yes, **Gentlemen**, a Private Cell; for 'twas my Cure) I'le direct 'em to ſomething (*a ſtrong Gibbet, or a place in Bedlam*) that may abate their Diſtemper; but a thorough Cure can't be expected; for their *Athenian Itch* is different from others; and is ſo much a *part of their Souls*, that 'tis odds if it does not follow 'em to the other World. Or if there be a poſſibility of their Cure on Earth; it muſt be by never leaving my Cell when they come to it, or by proving to 'em *there's nothing New*; for whilſt they think there is, they'll be itching after it. —— *However, it has been a Bleſſing to me.* But (to end with *Cowley*):

Whilſt this hard Truth I teach, methinks I ſee
The Monſter London, *laugh at me.*
'I ſhou'd at thee too, Fooliſh City,
'If it were fit to laugh at Miſery;
'But thy Eſtate I pity!
'Let but the wicked Men from out thee go,
'And all the Fools that crow'd thee ſo;
'Even thou who doſt thy Millions boaſt,
'A Village leſs than Iſlington *will grow,*
'A Solitude almoſt.

Madam —— you ſee, be my Subject what it will, my Letters ſtill, *begin and end with my Private Cell*; and indeed I'm **ſo charm'd with Solitude**, that I ſhall ne'er think my ſelf Private enough till I'm laid in my Grave, and covered with that Tomb-ſtone I've deſign'd for it, and ſhall deſcribe hereafter. Beſides, I came hither to learn —— *The Art of Living Incognito*; and can I come

to

to Perfection (in this Art) without making a daily progress, and catching at ev'ry thing that may forward me in it? By this you see how much I am,

Your most Obedient Friend,

and very Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

The LADY's Answer to my Third LETTER.

SIR,

'TIS very wellcome News to hear you have got so much good by your Living Incognito, *as the Cure of such a Dangerous and Epidemical Disease. 'Twas a very proper Means you chose to seek* your Cure in Retirement. *We carry in our Natures the Cause of our Disease, and all we meet with in the World, serves to inflame it; for many things are the Cause of much* Evil, *but Pride is the cause of all, with which human nature is sufficiently furnish'd to produce* **Curiosity in Women**, *no less than Men; but because* Beauty is the Perfection of Women, and gives 'em that Charming, Proud Title of the Fair Sex, *their thoughts are generally employ'd to maintain that Glory, with perpetual Recourse to Art, where Nature fails 'em. This is the ordininary Effect of Pride in Women, but* a vain Curiosity *very often carries 'em beyond the proper Glorys of their own Sex, they can undergo all the Fatigues of a strong robust Body in Military Employments, and any Masculine Exercises, meerly for the pleasure of* sending Fame to her Trumpet, *and making them the Subject of Discourse: But when they apply to Learning, 'tis purely the* **Pride of Curiosity** *inspires 'em; For of what use is it to 'em, when they have it? They charge themselves with an unnecessary Burthen they ought to be asham'd of, according to the* Port Royal. *But this shews they can think two thoughts, but not three: They think 'tis good to know what that Learning is Men make such boast of, and value themselves so much upon, and that the way must be by entering into such Studies as may inform 'em, and there they stop; for their thoughts reach not so far.*

far as the Consequence: They let that shift for it self, whatever it is. It can't fail to make 'em talk'd on, and that's enough.

But Pride works Curiosity, as Naturally in Men, and with more advantage, because all Human Knowledge leads to it, and is supported by it: for more Studies are undertaken upon account of Curiosity, than for the usefulness of Knowledge, as appears in their deep search for Notions and Speculations, so **New and Whimsical**, which are every day brought to Light, with design to strike all the World with Admiration of their great Abilities; and so it does, for some admire 'em as Men of great Parts; and others admire how Pride and Curiosity could find the way to make such Fools of 'em. Religion receives no better usage from these Men of deep and curious Learning; they make it all Human Knowledge, and know no other use of it, but to distinguish 'em from the more illiterate and Heathenish part of the World, or to shew their Parts in Controversie against all Opinions in Religion, but their own. Nay, some are so kind as to make us a New Model of Religion, so plain and easie, there needs no Controversie at all about it. But this is to have Religion in the Head, not in the Heart; for there Humility lays the first Foundation: *Knowledge puffeth up, but Charity edifieth, and teacheth us Humility: we are never right till then.* Religion is not Knowledge, but Experience, the greatest Abaser of high thoughts. They mistake themselves that think by any Discourses, **never so Acute**, to inspire us with Religion; they may as well pretend to teach us, to hear, taste, or see. *No: we shall all be taught of God, if we keep to his Order, and humbly submit to the Laws he has set us; his ways of teaching are Infinite, like himself.* 'Tis he that teaches us in the Example of **Poor Dee**, There's no reaching to Heaven by a Ladder of Pride, *and that the deepest and most refined Human Learning brings us not to the true Knowledge of God, as he seem'd to insinuate in his Preface to* Euclide: *I pity him, and hope God found another way to teach him, then what he chose for himself when* Transported with so great a Love to Knowledge.

The other Three were great Examples of Apostacy, and also those that seek to such to know their Fortunes, or use Charms, *may be esteem'd so in a lower degree, because they do it with more ignorance and simplicity; it being a depraved and wicked Custom the World connives at, one can't imagin why. But the Constancy of the* **Poor Thymist's** *is much to be pity'd, who make themselves* Martyrs to their own Conceitedness: *We are taught Moderation by their example; for 'tis either excess of Riches, or excess of Glory, they pursue; and are nobly rewarded with* excess of Poverty, and Contempt.

These are all dreadful Effects of that unhappy Disease, the Curiosity *of our first Parents contracted and Transmitted to all their Posterity. If living* Incognito, *has taken away the Cause or the Effect, you have Reason to rejoyce in your own Happiness, and charitably to recommend it to others.*

But the Curiosity *was never my Disease, as is seen in the* Picture I make of my Self, *(and which perhaps I may send you hereafter) I have had many of another sort; I can reckon up* Seven: *But by* Living Incognito, *they are much lessen'd if not quite cured. I am willing to take your charitable Example, discovering the* Nature of the Diseases and their Remedies, *which I can give you more at large if you know any Persons they may be useful to.*

I had a quality of repenting of every thing *I did that answer'd not my Expectation; but now I find to be happy, one must repent of nothing but sin.*

I was troubled with an Importunate desire, of having all the Useless and Impertinent things *that are thought necessary for our comfort and support in this Life; but now I know there's nothing can support and comfort us, or is worth desiring but* Gods Favour.

I us'd to have recourse in all my Disappointments to vain hopes; *and when one design fell, I raised another, and still prop'd 'em up with hope; which in the end I found so deceitful, I now renounce 'em all,* and hope for nothing but Heaven.

I have been often Transported with Joy at what happen'd to my self and Friends, *supposing it for our good; when the event has proved quite contrary: This has shew'd me how* weak our sight and Judgments *are; and to be sure to be in the right, is to rejoyce in nothing but* Gods Glory.

I was much carried to the Love of Pleasure, *tho it never gave me true Satisfaction; I never found the Pleasure I proposed so certain as the pains that went to procuring it; so that I found it surest to take* Pleasure *in nothing but the* good success of ones Labour.

I have had very busie thoughts, and been much taken up, with studying ways of exalting my self, and making a considerable figure in the World, *and now find by Experience they only are truly Considerable, that study nothing but the good of others.*

My want of Courage has Subjected me to many vain fears, *which made me uneasie, but prevented no mischiefs;* But I perceive a deceitful heart the Source of all Evils, *that now I fear nothing but my own deceitful heart: Thus you see what is got by* Living Incognito, *'tis there one finds both Health and Pleasure. I am,*

Your, &c

LETTER IV.

Proving---*There is nothing New under the Sun.*

Madam,

Since you honour me so much to permit me to entertain you weekly, (or oftner) with Accounts of what Progress I make in—*The Art of Living Incognito*.——I shall be so free as to tell ye, I suppose you expect that part of this **Art** shou'd be discoveries of something **New**.——For Nature is so much pleased with diversity (as it seems a kind of Novelty,) that she hath imprinted a desire of it in all things here below. This I proved in my Essay on the *Athenian Itch*, which will never be quite cured till Men are possess'd *There is nothing New*; for whilst there is, they'l be Itching after it. Then seeing I told your Ladyship that *my Art of Living Incognito* won'd consist of *a Thousand uncommon* (which looks as if my meaning was NEW Subjects); for fear you shou'd apprehend me in that sence, 'tis time now, that I tell ye that by **Uncommon**, I did not mean NEW, but only Subjects that were *Curious*, or very rarely handled.--No Madam, it had been a great Presumption in me to have pretended to any thing **New**, when *Solomon* tells us.——

(a) *Eccl.* 1. 9. **There is nothing NEW under the Sun.** (a)

And Dr. *Winter* adds, *Nor in the Moon neither*, (a Picture of this Mutable World) of whose encrease, tho we have every Year *NEW Ones* a full dozen, Yet all is but the *Old One over and over*. Even that which we call the *New Year*, is no more than the old one run out, and turn'd up again like an hour glass to run out, the same Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Months and Days, as before.

The *Sun* returneth every morning to the same place he came from. with like form, and self-same substance—— The *Days and Nights* pass by course, and ever continue of like Essence.—— The Fields are every year deck'd with the same Flowers, like plea-

pleasant Herbs, and the very same Accidents yearly. Nothing is the Object of our Senses, but what is ordinary and familiar: We see nothing strange and **New**: what we do to day, that we do to morrow, and every day. What Men call a *Discovery* is a meer Banter upon our Understanding: For my Lord *Bacon* in his Book of Aphorisms proves, *that which we call New and Upstart, to be the truest Antiquity.*——— And the Sage Commonwealth of the *Lycians* heretofore ordained, That all those who should propose *any Novelty in matter of Law*, should deliver it in publick with an Halter about their Necks, to the end, that if their Propositions were not found to be good and profitable, the *Authors thereof should be strangled in the place.*——— The *Antients* held it ominous to pretend to any *New Form*, even of Matters of Indifferency. When *Darius* had altered the Fashion of his Sword, which used to be *Persian*, into the form of *Macedonian*, (in the year immediately before he fought with *Alexander*) the *Chaldees*, or South-sayers, propheſied, That into what Fashion *Darius* had altered his Sword, so Time wou'd reduce his State; and that the *Persian* Glory was drawing unto her *last Period*, by subjecting her self unto the *Soveraign of Macedon*: Which Prediction was soon confirm'd by the next years Conquest.——— *And as the Ancients held it ominous to pretend to any New Form*, so 'tis as clear in the Instance I gave in the *Sun*, *Moon*, &c. and other parts of the Creation. That Things here below seem NEW to many; and are so miscall'd; which in themselves are Old, and known so, to sounder Judgments.

'Tis true Mr. *T*—— tells us (**In his Treatise of Preexistence**) *that Philosophy it self had never been improv'd, had it not been for NEW Opinions.* - Nay, the very Mob (since the War with *France*) are turn'd *Athenians* too, and you can scarce meet a Porter in the Street, but he'll question ye,—— *What NEWS?* And some take as much pleasure to spread (what they call) *News*, as others do to hear it. *R. B.* in his book of **Extraordinary Adventures**, tells us of a **Barber**, who kept Shop at the end of the Suburbs, call'd, *Pyreum in Athens*, he had no sooner heard of the great discomfiture of the *Athenians in Sicily*, from a certain Slave fled from thence out of the Field, but leaving his Shop at *six and sevens*, he ran directly into the City to carry the Tydings fresh and new,

For fear some other might the Honour win,
And be too late, a second shou'd come in.

Now upon reporting these unwellcome Tydings, there was a great stir within the City; the People assembled to the Market

Place, *search was made for the Author of this Rumor.* Hereupon the Barber was haled before the Body of the People, and being examined hereof, he knew not so much as the Name of the Party from whom he had heard the News: Upon which, the whole Assembly were so moved to Anger, that they cryed, *Away with the Villain. Set the Rascal upon the Rack, have him to the Wheel, who had devised this Story of his own fingers ends.*—— The Wheel of Torture was brought, and the Barber was tormented upon it. In the mean while, there came *certain News* of that Defeat, and thereupon the Assembly broke up, leaving the Barber racked out at length upon the Wheel, till it was late in the Evening, at which time he was let loose; *yet was no sooner at liberty, but he must enquire News of the Executioner*, what he had heard abroad of the General *Nicias*, and in what manner he was slain.——

So that Men have such a *hankering* after *Novelties*, that they'd even die to see something **New**; and this *Itch after News*, is become as General as 'tis Fallacious. — The *Poor Taylor*, that works in a Garret, can scarce forbear *leaving* his Goose, to run to a Coffee-house, to ask if the *Pope be recovered*? A constant Companion to this House, going in all haste for a Midwife, or to save the *Life of a Friend was dying*, must call in, and drink at least *two Dishes* of *Coffee*, and smoak his Pipe, that he may know how the World goes abroad, let it go how it will at home. —— *Oh what precious Time do the* London *Coffee-houses devour*? and therefore, 'tis Dr. **Wilde** tells us,

News and New Things do the whole World bewitch.

But, by your leave Dr. you may be mistaken; for all are not born, or live in *Athens*, tho, (to their shame) *most are sick of the Athenian Disease*, in a desire to hear and seek *News*; which they never find: For, Doctor, I shall prove anon, there is no such thing; neither do they reflect upon what they hear; for they seek only *News for News sake*, and make it their business to go to the *Wits* * *Coffee-house*, to *Dicks*, to *Jonathan's*, to *Bridge's*, to *Joe's*, to *Smith's*, to pick up *News*, and then to report it to the next they meet, and to be sure it loses nothing by carrying.—— But there are some that were never tainted with this *Athenian Itch*.—— I have heard my *Father* often say, he never was at a *Coffee-house* in his *whole Life*. But he's the only Instance of that kind that *I ever knew*; yet I cant think him a *New Instance*; for doubtless there be Men of the same Principle. There be no Humane

* By Covent-Garden

mane Actions that we see now a-days, but what have been practised in times past: Yet I must own, that before the War, the Coffee-house was a place whither people only came, after Toping all day, to purchase at the expence of their last Penny, the Repute of Sober Companions (*for Coffee is a Sober Liquor*); but now they are the Congress of *Rome*, *Venice*, *Spain*, *Geneva*, *Amsterdam*, and are flockt to by all, as the *Mint of Intelligence*.——

Hither the Idle Vulgar come and go,
Carrying a Thousand Rumors to and fro;
With stale Reports some list'ning Ears do fill;
Some coyn fresh Tales, in words that vary still;
Lies mixt with Truth, all in the Telling grows,
And each Relator adds to what he knows.
All Acts of Heav'n and Earth it boldly views,
And thro the spacious World enquires for NEWS.

The Coffee-house (*where News is so much enquir'd for*) is no better than a Nursery for training up the *smaller Fry of Virtuosi*, in confident tatling. But en't it strange that any shou'd be so mad as to run from Coffee house to Coffee-house, to pick up News, when in reality there is no such thing? For what has the Name of News, which (like the *Athenians* of old) they so Itch after, is no other (as my Poem shews) than *newly augmented Lyes*; *Relations* sound diversly, as the *Air of Affection* carries them, and sometimes in a whole Volley of News, we shall not find one *true Report*; and therefore 'twas the Advice of a Father to his Son, 'Let the greatest part of the News thou heares't, be 'the least part of what thou believest, lest the greatest part of 'what thou believest, be the least part of what is true: And *where Lies are admitted for News, the Father of Lies will not easily be excluded.*—— Perhaps what they miscall *News*, may have some Ground of Truth for its beginning; but being tost from one to another, it is buried and lost in the multitude of *New Additions*, and there's nothing we can warrant for *Pure News*.——

But then you'll object, Those Additions are New. No: Madam, *Terrence* tells ye the contrary, by saying, *Nihil est jam Dictum quod non Dictum sit Prius*: Nothing is spoken now, but what has been said in former times: And that Philosopher *Renaudots* tells us—our very thoughts, tho they be innumerable yet if they were Registered, would be all found ancient.—Then to what purpose do we hunt for News? Tis true those Papers that *pretend to News*, tell us sometimes of a Kings being beheaded (and what is *King James's*

James's Abdication, but a Parallel Case?)——of an Earl's Cutting his own Throat, and then flinging the Razor out of the Window;——of the penitent Death of some great Lord;——of a Bloody Fight;——of a *Lover hanging himself*;——of a Virgin Ravisht;——of a Wise Alderman;——and now and then of a Woman C——ding her Husband, *&c.* But these (*tho Real Truths*) are no **New Things**, but what we have seen over and over.—— Not but I must own, if there were a *New Thing* under the Sun, **the Author of the Flying Post** wou'd find it out: But he's an honest Gentleman, and writes nothing but Truth; and *Truth is always the same*; and if his Papers be always the same, what News can there be in them?——Or say, his Papers were *all Invention* (which comes nearest to News, of any thing that is not so) yet still they were void of News; for *Invention* is nothing else (for the most part) but a *Simple Imitation* in Deeds or Words.—— So that **the Flying-Post,— Post-Man— and Post-Boy**, do Weekly labour in vain; for all their Pretence to News, is no better than an Old Design, to enrich the Bookseller, which I don't tell as a *Piece of News*; but as a thing acknowledg'd by ev'ry Hawker.—— *But tho we are disappointed of News where we most expect it*, yet whoever is troubled with Impertinent Fancies, or wou'd hear ridiculous Stories, he need but step to the *Coffee-house*, and here the several Humors of the pretended *News-mongers*, is worth Remark.

One begins ye the Story of a *Sea-Fight*; and tho he never was so far as *Wapping*, yet having Pyrated the Names of Ships and Captains, he tells you Wonders; that *he waded up to the middle in Blood* on the Quarter-Deck, and never thought Serenade to his Mistress so charming as the *Bullets Whistling*; how he stopt a Man of War of the Enemies, under full Sail, till she was boarded with his *Single Arm*, instead of Grapling Irons; and then concludes with railing at the *Conduct of some Great Officers* (which he never heard of till last Week) and protests, had they taken his Advice, not a Soul had 'scap'd 'em.

He has no sooner done, but another begins Remarks—upon the *London Gazette*;——and here he nick-names the *Spanish* —— Towns, &c. and enquires, whether *Madrid* and *Barcelona* be *Turks* or *Saracens*?——*Stilo Novo*, he interprets some Warlike Engin invented by the Duke of *Savoy* to confound *Catinat*;—— and for *Hungary*, *&c.* he believes it to be a place where people are ready to starve.—— Neither is any thing more common than to see one of these *News Hunters* spend half an hour in searching the Map for *Counterscarp*, and *Brigadeer*,——not

doubt-

doubting but to find them there, as well as *Venice*, *Rome* and *Amsterdam*, &c.

Another relates t'ye all the Counsels of the *French* Court, the *German* Diet, the *Roman* Conclave, and those of *Portugal*, *Spain* and *China*, are as well known to him as his right hand; and this *Gibberish* is list'ned to with as great attention as *Orpheus*'s *Beasts* did to his charming Musick.—

Then a Fourth stands up, and (he pretending to be a Traveller) tells the Company, That in his late Voyage to *Ophir* (tho no body knows where 'tis) the Master of his Vessel fill'd his Ship, with 300 Tun of Gold, in one night — This *tickles the Auditors!* so on he goes to tell 'em, that from thence he went to the *Jubilee*, from whence, (after Kissing the Pope's Toe) he went to *Venice*, to see the Carnival; and here he met with the Harlot *Tom-Coryat* (*a*) marry'd, lay with her one Night, and Swares he thinks her *a very demure peice of Impudence.*—Being weary of *Italy*, (Perhaps) he tells us in the next Place he Travel'd to the *Indies*, (I have a Brother there, I hope he did not meet him) where he view'd the Chambers of the Rising Sun, learnt the number of his Horses, and their several Names—*His Eyes being not yet satisfied*, he Rambles next to *Persia* where he shook Hands with the *Great Mogul*, *Prester John*, and lay 3 Nights with the King of *Bantam*— From thence (being resolv'd to out-Ramble *Drake*) he took Shipping for the *Holy Land*, but that being now *overgrown with Superstition*, he staid there but two Nights, and then Embark'd for *New England*, where he fairly kiss'd an *Indian* Queen (a mighty matter! and so did I in the year 86) and din'd with 200 *Sachems*. At length (*a*) being quite tyr'd he Embarqu'd for *England*, but took *Tartary* in his way home, where he got a Hair from the *Great Chams Beard*, and to Convince ye, Gentlemen all, this is no Lye, *here 'tis.* ——.

(*a*) Tom-Coryat *gives a Pleasant Character of her in his Book, he entitles Crudities.*

(*a*) *As is hinted in my American Rambles, which I'll Publish when I return for* London.

The *Traveller* having told 'em all that he saw (and a great deal more,) an Old Beef Eater *falls to rubbing their Itching Ears.* He pretends to discover all the Secrets of the *Cabinet Counsel*, He knows all the affairs of *White-Hall* to a Cows-Thumb, and (which is a thing I never minded) *which Lady is Painted, and which not*

Before his Discourse is ended, perhaps comes in a *Fresh News-Hunter* — Begins, Gentlemen have you heard any thing of a strange

ſtrange Whale now at *Greenwich*? Have any of ye ſeen the *Great Czar* of *Muſcovy*, who *they ſay is Landed Incognito*? Or which of ye have ſeen the Second *Sampſon* that carrys 20 Hundred weight on his Shoulders, out draws all the Horſes in Town, and will Snap a ſunder a Cable Rope as if 'twere Sewing-Thread? If theſe Queries are ſlighted, his next words are —— What do ye think Gentlemen of the New Deſign (*or an Act of Parliament*) to make Uſurers Charitable, *and Miſſes forſake their Gallants*?

By this time an *Old Toaſt* that had been faſt aſleep with his Hat over his Face (*For there's (a) always ſome ſhame in being Burden'd with an uſeleſs Knowledge*) awakes, and having 500 Inventions dancing in his Noddle, reſolves he won't be out-lyed, ſo tells 'em their News is nothing to his —— He has an *Advice-Boat* on the Stocks that ſhall go to *Riga* and come back again in Three Hours. A Trick to march *under Water*, by which hee'll Sink all the *French Fleet* as it lies at Anchor, and which (Gentlemen) is beyond this, I've juſt now found a way to *catch Sun Beams* for making the Ladys New Faſhion'd Towers, that Poets may no more be Damn'd for telling Lyes about their *Curles and Treſſes*.

Moral Eſſays Vol. 2. p. 178.

Thus (Madam) you ſee there is *nothing New* at the Coffee-Houſe (and I ſhall prove anon, nor any where elſe) and what ſtuff that is which they tell for *News*. Men come to Coffee-houſes purely to vent their ſtrange and wild Conceits, and an Opinion how Fooliſh or fond ſoever, here receives Entertainment. You'll believe this, when I tell your Ladyſhip that in the time of *Monmouth's Invaſion*, *I ſlept to a Coffee Houſe*, where I found ſeveral asking for *News*? Gentlemen, ſaid I, I can tell you what's very Surpriſing: —— Come, let's have it, ſaid one: —— Nay, tell it, ſaid another. —— Why, 'tis this, *The Weſt is ſtrangely Victorious*, and I am told but an hour ago, —— *The Duke of* Monmouth *is to be made Prince* George. Oh ſtrange! ſaid one 'Tis no more than I expected, ſaid another. Nay, *ſaid a third*, I did not doubt but he'd be our Deliverer. —— And, to add to the Jeſt, 'tis no **New Thing** to the Weſt Countreymen, to ſay, the Duke of *Monmouth* is yet alive. One wou'd ha' thought this Report, That the Duke of *Monmouth* was to be made Prince *George*, had been **News**; for tho Dr. *Burnet* tells us of † *Two Nuns being changed into Men*; yet I never before heard of one Man's being transform'd to another: Tho had it been true, it had been no News; for I doubt not but thoſe ſkill'd in *Natural Hiſtory*

† *In his Travels to* Italy, p. 246.

History can give Instances of it. *But this was a Fable, and the Moral to it is this.*——

That there is no *News*, nor *New Thing*, and that the News we *so Itch* after, is nothing but Satan's Policy to abuse our Ears in hearing, our Tongues in speaking, and our Hearts in believing Lies, to disable us from discerning the Truth.—— So much for News in Prose; and King **James** the First said, he'd never believe any News in Verse, since the hearing * of a Ballad made of the Bp. of *Spalata*, touching his being a Martyr, *&c.*

* *See his Apothegms, p.* 14.

But perhaps you'll say, Tho the *Coffee house*, *Weekly Papers*, and *Mens Humors*, have nothing **New**, yet search further, and you'll find *Novelties.*—— What think ye of the *Athenian Mercury*? Was n't that a New Project? Was n't a Pretence to *Answer all Nice Questions, and Cases of Conscience*, (yet so as the *Querist* might never be known) a New Attempt? Was it ever practic'd in *England*, *Holland*, *France*, *Germany*, &c.) till you set it a Foot under the Title of the *Athenian Mercury*? If not, 'twas a *New* Project, and (being yours) will ye disown a Brat of your own begetting?——

To this I answer,——Tho the *Athenian Society* had their first Meeting in my Brain, and the *First Athenian Mercury* was Partly my own Composure, yet I en't so vain as to think the *Athenian Mercury* was a *New Project*. 'Tis true, the answering any *Reasonable Question*, which shou'd be propos'd, was a thing of such a Nature as *all the Ingenious* appear'd highly pleas'd with; nor has the Esteem and Success it met in the world, given me much Reason to repent of this Undertaking; for 'twas a Whim that pleas'd the Ladies (*who honour'd it with several Poems*), and was continued to Twenty Volumes; but is far from being *a New Project*; for don't we read some thing like it in the *Queen of* Shebah, *who* * *hearing of the Fame of* Solomon, *came to prove him with hard Questions; and her* **Questions**, *however* Nice *and* Curious, (to use the Phrase in my *Athenian* Title) *were all told her by* Solomon; *Neither was there any thing hid from the King, which he told her not.*— And as I took the Subject from the Queen of *Sheba*, so I took the Title from the Old *Athenians* St. *Paul* speaks of, *who spent* * *their time in nothing else, but in asking of Questions, and reporting what they thought was New.*—— And if Arts and Inventions flourisht at *Athens*, whilst they were unknown in *England*, yet you see (in that One Instance of the *Athenian Mercury*) they were afterwards to

* 1 Kings c. 10. v. 1, 3.

* Acts 17. 21.

appear in their Time, yea, the Mysteries of Salvation were always----*in Intellectu Divino* ('tis an Affront to *English* it to a Lady of your Sense) which made our Saviour say-----*That Abraham had seen him.* And this is the Sense where in it is true---

There is nothing New under the Sun.——

Then en't it odd, that the *Athenians* (being Men of Learning) shou'd tax St. *Paul* for being *a setter forth of strange* * *Gods, and a Broacher of New Doctrine*; when *Solomon*, who was many Hundred Years before St. *Paul*, pronounces of his own Times, That there was not then, nor shou'd ever be, *any New Thing*? How much more then is it true in our Time, being so many years after him?----- Thus have I proved there is *Nothing New*. Or (Madam) if ye think I han't, I might further consider the *Formæ Substantialis*, as *Renaudots* calls 'em, and we shall find there is not *One of that sort New*, not only in its *Species*, but even in its *Individual Qualities*, which indeed appear New to our Senses, but yet are not so for all that: as the Shape of a Marble Statue was in the Stone, not only in possibility, but also in Act, before the *Graver* made it appear to our Eyes, by taking away that which was superfluous, and hindered us from seeing it. 'Tis a saying, there is *but One Good Wife in the World, and ev'ry Man enjoys her* (or, in other words, if he that's marry'd cou'd see another Good Wife besides his own, he'd see something wou'd be *thought New*) but it is not because *it is so*, but because *it seems so*; other Wives, as good, or better than ours, never coming to our Knowledge.---- Much less likely is it that *New Diseases* shou'd be produced, as some have believed, imagining that the Ancients were not Curious enough to describe all those of their Times, or their Successors diligent enough to examine their Writings, to find them there. That Diseases, some Hundred years ago, were the very same as they are now, is evident in that One Distemper the *French Pox*,--- which tho charged to *Monsieur's* Account, as a *New Disease* of his own begetting, yet 'tis easily proved, by *Sennertus*, and other Authors, that 'twas found at *Naples* many hundred years before 'twas call'd the *French Disease*; and I cou'd as easily prove it had not its Rise at *Naples*, but was frequent in other Places, before it was heard of there.——— So that (as I said before) many things appear New which are not so, if we look into 'em.——— Thus Printing, and Guns, which we believe were invented within these 200 years, are found to have

* Acts 17. v. 18, 19.

been in use among the *Chineses* above a Thousand Years ago.—— A like Instance we have in the *London-Lotteries* (and that establish'd by Act of Parliament) which some will tell ye were never heard of till the *English Wits* set 'em on foot; tho 'tis not a month since I heard an *Italian* say, these Lotteries were practis'd in **Venice** many years before they were mention'd in *London*.

And so again for the *Penny-Post*: some assert 'twas a *New Invention* of *W——s*, when he never once dream't of such a thing, till that Ingenious and Industrious Citizen Mr.——*Dockwra*, * *had first propos'd it to the World*; and I shall ever think the Citizens of *London* owe him a *signal Mark of their Favour*, for the Service he has done to them and *their Childrens Children*, on that account: For my own part, whenever the present *Chamberlain* Dies, had I a *Thousand Hands* he shou'd have 'em all for his Advancement to that Honour, and that out of a sence of the Great Service he has done, (*even we, as a Member of that City*) in bringing the *Penny-Post* to Perfection.——But yet (Madam) to keep to my Text, I don't think the *Penny-Post is a New Project*. For what can the Man do that cometh after the *King*, but that which hath been already done? And I don't doubt but the *Penny-Post* is practic'd in some far Country, but I must own (to Mr. *Dockwra's* Honour) I cou'd never learn when nor where.

* *As I hinted in my last Letter.*

Finding *nothing New amongst the Men*, I'le next Visit the **Ladys**, for they Love to be gaz'd upon, and for that Reason, if there's *anything-New* to be sure they have it, but if you'l believe a Poet,——

——*They've nothing New* (*not scarce their Faces,*)
Every Woman is the same.——

Tho' I'm the *softest Creature in Nature*, yet am I bad Company for Ladys, for they'll sit a whole day in talking of nothing but the *Newest-Fashions*, (and how much they're admired by this Beau and t'other Beau)---How can I ha' patience to hear this, when I'm positive *there's nothing New*. And when they ask me when I saw any *New Play*, I bluntly tell 'em, *There's no such thing*; For you know Madam (and so wou'd they, if they'd look into Old Authors) that *D—n stole from Shakespear, and Shakespear from Ben-Johnson*, and they all so steal from one another; that there's no Wit in any *Play*, but what we had 50 Years ago——But tho' there's *nothing New in Plays*, yet one wou'd think there were *Something-New in Ladys Dresses*, (they dress in such a Towering manner) but if you Examine their *Wardrobe*, you'l find what

they call **New-Fashions**, are but Old Fashions revived, for Fashion brought in *Silks and Velvets* at one Time, and Fashion brought in Russets and Grays at another.---Fashion brought in deep Ruffes and Shallow-Ruffs, Thick-Ruffs and Thin Ruffs, Double-Ruffs and no Ruffs. Fashion brought in the *Tunick and Vest*, the Broad kneed Breeches, the Narrow brim'd Hat, the Shoulder knot, the Top knot, *&c.* But these are so far from being *New*, that they are Fashions that have been several times *out and in, and in and out*, and so will succeed each other (perhaps) to the End of Time. ——— This we see verified in the *Vardingale*; for Fashion brought in the Vardingale and carried out the Vardingale, and hath again reviv'd the Vardingale from Death, and placed it behind, like *a Rudder or Stern*, to the body; in some so big, that the Vessel is scarce able to bear it.----So much as the wearing of *Top-knots*, which is thought to be a *New-Fashion*, was practic'd of old; this Monumental Pride, *or High-Building of Head-Gear* is not of a New Invention, as Men take it to be, but of an old Edition; for **Juvenal** in his *Sixth Satyr*, makes mention of them. ——*Tot premit ordinibus, &c.*

Such Rows of Curls press'd on each other lie,
She builds her Head so many stories high,
That look on her before, and you wou'd swear
Hectors *Tall-Wife* Andromache. *she were;*
Behind a Pigmey, so that not her Waste,
But Head seems in the middle to be plac'd.

And as *Top-knots* are an Old Fashion, so is *Womens wearing the Breeches*, (as much as 'tis wonder'd at) a custom as old *as the fall of Man*, 'tis no *new thing* to see Women Fight, and Rave, and to forget Obedience to their tender Husbands; *not but there was a Time in England when Men wore the Breeches*, and debarr'd Women of that gadding Liberty which they now take; but *Eve* got the Start of *Adam* in sinning, and ever since for a Woman to wear *the Breeches is no new thing*. If you won't believe it on my words, read Mr. *Turners History of Providence*, and there you'll find (*in Chap.* 51.) "That *the first Man Adam, the Righte-*
"*ous Lot, the Faithful Abraham, the Meek Moses, the strong Samp-*
"*son, the Wise Solomon, the Zealous Peter, the Philosopher Socrates, the*
"*Orator Cicero, were all either over-reached or over-power'd with Wo-*
"*men.* ———So that 'tis *no New-thing for Women to wear the Breechees.* And tho one wou'd think it a **New Thing**, 'tis none, to find *some of the Fair Sex First at making of Love*; or (as you ex-

expreſs (a) it, taking upon 'em the part that once belong'd to Men. Neither are *She-Wits any New Thing*. I know one can Reſolve the *Niceſt Points in Divinity* (you muſt pardon me if I mean your Ladyſhip) another that underſtands and teaches *Algebra*, (and is a Young Midwife into the Bargain) a *Third* that underſtands *Latin* —— and a *Fourth*, called **Philomela**, "*who has taken the Name* (b) *of the* Nightingale, *and her Notes are as ſweet as the Voice of that is Muſical*: And for the Dear *D——ne* (that's dead and gone) *ſhe was an Angel dreſt in Fleſh and Blood*; yet ſhe ſtoop'd ſo low as to honour me with a conſtant Friendſhip; and I may ſay her *Witty Letters* were the only thing that kept me alive in *Ireland*. But She Wits Flouriſh't in former Ages as well as now. *So that I viſit the Ladies to as little purpoſe as I do the Men, for there's nothing new in Petticoats*, and I think (Madam) 'tis as clear as the Sun, There's nothing **New** under it. And ſince I believ'd this, I've laid aſide my *Grand Ramble*; for to what purpoſe ſhou'd I Travel, when the whole World has nothing to ſhew me, *can be call'd New*. And you have heard this was *Solomon's* opinion, who was one of the Wiſeſt of meer Men: and well hath he ſaid. *There is nothing New under the Sun*, becauſe (as Dr. *Winter* obſerves) *Things Subject to Mutation are every Minute growing old*: Until at laſt they be no more. The State of Glory and Bleſt Eternity is above the Brightneſs of the Sun. But the Starry Heavens come far ſhort of it; *They wax old as doth* (a) *a Garment, and they ſhall paſs away.* ——

There is indeed *a Day of Renovation coming*; When he who of old made out of nothing all New things in the World; ſhall out of a ruin'd old World, worſe than nothing, *make* (b) *all things New*. But this will be a work above the Sun: And till then, *There is nothing New*.

Yet we ſee nothing pleaſes the deluded World but the Name and thought of Novelties.—The Devil and his Vile Inſtruments cry up their deluding Traſh for New, as Women do their Oyſters, when as they ſtink of Age. *Cuſtom is a Great Matter.*—*New-England, New-York, and New-Market*, (which has been built this Hundred Year) is like to be ſo call'd to the Worlds end.—Cunning Saleſmen give a ſudden Turn to an old Coat, and then ſell it for a New Garment, and thus we are trick'd out of our Money. Thus *old forſaken Errors* are become new cryed up Lights,

(a) *In your Remarks on my Converſation in Ireland*, p. 514.

(b) *See the Preface to my Wife's Funeral Sermon.*

(a) *Pſal* 102. 26. 2 *Pet.* 3. 10.

(b) *Rev.* 21. 5.

Lights; and the *Quakers thee and thou*, and way of Cheating by selling Goods — at a word —— is no more then we find in the *Gnostici and Carpocratists*, and the Enthusiasts of former Ages. —— **Impostors** are *no New thing*. *Theudas* the Sorcerer made himself a Second *Moses*; neither is it any *New thing* for these false Prophets to lead Silly-Women Captive. — *Montanas* who call'd himself the Holy Ghost, had two such she Angels; *Priscilla and Maximilla*; and so dearly did they Love, that he and Madam *Maximilla* both hang'd themselves. Or if we look amongst the **Jacobites**, (we shall still despair of any thing New,) for 'tis no *new-thing* for Men to *pack Juries* to serve a Turn, to deliver up Charters, to sell their Country, to Murmur after a Great Deliverance, or to refuse taking the Oaths till *a good Deanery Greases the Passage*. —— All this is no *New-thing*, Diverse Hundred of Years since, The Christian Governour of the Castle of (*a*) *Abydus*, was himself and Castle betrayed into the hands of the *Turks* by his own Daughter; and an Hundred and Forty Years before that, *Aleppo*, the strongest City of the Christians in those parts, was betrayed to the *Turk* by the Governour. —— To *swear and forswear*, and to play at fast and loose with a Crown (as a late Author observes) *is no New-thing*. Neither is it any *new thing* for Men to Cheat, Slander, Duel, Whore; and to pick a Pocket under the Gallows, is a *Custom as old as Tyburn*. —— Neither is it a *New thing to see a Man accuse himself* (for a Guilty Conscience e'nt easy without it,) or for Men of a mean Birth to grow Proud, if they grow Rich, and to forget their Duty both to God and Man. This is but *Shakespear, and Ben Johnson* brought again upon the Stage: And now I talk of Poets, I may venture to say 'tis no *new thing* to see Poets Starve. —— (**Oldham** cou'd scarce pay for his Garret and a Sundays Dinner,) and for the **Famous Butler** (as I hinted in my Second Letter,) he was kept so **Poor**, that *he was forc't to dye and be interr'd on Tick* —— But 'tis no *new-thing* to see *Poets* build Castles in the Air; and I'm sure 'tis no *new thing* to see a *Chimist* spend his Estate in searching after the Philosophers Stone. ——

(*a*) *Turk Histo.*

* *As is hinted in my last Letter.*

And lastly, to see Men of Piety and Sence slighted, and Fools and Idle Persons regarded, is *no New Thing* —— For Merits and good Service to be starv'd in the Poor, for high Crimes to be Pardoned and Dignified in the Rich; and *in a word*, for plain-hearted Men neither to be Patiently heard, nor at all believ'd,

is

is *no New Thing* —— Madam shall I stop *here*? For you see the further I search, the less hopes I have of finding any *Thing New*?

But perhaps you'll say —— Here's a long Harangue to prove *there is nothing New*, when at the same time your retreat from *London* disproves all ye ha' said —— Surely this is a *New Thing*; that *J. D.* —— shou'd leave a House surrounded with 3 Gardens, (*Gardens, the things he so much delights in*) a Flourishing Trade, a Religious Wife (and one that he doats upon) a rich Mother in Law, tender Relations, and abundance of Loving Friends *for no other end then to live in a Poor Cell to learn the Art of Living Incognito.* —— Madam, this is neither new nor strange; han't I prov'd in my first Letter, that by retreating, thus, I do but follow the example of several great Men? —— But that which makes me the most in Love *with Living Incognito*, is your own Example; for (*in your Answer to my first Letter*), you say *you know and taste it to the full, 'and that 'tis a Life you ha' courted e're since ye were at your own dispose.*

When you consider this, you'll own my leaving of *London* for a poor Cell is no new thing; nor a jot, to be wondered at —— But still you'l be ready to say, tho' there's *nothing New* in this private adventure, yet surely 'tis a *New thing for a Bookseller to turn Author*! —— To this I answer, *My Raven* (a) *is gone to Roost*, and I write purely for my own diversion, so can't properly be call'd an Author, the word being generally taken in a *Mercenary Sense* and therefore don't wonder to find your *Ladyship* so angry with me at my offering to make you a Present. Were Bishop such a one —— and Dr. such a one, of *your Noble Temper*, you'd scarce find a Bookseller that was not an Alderman —— However, let me write for what end I please, *there's nothing New in my leaving the Counter to turn Author* —— han't we Booksellers Authors glittering in the Term-Catalogue —— I cou'd name several. —— As first there's *D. N.* he's not only a Great Casuist, but I'm told has been Author of several Books, amongst which —— *The Protestants Resolution, shewing his Reasons why he will not be a Papist* —— is said to be one —— and I wish your Ladiship had the Book, for I don't doubt but you'd like it so well as to give several Thousands away.

(a) *As was formerly hinted in the Athenian Mercury.*

Not far from hence lives a *Bookseller-Poet*, (which is no *Novelty* neither; for there's *Poet Larkin* —— *Poet Kirkman*, *Poet Harris*, and many other Bookseller-Poet;) this *Bard* is a Poet Born —— He's too Modest to, let me name him, but I've read his Poems, and

(If

(If I e'nt Partial to my *Brother-Author*;) wou'd he Print 'em, you'd think him *Cowley reviv'd* ——— But I don't wonder that an humble Man shou'd avoid Praise; but I do admire that *J.-S-y*; (that wou'd-be-Wit) never turn'd Author; for he had the most conceit, and the least Reason for it, of any Man I ever knew in my Life — And 'twou'd be *no New Thing* to hear **Patrick-Campbell** say as much of me for writing —— *The Dublin Scuffle*, and my *Essay on Knowing our Friends in Heaven*. However some Men of **Great Quality and Wit** have given these Books the Reading, and 'tis no *new Thing* for an Author, whose Books sell, to Print on 'till he ruins the *Bookseller*, and therefore (Madam,) provide your self with a *Hogs-Head of Ink, and a Million of Pens*, for my *Art of Living Incognito* shall be continu'd to **a Thousand Letters** (as is hinted in my *Dedication* to your Ladiship) and by that time they are all Printed, I hope I shall have the Honour to see your Ladyship (if it be but half an Hour) to *talk 'ore the Virtues* of that Dear Friend who was the *first occasion* of our Correspondence ——-

And thus you see my turning Author is *no more a Novelty* then all the rest, and that there is *nothing New*, let us go *East*, *West*, *North or South*; and I'm sure you'l own 'tis no *new Thing* for me to be tedious, so I'll stop here, having satisfied my self there's *nothing New*; but I believe, not your Ladiship, for there's an Expression in *your Remarks on my Conversation in Ireland*, that proves you of another Opinion. In *p.* 544 you say ——— '*'Tis the Fate of No-*'*velty to please or displease extreamly* ——— And again in *p.* 525. you have this Expression —— *But the Novelty once over, there's an end of the Enjoyment* —— Which plainly intimates —— *you think there is something New*; If that's your Opinion, I must expect to be disprov'd in all I have said on this Subject; but 'till then, I shall retain my Opinion that *the Art of living Incognito* can't consist of anything New; and that if you expect *Novelties*, you'l be disappointed; so I shan't *Apologize* for entertaining ye with old Thoughts and old *Expressions*, for (I have proved) *there is nothing new under the Sun.* If there be *any thing New*, 'tis Valeria; and she is or may be so if she prefers my Esteem to the World: But loving at this rate my self, I shall ever think that an *Old Love* that Flames not so high as mine; *but except* Valeria, *there is nothing New*; and as there's nothing **new**, I have in that proved my self to to be,

Your **Old Friend** *and Servant,*

JOHN DUNTON.

The

The LADY's Answer to my Fourth LETTER.

SIR,

YOU do me a great Favour in giving me a right apprehension of what I must expect in those Thousand, not New but Uncommon Subjects you have chosen to write upon, and have taken some Pains to free me from the Vulgar Error of expecting new things, which Solomon affirms the World can never shew, which yet Experience seems to contradict, and shall be my Business to reconcile; since you have given me that Liberty; and I think may be done without much difficulty, if we consider, when Solomon says there's nothing new under the Sun, he meant it only with respect to the Sinful and depravd Tempers and Inclinations of Men, which would be always the same, producing the same Mischiefs and Calamities in the World, this Experience has abundantly confirm'd, for instance, the Fine Houses and Palaces every where Built, with such Magnificent Pride to make themselves a Name, is but the same design that set to Work the Builders of Babel; nor do those find any New Success, the Fate of their Posterity, for all their great design, is the same with those of Babel, to be scatter'd abroad upon the Face of the Earth.

And before that, when Men were distinguish'd and call'd the Sons of God, because they began to call on the Name of the Lord, yet when they saw the Daughters of the Men of the World that they were Fair, they took 'em Wives of all, whom they Chose, which provoked God, (foreseeing the wickedness it would engage 'em in, and that the thoughts and Imaginations of their Hearts were only Evil continually) to bring a deluge upon the Earth to destroy 'em.

Now the same Corruption of Nature works in this Generation, they take those Women that please 'em, and have no more regard then those of old to any thing else, and one sees all the World over the sad and dreadful effects of the Evil Thoughts and Imaginations of their Hearts, which will improve continually, 'till the great Conflagration, unless God in his Wisdom have prepar'd some other Cure for 'em.

And now that we find all our Cities abound in Wickedness, we must not look for any new or strange cause of it; 'tis the same that caus'd the Sin of Sodom; Pride, fulness of Bread, and abundance of Idleness was in her and in her Daughters, says the Prophet Ezekiel. So we see there's nothing new in Sin, or the Fruits and Effects of it, nor any new Device for Building Happiness upon the weak and frail foundation

of *Corrupt Nature, which* Solomon *at that time was Essaying to do and upon the fullest Tryal that ever was or could be made, be pronounced, that all the Experience he had gotten, served only to convince him that* Happiness could never spring from Sinful Nature, *which never did, nor ever could, produce any thing but Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.*

But I see not how Solomon *in saying there was* nothing New under the Sun, *cou'd possibly extend it so far as to* **Arts and Sciences**; *for there were some Generations past'd (as Scripture testifies) before there were* Harps and Organs, *or those that could handle 'em, or any that could work in* Brass and Iron, *'till* Lamech's *two Wives brought him two Sons, who instructed in those Arts; and for the work of the Tabernacle, God is said to inspire* two Men with Wisdom, Understanding and Knowledge, to Devise cunning Works in Silver, and Gold, and Brass; *those things must needs have been* **New** *that were never known 'till that Generation, and who could say there was* nothing new, *with respect to Arts and Sciences with less reason than* Solomon, *who sat himself upon* a Throne of so new an Invention; the Scripture affirming there was none like it in any Kingdom: *And that which is said to* dispirit the Queen of *Sheba*, was the wonderful Novelty she observed in the Oeconomy of that Great and Wise King, *who can't be thought, after all this, to* deny *that* **Arts and Sciences may be New**, *else what must become of the Foundation* the Port Royal *has laid, upon the supposition of* new Arts and Inventions, *to prove the existence of God, and that the World is not Eternal? They say, and with great reason too, there are some Inventions so beneficial to the World, that 'tis impossible that being once known, they could ever be lost or laid aside, as* the Invention of Printing, of the Sea Card, Guns and Mills, *which for certain some Ages past the World was Ignorant of, and therefore must be the* new Inventions of later Ages; *and by this they prove the* World it self was New some Thousand years since; *for had it been from Eternity, things so obvious and easie must needs have been found out long before; it hinders not but that many things are* thought New, *only for having been so long disus'd that they are out of remembrance; and 'tis Happy for us, in some respect, because thereby it gives us* all that can be call'd Pleasure *in the whole Universe; for we see the defects of what we are throughly acquainted with, but we are pleasingly deluded with great Expectations from* every thing that's New: *and I am sorry you should ever give the World so just an occasion to quarrel with you for taking away their* Soul, their Life, their all; *yet if you can make good your promise, and present 'em with* new Subjects, such as are curious and very rarely handled, you'll make 'em ample amends; for a thing so much beyond

their

their expectation will be esteem'd equal to a Novelty, *and as to all those Projects and Inventions from which you have been so studious to take off the dear reputation of* **new**, *that perhaps chiefly recommended them at first, but since found so necessary for the gratifying of their sinful and depraved Appetites, they are too considerable for you to blast, yet are they the Fruits and Effects of Sin. So* nothing new according to Solomon; *but many things* not new *to all, are so to those who are strangers to the World, and have but little experience, which is my Case.*

For **Booksellers** *to turn Authors, is* **News** *to me, but no surprize; 'tis hard to think how they should forbear writing, having fill'd their Heads with so much reading; and of all Men they may best be allow'd to be* **Poets**, *which is the readiest vent for abundance of thoughts; so that, 'twere strange if Booksellers were not more learned then other Traders: for they have all the* Utensils *of Learning about them,* living by Learning; *though 'tis often seen, it's worth* runs more into their Pockets then Heads; *however 'tis certain, that Men of this Profession have greater opportunities then others for improving their Understandings in* Languages, History, Divinity, &c.

The **Book** *you mention, I should once have thought it great Charity to disperse, but now I think there's* little danger of the Papists making many Proselites *any where; I expect that Church should lose every day and not gain.*

But what can be said to your retirement from so many advantages to a lonely Cell, living Incognito, in order to writing, purely for your own Diversion? *If you have proved by many Examples 'tis no* new thing, *which should I grant you, I can't allow it not a* Jot to be wonder'd at, *for nothing can be more surprizing then such a sudden and unaccountable change, as from having your* Head and Fancy running to the farthest part of the Earth, and your Eyes never satisfied with seeing, *you should like a* **Horace** *Mounted upon a Barb, give a sudden check to your Passionate Love to Rambling, in its highest career, and confine your self to a* **lonely Cell**: *Sure Hope has represented to your Fancy* some excessive fine Prospect of learning the Art of Living Incognito, which must be New, *for I believe you never was before under such an Inchantment; I'll go no farther, therefore, for an Instance then your Self, to find a proof of* something new, *after all the Pains you take to prove the contrary, and yet the method you take to procure this mighty Happiness you expect, is* to me more new and strange, *that knowing as you do, how easy it is for* an Author whose Book fails to write on till he ruins the Bookseller, *you should lay such a Project of writing so many Letters, and chuse a Person to help you so proper for such a purpose of* ruining the Bookseller, *especially*

specially if I must be paid too for doing mischief; which plainly shews you have some new and Ill design against the World. But I'll take no Pay for such Services, and this again is something new; *so that there needs no more to convince you of your mistaking the sence of* Solomon. *I shall add no more, but conclude.*

Your, &c.

From my Cell January 18th. 1699.

LETTER V.

Being a Defence of Speedy Marrying after the Death of a good Wife.

—Madam,

I Have now made so great a Progress in the *Art of Living Incognito*, as that I Live so now whether I will or no; not that I like it the better, that I must fitly added to my Natural Inclination to a *Private Life*, will have that good effect as to perfect me in the *Art of Living Incognito*; seeing 'tis likely *Now* to be my Daily Study to the End of my Life, But for what Reasons I Refer you to my *Printed Case*; and as Dismal as that is, seeing I *Married a Second Time* in hopes to be as happy as I was at first, the Subject of this Letter shall be

A Defence of Speedy Marrying after the Death of a good Wife.

One wou'd think (Madam) my being Banish'd to a *Private Cell* shou'd raise in my Breast an Aversion to your Sex, (by Reason my Dear wou'd not prevent it) yet I see nothing can change my nature; for the Thoughts of the good Wife I lately Buryed, and that *kind one*, I yet hope to find in *Valeria*, fills me with an *Extraordinary Opinion of Marriage*, and truly (Madam) your Displeasure at this, has strangely *Mis-lead your Friendship*, if it makes you angry with me for being such a *Loving-Creature*. ——Sure, *Sabina*, you were not in Earnest when (*after the Death of my first Wife*) you reflected on my design of *speedy Marrying again* —— That Widdower only loved at first as he ought, who Marries again as soon as (decently) he can; 'tis a known Truth, those love their first Wives best, who Marry soonest (*there's a Remarkable instance of this now at Hackney*) neither is it rational to think they'd run Head-long into a State of Life, wherein they had been unfortunate; alas, Madam, a good Wife at first does but whet ones Appetite the more for another, and makes one e'en languish for *a second part to the same Tune* —— A good Wife is but Woman in Body alone, and a Woman with a

wise

wise Soul is the fittest Companion for Man, otherwise God wou'd ha' given him *a Friend rather than a Wife*; but we find even in Paradice twon't good for Man to be alone, and that even then a She-Companion was the meetest helper. If Man *in Innocency needed a Help, Solace, and Comfort*, and Marriage was all these, how deficient were our (now miserable) Lives without it? For besides that it *doubles Joys and divides Griefs*, it creates new and unthought-of Contentments. So that I admire Marriage is so *unfashionable*, and that you and others are so backwards to't, for it not only includes all the *Sweets of Life*, but he that hath a Wife which Loves him, *hath two Selfs, and possesses all his Faculties double*, his Hands, his Eyes, and Mind, he can at once leave Faithful at home, and carry Faithful abroad—*Cato* was so taken with Marriage, that he'd have no Widower live *a month single*; and he did not stick to maintain that it was more Honourable to be a good Husband then a great Senator —— Madam, when you're blaming of *hasty Matches*, you quite forget, that when *Jepthe's* Daughter Dyed, *they mourned for that she Dyed a Maid*; and the truth is, tho' we we find many Enemies to speedy Marriage, yet 'tis rare to find an Enemy to the use on't, and I don't wonder at this, for both Sexes made but Man at first, so that *Marriage perfects Creation by restoring our lost Rib*. Surely He, (I won't say She) was made Imperfect that is not tending to Propagation —— Now all are concern'd here (even *Sabina* her self, if she's Flesh and Blood) and consequently *shou'd Marry as soon as they can*; for to have an honest Remedy at Hand, and yet to seek out *forbidden Cures*, is a Phrensy that deserves more then a Chain and a Dark Room. But tho' *speedy Marriage be often a Duty*, yet let generous minds beware in their *haste* of Marrying Poor, for tho' they care the least for Wealth, yet they'l be most gall'd with the want of it; for my own share, my Flesh is not over Malicious towards sweet meats, yet (*shou'd I lose Valeria*) I'd soon Marry again, for the defence of a good Custom, a great deal of Love, and a little Money —— Nay, Madam, think what you please (*of this speedy Marrying*,) to something I must dedicate my self: for my Dear in her parting with me, seems to take away even the substance of my Soul along with her, and certainly I laid up my chief Treasure (whatever you may think of my Marrying so hastily) in the Frail and Sickly Life of that Tender Wife —— But now shee's gone, *I must not weep as one without hope*; for she's as happy as Heaven can make her, and I as Earth can make me; if *Valeria* for my sake, and her own good, wou'd despise the World. ——

These were the Reasons why I *Married so soon after the Death of my first Wife*, and made me think Time lost 'till I went about it; for (Madam) the Soul is framed of such an active Nature, that 'tis impossible, but it must assume something to it self to delight in; we seldom find any *without Peculiar Delight in some Peculiar thing*; and mine consists in caressing a Vertuous Wife. But tho' something I must *Like and Love*, yet nothing so Violently as to undo my self with wanting it; yet will never love a Wife so little (*shou'd I Marry so*) as that she shall not Command the *All of an honest Man*; and what wou'd they have more? —— Confess, *Sabina*, shou'd not these considerations weigh down all the *Formalities* that a Customary Practice can possibly impose? Besides, *Gather your Rose-Buds whilst you may*, is an old Song, and Nature having denyed me Children (*those tender Pledges of conjugal Love*) it cou'd be no Crime in me to *prevent the work of Time*, and Marry as soon as I cou'd, for fear of Staying 'till Time were past —— 'Tis true, *Children are the poorest way of Immortalizing as may be, and as Natural to a Beggar as a Prince*; yet for all that, I shall be very Proud of *getting an Heir to Sampsill* (when 'tis consistent with doing Justice,) and of being a Father, tho 'twere but for one Day. Not that I 'm in Post-haste; but if *pure Love can make a Woman Kind*, I hope (with *Valeria's* leave) to be happy a second time in a Married State, and can never be so in any other. But *Valeria* sure is

Dead

Dead, (for I han't receiv'd a Line from her since we parted in *Fewen-street*) or were she not, had I all the World it shou'd be hers; for tho I'm treated with the *greatest Indifference*, methinks I can n'ere be kind enough to those I Love.—(But to digress no longer) So much I was pleas'd with *my first Marriage*, and so unlikely to forget that *Dear Half* that's Dead, that I may truly say all the time I lived without her I was as 'twere in a Dream; and *I* don't doubt, shou'd I Marry *a third time*, but I shall (as I did at first) find more Pleasure in Possession, than I now do in expectation—Then can you blame my hasty Marrying, seeing when I Marryed, my own *Venus* was suppos'd (and so shee'l prove at length) all that's excellent in Woman kind; for *what has the whole Sex more than in one alone: that is kind and loving?* and so I'le think the Person I Marry, were she made of *Adamant*—Then *Sabina*, acknowledge your Errour in Censuring my hasty Marriage; *You know not what —Charms there are in a Virtuous Spouse, what a Mine of pleasure, what sprightly Life and Vigor did Iris give to all my Thoughts, Looks and Actions, how many new satisfactions in every thing she did!* How did *I even live in her Dying Breath!* If you doubt this, read her *LIFE*, and you'l find it so — Now (whilst I was a Widdower) thought I with my self, why might not some of these Vertues revive in a second Wife? however, *Hit or Miss; Luck's all*; and who'd not hastily venture for such a Prize, except (as some have thought) *all Female Excellence is fled with Iris*; and I shou'd think so too, were *Valeria* Dead, who has Charms enough, but her Rags hide 'em —

I might urge more in defence of a hasty Marriage, as the *Inclination of Black Men — the Benefit in a Wives going to Market, (for I never knew, nor cou'd Buy a Joint of Meat) — The want of a Mistress to rule the Kitchin (for I'me're presume to direct there) to order about* Tarts, Puddings, Wines and Kickshaws, and I had almost forgot the *Cream o'th' Pot, the pleasure of a warm Bedfellow*; but I'le not enlarge as not doubting but what's said already has fairly proved that every Widdower ought to Wed as soon as he can, and that my Marrying again *(two Months after my Wife dyed)* was no slight to her Memory; *SLIGHT!* no I assure your Ladyship, 'twas to fulfill her *DYING REQUEST*; 'twas the desire of *my Dear her self*, that after her Death I'd speedily Marry again (such regard had she to my future happiness) and I cou'd not deny such a Wife any thing, especially her *last Request on her Death-Bed*; that was utter'd with a tenderness that will n'ere be equal'd; to slight this Request, wou'd be to forget her, which is the *Crime* you charge me with, and of which you'l ever acquit me when you read the following *EPITAPH* (now Ingrav'd on the Tomb erected to her Dear Memory,) (viz.)

Here Lies all that was Mortal of ELIZABETH, *first Wife of* JOHN DUNTON, *Citizen and Stationer of* London, *who departed this Life*, May 28th, 1697.

Sacred Urn, with whom we Trust!
This Dear Pile of Sacred Dust;
Know thy Charge, and safely Guard,
'Till Death's Brazen Gate's Unbarr'd;
'Till the Angel bids it Rise,
And Remove to Paradise.

A Wife Obliging, Tender, Wise,
A Friend to comfort and Advise;
Vertue Mild as *Zephirs* Breath,
Piety which smil'd in Death;

Such a Wife and such a Friend,
All Lament and all Commend.

Death

But with *EATING CARES* oppreſt,
He who knew and loved her beſt,
Who her *LOYAL HEART* did ſhare,
He who reign'd unrival'd there,
And no Truce to Sighs will give,
'Till he Dye with her to Live. (a)

Or if more we won'd comprize,
(b) Here interr'd Fair *Iris* lyes.

(a) *I have deſired in my Will to be Buried in the ſame Grave.*

(b) *The Name I call'd her, by before our Marriage.*

Thus (Madam) you ſee I'm ſo far from *ſlighting the Memory of my Dear Iris* (by my haſty Marrying) that to her very Aſhes I keep a Body pure and Troth inviolable, and that Separation can have no place in our Union, which is too great to be exampled; and as I owe this reſpect to the Memory of my firſt Wife, ſo 'tis no more (*when ſhe proves as kind,*) than I'll pay to this, or if poſſible, a greater Tenderneſs; for I ever thought *he never lov'd who ever makes retreats.* —— *Sabina* are you yet reconcil'd to my *HASTY MARRIAGE*? If not, I muſt be forc'd to' tell ye, that no other *Amuſement but Marriage* cou'd ha' ſav'd my Life, and you 'ent my Friend if you'd have me, dye when there were Remedies at hand! —— Alas I no ſooner thought of my *Dear Departed* (and I hardly thought of any thing elſe 'till I had a *NEW Wife* to divert the Melancholy,) but I e'en pind aw'ay; but (thought I) ſhou'd I get *HER LIKENESS AGAIN*, that then *Iris* wou'd live with me ſtill, tho' but in Effigie; and ſuch a *RESEMBLANCE* of her muſt ſave my Life, or nothing; truly Madam, 'twas thus with me, and *I MUST BE SHACKLED AGAIN, OR DIE FOR'T* —— What the ſucceſs has been, you'l ſee in my *PRINTED CASE*, but how happy I am yet to be, time muſt diſcover: However ſhou'd *Wife, Mother*, and all my Friends either continue or grow unkind, yet I have this comfort left, that by *A SELF-ABNEGATION*, and diſ-ſociation from the World, I ſhall be United to Him, who is ſo much above all I ever had, or the World can give, as he is all I can wiſh to have; and certainly he only is the *DIVINE HERMIT*, who by not loving the World, *leaves it whilſt he lives in it*; excluding himſelf as well from the *Sin, as the Society of Men*, and by Acting thus, he *CONQUERS BY RETREATING*, and thereby ſhews he is not altogether beholding to Solitude for the Glory of his Vertue —— I have only to add, That your ſpeedy Anſwer, will be Impatiently deſired by,

Your Obedient Friend, and very Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

The LADY's Anſwer to my Fifth Letter.

SIR,

I AM *very ſorry ſo* Unhappy a Neceſſity ſhould come to take from you the Glory of Conſtancy; for I am perſwaded you would *have perfected your Art of Living* Incognito, without Conſtraint, *and ſhew'd your ſelf as conſtant to what you firſt choſe for your Pleaſure, and the Improvement of your Thoughts, as you*

do

do now to Marriage, *in your defence of it, after all the* Ill Treatment you have so lately received from it, *which, as you well observe,* might have created an Aversion to the whole Sex, *in a Man of a Less Loving Temper: but you still dream of finding out some way of making* Valeria *a Kind and Loving Wife.*

Small hopes, 'tis true, attends your mighty Care;
But of all Passions, Love does last dispair.

And indeed I should be very defective in my Friendship, were I resolv'd to blame your Loving Temper, *since 'tis that alone enables you to bear your Misfortunes with any Tolerable Ease, hoping still to* Charm Valeria with your Love, and at last rival the Bags. *I wish it may ever do you so much good. I confess what I observe in* those Loving Tempers, *can never bring me to Ambition such a happiness as they possess with all their Enjoyments, in a World so full of changes and uncertainties, and in one of* the frailest things in the World, a Woman, so Compos'd of Vanity and Inconstancy. *Yet notwithstanding I must own (what will partly Justifie your Extraordinary Opinion of Marriage);* That Friendship never is in that Perfection as between Man and Wife; and that a Woman with a Wise Soul, is the fittest Companion for a Man: *Nay if there be but one WISE SOUL between 'em, so it be but known to 'em which it is that has it, 'tis well enough;* the very Union makes 'em happy, *and useful to each other. CATO was much in the right to say,* It was more Honourable to be a Good Husband than a Great Senator? *For 'tis always better to be Good than Great; but was not so extreamly right in not allowing A MONTHS TIME for single Liberty. The Man that can obtain the Reputation of a good Husband in such an Age as this, is worthy of double honour; for he must have a strange Art of Conduct, not only for the* Governing his Wife, *but of what ever Governs her; and 'tis twenty to one he gets the Reputation of an ill Husband for his pains, rather than a good one, let him deal never so gently, unless the vertue lie in some Measure on the Woman's side, of chearfully submitting to his Government; therefore by* Cato's good leave, there's no doing any thing well in haste, *the World is not so mightily Stock'd with Women of that Vertue, that a Man can chuse but light on 'em in a Months time; they were more scarce than so in* Solomon's *time, much more in this Corrupt Age; yet so far I yield, as to allow it* a great Argument of Love to your first Wife, your Impatience to be yoak'd again; *but must beg your pardon if I deal plainly with you, and tell you such a sudden Engagment after her Death, look'd as if you had not the Exact Estimate of her* Singular Vertue; *you did not impute the Sole cause of your Felicity to a thing so rarely found in Women, as* Solomon *affirms,* but thought it went in common with the fair Sex. *I also fear you imputed a little too much to your self, and thought* your Love and Tenderness, most needs indear you to any Woman. *Some such Mistake made you so fearless in such a Hazzardous Attempt: but tho I blam'd your* hasty Marriage, *when I was a stranger to your many reasons for it, yet am I far from thinking it* any slight to the Memory of your first Wife; *I really believe you esteem'd it the only means to comfort you for the loss of her, and am very Glad whatever has happen'd since, it proved at that time,* such a Cordial as sav'd your Life. *But in all this, I see no cause to applaud your* LOVING TEMPER, that forces you to dedicate your self to something, *when there's nothing Permanent under Heaven, and must therefore leave you, and carry away* the very Substance of your Soul, that can't be easie without it's peculiar delight, which consists in caressing a Vertuous Wife *that's hardly to be found: So that your Felicity is Compos'd of so many difficulties, it must come somewhat near a Miracle that makes you happy, and all owing to your being such* a Loving Creature.

But

But be it as it will, when SPEEDY MARRIAGE *becomes a duty (for then God calls us to that State of Life) we have nothing to consider, but how to make a vertue of Neceſſity, and chuſe, as near us we can, for* Piety and Goodneſs, rather then trouble our ſelves with the fears of Poverty. *A Man is not the leſs Generous for having little to give; but ſhews his Gentroſity as much in envying no Body, but being ſatisfied with his Portion in this Life.* For the greater the Mind is, with the leſs it is content; *and whatever the World may think, the Poor ſerve the Publick in Marrying, as much as the Rich. Should* none Marry but the Wealthy, with what a Race of Pride and inſolence wou'd it fill the World? *All Arts and Ingenuity Spring from Neceſſity; and Poverty may be truly ſaid to be the ſource of all Vertue; and thoſe that make ſo ill uſe of it as to commit* ſuch Outrages, *as brings 'em often to untimely ends, would have made no better uſe of Riches, if they had had 'em; and 'tis only our corrupt Nature turns Soveraign Medicines into Poiſon.*

And now I ſhall Freely own, I am convinced of my Error, in cenſuring your haſty Marriage; *tho I can't admit of all your Arguments for Marriage in general. I am convinced ſome Perſons* Tempers and Inclinations *are ſo perfectly oppoſite, as plainly ſhews Providence never deſign'd 'em ſo to it; and for ſuch to marry,* meerly to pleaſe the World, and avoid Reproach, *would be the greateſt Sin and Folly imaginable, in diſpoſing the* higheſt Gift and Priviledge *Heaven could beſtow on Mortals, while here on Earth; which is enough to juſtifie thoſe that neither ſeek nor deſire* Marriage: *yet ought they to think it their Duty to ſerve the Publick,* and not live only for themſelves; *Nay they are oblig'd to do the more, as having the Liberty of chuſing ſo many ſeveral ways of doing it.*

'Tis had been happy for the World, if ſo great a Patron and Votary to Marriage, *as you, had not met with ſuch a diſcouragement; a little time will diſcover for whom this chaſtiſement was deſigned. I hope it will never come to that,* of Mother, Wife, and all your Friends forſaking you. *I can anſwer for one; that in the way you propoſe to your ſelf, you may perhaps find more comfort then in the greateſt kindneſs any Friend can ſhew you; and this* is paſt a Doubt with me; for I really believe it, who am,

Your, &c.

From my Cell, January 18th. 1699.

LETTER VI.

Proving 'tis a Happineſs to be in Debt.

Madam,

IN my laſt Letter I acquainted your Ladiſhip that I had made a conſiderable Progreſs in the *Art of Living* [illegible] and now was *oblig'd to live ſo* [illegible] *I was ever in love with* [illegible] *my miſfortune* [illegible] *the only thing in the world that could* [illegible] *my* [illegible]

[illegible] K [illegible]

ons to some People, drive me as much as my own inclinations, to a *lonesome-Cell* Madam, you'l admire at this, for you see by my *PRINTED CASE*, that all *I owe in the World is scarce* 250 *Pounds*; which I must think is a *TRIFLING SUM*, as 'tis not the 15th part of what my Lands are worth (*if you take in present Possessions and Reversions*) and scarce the tenth part of what my Wife, (*an only Child*) has a Title to, at her Mothers Death, and which she cannot injoy without me; for I wish I cou'd see that Man *that dares keep her from me, when I send for he* (a). But for all this Plenty on both sides, at present I have a little occasion for Money; yet neither she nor her Mother will permit me to take up the *Small SUM* I want. So that 'tis clear tho' we Solemnly took each other for *RICHER FOR* (b) *POORER, that nothing but Money parts us*; and this is evident by her saying, (as I can prove by a dozen Witnesses,) *that she had been a miserable Woman, had she Married any Man but my self*. But I had only such fair words, whilst they cost her nothing: however, my comfort is, *a little Time will work my Deliverance* without her; but in the mean time I am pinch'd (as I'm forc'd to trespass on my generous Friends,) but seeing ev'ry Man is willing to make his present Circumstance as easie as he can (that I may make a Vertue of Necessity, as well as others) the Subject of this Letter shall be,

See my Printed Case. p. 7.

(a) *which I shall at Midsummer, if not Sooner*

(b) *See the Reflections on my Printed Case. p. 2.*

An Essay proving 'tis a Happiness to be in Debt.

You see, Madam, by this Assertion, 'tis a very *strange case, which can find no Advocate* what is it that fancy cannot put a varnish on? *A poison'd Pill* may be gilded over, as well as that which is wholesome. *Favorinus* long ago wrote in the commendation of *a Quartan Ague*, the *soul Disease* hath not wanted a Pen to excuse and commend it: others have made a very bad Wife the Subject of their Commendation, because (they say) She *brings a Man to Repentance*. But, of all barren Subjects that have been yet writ upon, this of proving *'tis a Happiness to be in Debt*, I judge will be most surprizing. I own at present I Live *Incognito* that I may be rendered uncapable of contracting any more *Debts*: yet I shall endeavour to prove 'tis *a Happiness to be in Debt*. 'Tis true for my own part, I'd rather *sell my Coat from my Back*, than owe any thing; and therefore in 15 *YEARS TRADING*, I never let any Man call twice for Money: and 'tis my Advice to ev'ry Citizen, (that is in *Debt*) that he pays ev'ry Man his own, tho' he leaves himself not worth a Groat; or if he *compounds to pay a part*, nevertheless let him resolve to satisfy all to the full, if his endeavours, and God's Blessing, ever again inables him. If our Citizen Acts thus — *By suffering he shall Conquer*. The Romans overcame sitting still, 'tis a comfort to remember *Job's beginning and ending*: Tribulation refines the Understanding. *Hannibal* deservedly boasted of himself, *Age, Prosperity, and Adversity have so Instructed me, that I had rather follow Reason than Fortune*. He had never attain'd this pitch of discernment, had not his *declining Fortune* obliged him to surmount all difficulties by his Conduct. The Rich *Chabot* won'd be Symboliz'd by a Ball with this Inscription—*Being Smitten, I Rise higher*—Men in prosperity are seldom Religious. But no Whip is more likely to reform the unfortunate, or gives a shrewder Lash, than the *Labells of a Bond*, or Obligation with a *Noverint Universi*. He therefore, and only he gets by his breaking, who is more humble, pitiful, mortified, given to Prayer, &c. Thus Madam, having first told you my *Notions of Justice*, I hope I may now, without offence to those few I'm engaged to —— —— Prove, *'tis a Happiness to be in Debt*, and most live as if they believed as much —— For to run in Debt ouwadays, is the Fashion, *from the Lord to the Cobler*: 'tis become a saying, *he*

Pay

Pays like Quality: that is, he is Dun-Proof; and thinks it a mean thing to pay his Debts: and this is not only the Practice of some Rich Men, (for the greatest part are of a Nobler Principle,) but also of the poorer Gentry. Mr. *Marshal* of *B—mer* told me yesterday of a Gentleman that *broke* 22. 6d. *as he was mounting his Horse*, the Hostler stoop'd for it, and wou'd fain have given it him, Prithee (Friend) take it, said the Gentleman, for 'twan't worth my stooping for, when at the same time he owed more then he was worth; *sure such as these think 'tis a Happiness to be in Debt, or they'd never be thus Prodigal*! But I wonder how they can sleep in quiet that are thus injurious to others; and I find *Augustus Cæsar* of the same mind, for hearing it talk'd in his Court what a huge Sum of Money a *certain Knight in Rome* owed at his Death, and that all his Goods were to be Sold to make Payment of his Debts; Commanded the Master of his *WARDROBE* to buy for him that *BED* wherein this Knight used to lye, for (says he) *if I cannot Sleep soundly in that Bed wherein he could Sleep, that owed so much, then surely I shall Sleep in none*. —But some han't been so forward to run in Debt, but others have been as forward to punish their Injustice —The Debt being confessed (*amongst the Romans*) Thirty Days were allowed the *Debtor* for the payment of the Money. The Money not paid, the *Debtor* was delivered up as a Servant to his *Creditor*; he was sometimes cast into Prison, and unless the Creditor were in the mean time compounded with, he remained *Threescore Days in Prison, and Three Market Days* being brought before the Judge, the Debt was Solemnly proclaimed, and upon the third Market Day, he was either Sold to *Foreigners* for a Slave, or else was Punished by Death, each Creditor being suffered if he wou'd, to *cut a piece of his Dead Body* instead of payment (*a*) —*Alychis* made as odd a Law against *bad Debtors* as this, 'twas that the Dead Bodies shou'd be in the Creditors keeping, till the Debt were paid; and I'm told, 'tis common in *England* to *Arrest the Corps of a Debtor as 'tis carrying to the Grave*.

(*a*) *Roman Antiquities.*

But one wou'd admire that Men (*that stand in need of mercy themselves*) shou'd be thus sharp upon their poor Debtors. For in the whole *Course and Frame of Nature*, we see that nothing is made for it self, but each hath a Bond of *Duty, of Use, or of Service*, by which it is Indebted to others. The SUN by his splendor to enlighten all the World, by his *warmth, and heat* to cherish and comfort each living and vegetable Creature — Yea, even Man (the *Lord of the Creation*) is so framed of God, that not only his *Country, his Parents, and his* Friends, claim a share in him, but he is also indebted to his *Hound* and to his *Ox*, the one for Hunting for his pleasure, and the other for labouring for his profit; and therefore a good Man is merciful to his Beast. *His Judgment, Wit, Discretion*, he hath them for others as much as for himself; and as to his *WEALTH he hath a Penny but what he's accountable for*. But such is the mystery of this Stewardship (where *even GOD himself is Debtor, and Man Creditor*; *for is it not said, He that hath pity on the Poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again*. Prov. 19.17.) That present payment is the least and worst, the Lender oweth more then the Receiver, the Poor (*whose Prayers are heard*) bestowing more then he receiveth; and *his Box is more the Rich Mans Treasury than his own*! Then wou'd we have a *Policy on Heaven* (of our uncertain Riches) we must make the *Poor our Insurers*! Sure I am, every Man stands in need of this Advice, seeing had he the *Riches of Solomon* (whose Wealth was so Great that it wou'd puzzle our Accomptants to find *New Names for Sums*) of all we may say as he said of the *Ax Head* that fell off to *Elijah* the Prophet (2. Kings 6, 5.) *Alas Master, it is but borrowed. Do you count 'such a one rich* (saith Seneca) *because of his rich Sumpter Horse, or because 'he has a Plow going in every Province, or for his large Account-Book, or such large*

Poſſeſſions near the City? When you have ſaid all, he is Poor: But you will ſay why? Why becauſe he owes all; unleſs you make a difference between borrowing from Men and from Providence.——

Then let not him that has loſt an Eſtate Mourn, for another loſt it before he had it: perchance if he had not loſt it now, it had loſt him for ever, and therefore in ſuch a Caſe as this, let us rather think *what we have eſcaped then loſt*— And what we Owe, rather than what we are

Even Kings owe Protection to their Loyal Subjects and their Subjects of all Ranks, owe Allegiance to their Sovereign Lord — Our Lands and Lives (*if we are Loyal*) are the Kings, and *nothing can we call our own but Death.*——

Then again let us *look into our ſelves* and ſee how *our conſtitutive parts are Debtors each to other*——The Soul doth quicken and give Life to the Body, and the Body like an *Automaton* (as one expreſſes it) doth *move* and carry *it ſelf and the Soul.*——

Again if we Survey Man in his parts, the Eye ſees for the *Foot*, the *Foot* ſtandeth for the Hand, the *Hand* toucheth for the *Mouth*, the *Mouth* taſteth for the *Stomach*, the *Stomach* eateth for the whole Body, *the Body repayeth again that Nutriment*, which it hath received to all the parts, diſcharging the *Retriments* by the Port *Eſquilinæ*, and all this (as an Eminent Phyſician obſerves) in ſo comely an Order and *by a Law ſo certain*, and in ſo due a time, as if Nature had rather Man ſhou'd not have been at all, then not to be a *Debtor in every part of him.*

The *ALCHIMISTS* who promiſe to themſelves to turn Tin into Silver, and Copper into Gold, how will they be tranſported out of themſelves with Joy, if they ſhou'd but ſee a happy iſſue of their attempt? How much more a *Creditor* when he ſhall recover a *deſperate Debt*? It is like the Joy of a Father that receives his loſt Child.

Again, He that is in *Debt*, hath this great Priviledge above other Men, that his *Creditors* pour out Hearty Prayers for him; they wiſh that he may *Live, Thrive, Proſper and grow Rich*; and all for their own Advantage; They ſeem to be careful for their Debtors, that they may not loſe the many *Hundreds* they owe them. Witneſs thoſe *Uſurers of Rochel*, who when they heard that the *Intereſt of Money was fallen, went and hang'd themſelves for Grief*, and truly (Madam,) I can't altogether blame 'em, for moſt Men owe not only there *Learning to their Plenty, but likewiſe their Vertue and their Honeſty*: For how many Thoulands live now in the World in great Reputation for their Honeſt and Juſt Dealings with all Mankind, who if they were *put to their Shifts, as others as Honeſtly inclin'd are, wou'd ſoon loſe their Reputation, yea, turn Rogues and Knaves too, as the Vulgar think and generally call ſuch as are not able to pay their Debts*? I queſtion not but Want and ſelf Preſervation, (*for Hunger will break through Stone Walls*) *wou'd put ſome of them upon thoſe very hard Shifts, they now blame ſo much in others*: But for all they are ſo often put to their Shifts, I muſt ſay this, to the *HONOUR OF DEBTORS*, that they have a great Influence over their Creditors, they become in a manner, their Land-Lords, to whom they *Cringe, Kneel*, as if they did owe them all *Imaginable Services*; and are as Ambitious of their *Debtors Favours*, as they who in King *Charles*'s Reign did carreſs the *Royal-Miſſes* to attain the Lives of their Condemn'd Friends, or ſome Place at Court.——

Without *DEBT, AND LOAN*, the Fabrick of the World will be diſ-jointed and fall aſunder into its firſt *Chaos*: I might firſt Inſtance, in what it owes for Drink: For (*as Cowly tells us*)

The Thirſty Earth ſucks up the Rain,
And Drinks, and gapes for Drink again;
The Plants ſuckin the Earth, and are

The

The Sea it self, which one wou'd think
Shou'd have but little need of Drink,
Drinks Ten Thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'er flow the Cup.
The busie Sun (and one wou'd guess
By's Drunken fiery *Face no less*)
Drinks *up the Sea*; *and when 'has done,*
The Moon and Stars drink *up the Sun.*
They drink, *and dance by their own Light,*
They drink, *and* Revel *all the Night.*
Nothing in Nature's *sober found*;
But an ETERNAL HEALTH *goes Round.*

And if the World Runs thus in Debt for Bubb, what does it owe for its other Supports? Or rather, what does it not owe? For, first, the Beauty of the Stars, what wou'd it be but Vastness, and Deformity, if *the Sun did not lend 'em Light*? The Earth wou'd remain unfruitful, if it did not borrow Refreshing Dews from the Watery Signs and Planets. The Summer is pleasant, and promiseth great hopes of Plenty; but it is, because it *taketh up much upon Trust* from the Friendly and Seasonable Temperament of the Elements. And, to say the Truth, there is NOTHING GOOD, or GREAT in the World, but that it BORROWETH something from others, to make it Great, or lendeth to another to make it Good.——

The ELEMENTS, who are linked together by a League of Association, and by their symbolizing Qualities, do *Barter, and Truck, Borrow and Lend one to another*, as being (as 'twere) the ROYAL EXCHANGE OF NATURE; They are by this Traffick and Intercourse, the very LIFE AND NOURISHMENT of all Sublunary Bodies.

Well, If it be such A HAPPINESS TO BE IN DEBT, and every thing lives under a *Necessity of owing something*,——Then farewel *Diogenes*, thou SURLY CLOWN; for who ever liv'd more like a Sour'd Mackarel, amongst Men, *barrelling up thy self in a Tub like a Kegg of Sturgeon*, and this because thou hadst not Soul enough to treat thy Friends, or to live in Debt.

I also bid farewell to *Coke, Littleton, Shephard*, &c. and other Lawyers, and *Moleslurs of Causes*, who accounted as their (surviving Brethren do to this day) *being in Debt* a very great Evil.——

I also pity *Zeno*'s Weakness, who blush'd to borrow:——*Crates* Pride, for scorning to be Trusted;——and do as much despise that POET LAUREAT, who forfeited his WREATH OF BAYS (rather than owe a Farthing) and afterwards made Prayers to his *Purse to supply his Wants*; tho (as I've prov'd) 'TIS A HAPPINESS TO BE IN DEBT.—— But let Men that either will not, or cannot be Trusted, act as they please: for my own share, whilst I live, I am willing to live in Debt.—— IN DEBT to the Creator of all things, for his so *Curiously framing me in my Mothers Womb Psal.* 139. 13. 15. In Debt to Christ, for hopes of a blessed Resurrection; and as I owe, so I will be ever ready to lose my Life for my Countries Service.—— I will owe Duty and Respect to my Wife's Mother, and shall pay it when she answers my Just Request.—— And for my FEW CREDITORS, when I've paid them (and they may depend on what I promise in my Printed Case) yet I shall ever *owe them* my hearty Prayers, and a Thankful Acknowledgment for their Kind Forbearance. They are so generous to consider that he that oweth Money, and cannot pay it, is an *Agent for Sorrow*: and 'tis my Duty to remember that he that hath it and will not pay it, is a *Steward for the Devil*.—— Then I don't see why any Man shou'd be uneasy, for I've promis'd (*after I see the*

Issue

Issue of this Year) to sell even my self to the skin, rather than any Man shall *lose a Penny*, which they will not, (*If they can have Patience*) but will be paid their Principal, and Interest upon Interest, if demanded. I will also owe, and be ever paying Love and Tenderness to my present Wife, and a *Hearty Reconciliation* when ever she Desires it.——And ere long I shall pay my GREAT DEBT UNTO NATURE which is the most *Difficult Debt* I have left to pay, and for that Reason I'm still Learning THE ART OF LIVING INCOGNITO; For as *Philostratus liv'd Seven Years in his Tomb* to acquaint himself with Death; So I shall pray that my *Private Life* may have the same Effect.—But wherever I end my Days, *whether in a Cell or in a Publick Station*, I shall there render my Spirit into the Hands of God, and bequeath my Body to be bury'd (by those I shall make my Heirs) in the *New-Burying place*, and in the same Grave with my first Wife, where we shall both pay THAT DEBT WE OWE TO THE WORMES (*and be still happy together, if a senceless happyness can be call'd so,*) and *after the Wormes are Satisfied*. I hope (at the General Resurrection,) we shall both Rise together, and know and Love one another for ever, in the presence of that God, to whom *we owe all we have and are*.——Neither has my *Living in a Cell* banish't the Remembrance of what I owe your Ladyship for your Ingenious Remarks on the Letters, I send ye ('tis to you, Madam, I'm *Indebted* for all the Pleasures I shall find in Retirement); Which I here Acknowledge with this Assurance, that the Respect I owe your Ladyship, shall be as Immortal as the Soul of,

Your most Indebted Friend
And Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

The LADY'S Answer to my Sixth Letter.

SIR,

I *Am apt to think the World must needs be Surprized that any Person should have the Courage to advance any thing* in favour of Debtors, *the most abject Creatures in the World; that very few, while they pity and relieve 'em, but at the same time, have a great deal of contempt for 'em.* So little reflection is made upon the wise disposal of Providence, *who has made us all Debtors, not having the least right to the Poorest Blessing upon Earth; for what was* given at our Creation, *was forfeited by Rebellion; and we are therefore indebted to God's Infinite Mercy, for all we have. Especially when we have received an ample Portion in this Life, and never suffer'd want: such Persons are* so deeply indebted, *that if they pay no part to those God has constituted to be his Receivers, they may Perhaps be* paying it to all Eternity; *but such Debtors command respect, wherever they come; for their Money is every ones Aim*; it answers all things; *yet I see not why* the Poor Debtor *may not find something in his condition to be esteem'd for; since God, who permits it, has a good design in it for the teaching us many necessary Truths*; as the only Glass that shews us the true Image of our selves, *and the Vain Delusions of the World.*

How long do we live in the Mistake, that we are Born only for our selves; *and what do we study more than to be, or to seem to be great, and considerable; that so we may obtain Friends, respect, and application, and all that flatters our Imaginations: but at last meeting with disapointments, we then perceive there's* no Living without dependance, *being forc'd to seek the help and assistance of others. But miserable is their case, who apply to the rich, who's tender mercies are not unlike the Ancient* ROMANS, *you mention: Those Laws must needs have an admirable effect of promoting Sordidness and Self-interest; for the basest crime could not be more severely punish'd, than to meet with a more fatal misfortune than to find any one so Cruelly unkind, as*

to

to lay the Foundation of a Man's Misfortune and Slavery, by lending him Money: 'twere much kinder to leave him to Starve in his necessity. *The Makers of such Laws we may be sure would stick at nothing, that might secure 'em from those severe Penalties; by which one may guess at their integrity, in* Aiming so exactly at the Poor, who perhaps bears an honester mind to Pay their Debts, were it in their Power, than many of the Rich, *who are often so puffed up with Pride and Insolence, they frequently neglect to Pay their* DEBTS, *thinking all the World depends upon 'em and are their Slaves. Sure no Laws could be severe enough for such, if there could be found men of sufficient Courage and Integrity to put 'em in execution.*

There are so many innocent ways of contracting Debts, *'tis much to be admir'd Men could be so Ignorant of the Condition of Human Life, as to insult over the misfortunes of others, and not think 'emselves as liable to 'em. But this is the priviledge Adversity carries with it, to give us* Experience of our own Imbecility, *and the many changes we are subjected to in this Life; which brings us to the pursuit of a more lasting Happiness in another World, and to* Retirement *from this, in which we find full leisure for usefull Thoughts and Reflections upon our pass'd mistakes: The Debtor now sees plainly there's not a weaker Threatner, nor* stronger Flatterer then Fortune *while the World was his Friend, he had the same Partial Affection for it as most persons usually have for those that loves 'em, but the* Treatment Debtors *receive from it, soon opens their Eyes to see the change their Fortune makes in it; and can with* Hannibal, resolve to follow a better Guide, *that will deal more truly with 'em, and convince 'em of the HAPPYNESS OF POOR DEBTORS that can't Pay: For the World takes so many ways of payment by exposing 'em to the Publick in all manner of ill* reflections, *till they have given their* Pride and Malice more then full Satisfaction for the want of their Money, *that at last they make themselves their Debtors no less, tho' in another kind, which such an Adversity will teach 'em that* Humility to bear, and the Charity to forgive, *and that's a blessed condition that brings 'em acquainted with two such Graces. And this condition is no less a Friend to true* Mortification, *which till we have attain'd, our Soul is not in a right State, for 'tis like* a Man Hen-Peck'd by his Wife, the Body domineers over the Soul, *and ingages it in all the Follies that Charm its British Senses, and so ranverses all Peace and Order, till the* Soul assumes its Authority by Subjecting the Body, *which is so hard to do, tho' the Happiness of this Life and the Next depends upon it, One may well esteem it, the heighth of Felicity to be in any condition that facilitates it; And in this consists the* Debtors Priviledge, *the World accounts all Favours lost upon him, and so* withdraws all Temptations, *and his necessitous Fortune turns off all Excess from his depraved Appetites, and* the Devil will then leave him as he did *Job, when he had no Accomplices left to assist him; and so a Debtor sees his* Three Great Enemies *Conquered by his Patient Suffering.*

This may be every Debtors Case, that Studies to gain by his Afflictions *the Improvement of his Vertues, rather than give up himself to base and wicked compliance with the Rich and Powerful, or running into* vain Presumptuous Projects, *in hopes of a more speedy relief; when by waiting upon God, and using only such means as he appoints, he may expect a* Blessed End of his troubles in this Life; *or if he patiently submits to Gods Will, or full in Happy; for tho' it is uneasy to think others should suffer upon his account;* yet if he spares what's possible from himself, *using all the means in his power, God will not be wanting either to assist him to pay, or to support his Creditors under the loss.*

This in general may be said of the Happiness of being in Debt; *nor does the oddness of your CASE, exclude you from any of the* Priviledges that poor Debtors enjoy, *tho your Prospect is not so desperate as theirs; but no* DEPENDANCE *can be fix'd on in this uncertain World, therefore must wait the issue. In the mean time, I perceive you study to* pay with thanks and grateful acknowledgments, *what ever you owe, or think you owe and your mistake* GIVES ME A SHARE, *tho' I know nothing of any such pretence I can have: therefore to own it, would be very unconscionable and unbecoming.*

Your, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHilst I was finishing the last Sheet of this Book, my *Ingenious* Friend Mr. *GEORGE LARKIN Senior*, sent me the following Lines, Intituled

An Acrostick to his Worthy, and much Esteemed Friend, Mr. JOHN DUNTON Upon his Art of Living Incognito.

J *ocognito* to Live's an *ART* indeed;
O Happy's he that can therein succeed!
H e only knows how to Command his Fate;
N othing can make that Man Unfortunate.
D oing to All what you'd have done to You,
U sing the World, yet bidding it Adieu;
N ot to be Seen, yet ev'ry thing to See:
T his state to *Live Incognito* must be!
O Happy Life! of which I only know,
N [illegible] can live better than *Incognito*.

[illegible] and if thou do'st this Art Pursue,
[illegible] be, and learn it too.

FINIS.

[illegible] by JOHN DUNTON.

1. THE *Second Part of the Art of living Incognito*, will speedily go to the Press, (if this First meets with Encouragement) and contains the following Letters, viz. *Letter* 7. Of every Thing. *Letter* 8. *Dunton* represented as Dead and Buried, or an Essay upon his own Funeral. *Letter* 9. A Morning's thought, on these Words, *The time of Singing of Birds is come Letter* 10. [illegible] to my Summer Friends. *Letter* 11. In Praise of Sore-Eyes. *Letter* 12. On the Riding made for Women that beat their Husbands. *Letter* 13. An Essay upon Dead-Mens Shoes. *Letter* 14. On the Royal Sport of Cock Fighting. *Letter* 15. In Praise of the Tooth-Ach. *Letter* 16. The Character of that *HONOURABLE LADY* to whom these Letters were sent. 17. Of Bargaining for a Wife, or an Essay upon Jointures. *Letter* 18. Of being ask'd in the Church, with the Answers that have been given to this Question, Do any of you know cause or just impediment why these two Persons shou'd not be joyn'd together in Holy [illegible] doing Penance in a White Sheet. [illegible] To each of these Letters (*which are all written* [illegible] *LADY* has return'd a particular Answer, which is [illegible] Price. Stitch'd 1 s.

2. *An Essay proving we shall know our Friends* [illegible] occasioned by the Death of my First Wife and dedicated to her [illegible] Reverend Divine. The 2d Edition is [illegible]

3. *The Dublin Scuffle*, with some account of [illegible] ral Letters to the Spectators [illegible]

4. *The Case of John Dunton* [illegible] respect to his Mother in Law, Madam [illegible] and her only Child *Sarah Dunton*, with the just Reasons [illegible] leaving her. *In a Letter to* Mr. *George Larkin Senior*. To which [illegible] Letter to his [illegible] Price stitch'd 3d.

Reflections on Mr. *Dunton's* leaving [illegible] in a Letter to himself, Price 2d.

All (5) sold by *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick Lane*.

THE

SECOND PART

Of the ART of

Living Incognito.

OR,

DUNTON *Represented as Dead and Buried,*

In an ESSAY upon his own

FUNERAL.

To which is added,

His Essay upon every Thing.

being a Continuation of the Thousand Letters on as many Uncommon Subjects, Written by JOHN DUNTON, during his Retreat from the World; and sent to that *Honourable Lady*, to whom he address'd his Conversation in Ireland. With her Ladyships Answer to each Letter.

To be continued 'till the whole Correspondence is finish'd.

Man, ev'ne he is aware,
Hath put together A Solemnity,
And dreſt his Hearſe while he hath Breath,
As yet to ſpare:
Yet, Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die,
That all theſe Dyings may be Life in Death —Herbert.

LONDON,

Printed (for the Author) and are to be ſold by A. Baldwin near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane; of whom is to be had the First and Second Part. Price of each 1s.

THE

SECOND PART

AS

Living Antiquities.

OR

Dunton's [illegible]

[illegible]

FUNERAL,

[illegible]

His Essay upon Dying.

[illegible] a Continuation of the Thousand Letters on [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] in [illegible]. With her Ladyship [illegible] Lecture.

To be continued till the whole Correspondence is finish'd.

Alas, [illegible]

Had [illegible] a [illegible];

And drest his [illegible] while he hath Breath,

As yet to [illegible]:

Yet, Lord, [illegible] as so to die,

That all these Dyings may be Life in Death. — Herbert.

LONDON:

Printed (for the Author) and are to be sold by A. B. [illegible] near the Exeter Arms in [illegible]; of whom is to be had the First and Second Part. Price of each 1s.

THE

SECOND PART

Of the ART of

Living Incognito.

From my Cell, April 10. 1700.

LETTER VII.

Of *every Thing.*

Madam,

MY *First Part of the Art of living Incognito*, having met with a kind Reception (except from FOPPS, who *to ſhew their Wit*, (a) rail at **every thing** *but the Product of their own Brain*) This has incourag'd me to Publiſh a **Second Part**: For, ſeeing 'was *Sabina* that firſt inſpir'd me with the Reſolution of *living Incognito*: I now intend to proceed to the writing the **Thouſand Letters** that muſt go to the perfecting of this ART, except your Lady-ſhip ſhould grow **weary of the Correſpondence**; or if you ſhould, *my Project would be ſtill Incognito*; for I'm not ſo vain as to think that any thing but your **Ladyſhips Remarks** cou'd have given my **Letters** a Reputation in the World; and without that, tho' I ſhou'd *ſtill have ſtudied*, yet ſhould no longer have Printed--**the Art of living Incognito** —— But cou'd I

(a) *See my* Firſt Part *of the Art of living Incognito*, p. 2.

doubt of that kind Reception it has met with, when your Ladyſhip was pleaſed to ſay *b*) 'That the World 'is much deluded with Appearances; but if you are 'the Perſon that has raiſed their Expectation, they'l 'not grudge a Shilling to ſatisfie it; but if their Envy 'is only raiſed, they'l content themſelves with laughing 'at your preſumptuous pretenſion (of writing on a 'Thouſand uncommon Subjects), without ever reading 'it, and ſpend ſome Wit upon the Lady concerned in 'it: But whoever buyes it with indifference, and ſo 'reads it, will, I believe, find what's worth his Money, and commend it.

(b) *In your Letter dated* Ap. 10.

A ſhort Poem dedicated to the Honourable Lady.

Soul of my Muſe, I thank thee; and in that,
I pay the *humble Tribute* of my Fate:
How haſt thou *Crown'd my Head*? O what Divine
Raptures inſpir'd, beyond the *powerful Nine*?
I will not call *Rome*'s *Cæſars* back again,
To ſhew their Triumphs, one is in my Brain
Great as all theirs, and circl'd with thy BAYS,
My thoughts take Empire or'e all Land, and Seas;
'Gainſt ſubtle Light'ning and fierce Thunder ſtroke,
I ſhall be ſafer than *Auguſtus* OKE,
With double Guard of Laurel, *and made free*
From Age, look freſh ſtill as my Daphnian-Tree,
And Printing *ſtill my Son and Heir ſhall be.*
Criticks ſhall dread my Looks, no *Slander* dare
To approach my Books, whilſt your Idea's there.
Great Patroneſs of Cells, I could create
New Worlds methinks for thee, and in a State
As Free as Innocence, ſhame all Poets Wit,
Could climb no higher than *Elyzium*, yet,
Where they but build cool *Arbors Shades and Groves*,
Teach *Brooks to murmur* Songs, to pleaſe their Loves:
We will have other Flights, erect new Things,
To call the Envy up of Queens and Kings.
Muſeus, Homer, *and the ſacred reſt,*
Whom the World thinks in their own Aſhes bleſt,
Shall live again, *and only having wrot*
Our Friendſhip, *wiſh their other Songs forgot*; *And*

And themſelves too, but that our LETTERS *muſt,*
In ſpight of Time and Death, *quicken their Duſt:*
What cannot I command? *What can a Thought*
Be ambitious of, thus wreath'd, *but ſhall be brought?*
By Virtue of your Charms, I will undo
The Tear, and at our pleaſure make one New.
All Spring is Blooming Paradiſe, *but when*
You Liſt, ſhall with one Frown wither again.
Aſtrologers *leave poreing in the Skies,*
Expect all Fate from fair Sabina's *Eyes.*
Thus extaſy'd with me, ſcorn other Starr,
Admire, and think it Heaven *where we two are.*
For he that learns to live **Incognito,**
Now lives in Heaven, *if quitting Earth be ſo.*

Madam, I have dedicated this *ſhort Poem* to your Ladiſhip as a Poor Acknowledgment for your generous Remarks on my **Firſt Part of the Art of Living Incognito,** and as a *Defiance to all Criticks,* I was willing the World ſhould know your Opinion of what I Publiſh, as believing none will *preſume to diſlike* what you approve of; or if they do, I ſhall not value it, for I prefer your ſingle Judgment to all others; and therefore 'tis the *Honour of your Friendſhip, is one of the ſe things that I value my ſelf moſt upon*—— Then ſeeing the **Art of Living Incognito,** has ſuch an Ingenious and *Honourable Lady* to Protect and Defend it, I than't doubt but this **Second Part** will be as well receiv'd as the FIRST; however, your conſenting to my Printing of it, is a ſufficient Warrant for its Publication. And I don't doubt, after treating of **every Thing** in this Letter, but to ſay ſomething in my next, (which will be **an Eſſay :: my own Funeral**) which ſhall juſtifie my Reſolution to **Live and Die in a private Cell.**

A defiance to all Criticks.

My Reſolution to live and die in a Private Cell,

Whilſt all the World is in an hurry, buſied here and there with *Vanity* and *Vexation,* whilſt few or none almoſt are looking after their Future State; whilſt moſt thus *miſtake their Happineſs,* I ſhall endeavour to find

it

it in a loneſome Cell which (in my next) I ſhall prove *an* Emblem of Death, and I muſt needs love it as 'tis a Place where I have *nothing to do but to prepare for Heaven.*

(a) For the Reaſons mention'd in my laſt Letter.

But tho' *I* live *Incognito*, as *I*'m charm'd with a quiet Life (and partly as *I* am oblig'd to Privacy) (*a*) Yet *I* have no ſuch *Pique to the World*, (I mean that GREAT WORLD, through which I am paſſing) but that I'm willing to give your Ladyſhip an Account what I formerly I obſerv'd in it; and I ſhall think I'm ſtill advancing in *the Art of living Incognito*, if in this Letter *I* treat— **Of every thing**--*I* mean--- **every thing**, that affected me in my Curſory View of the GREAT WORLD. *I* call it a Curſory View, as *I* hurry'd ſo faſt through it, to that private Cell where *I* now live.

Reflections on every thing that affected me in my curſory view of the Word.

Perhaps you'll admire (*Sabina*) that the World ſhould now take up my Thoughts, when 'tis my *Happineſs and Wiſh* to be freed from it. To this I Anſwer, it muſt be confeſt, That to avoid the Noiſe and Turbulency of the World (*the more quietly and undiſturb'd to look into our ſelves*) has been the Practice of the moſt Diſcreet and Eminent Men, even the famous *Virgil* compos'd his Matchleſs **Georgicks** in a Grot or Cave. But tho' a *Hermit*'s *Life* be the moſt deſirable, yet I ſhall now prove that ſomething may be learnt even from *Courts and Cities, and every thing* we ſee in Publick.

Before I begin my Remarks on the World, I ſhall give this Deſcription of it. 'The World is the perfect and entire compoſition of all Things, and the true 'Image and admirable workman-ſhip of the God-'head, the greatneſs whereof is incomprehenſible, and 'yet limited, being alſo adorn'd with all Bodies, and 'kinds of Creatures which are in Nature.

what the World is.

The Great God having made this *Great World*, he was pleas'd to draw a *Map of it in the Duſt*: and ſo he formed *ADAM*, and out of him *EVE*, the Work of the ſixth Day, and a Compendium of the Labours of the other Five.

The Creation of Adam and Eve.

More

More Servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of; in every Path,
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When Sickneſs makes him pale and Wan.
Oh mighty Love! Man is one World, *and hath*
Another to attend him.

Since then my God thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; *O dwell in it,*
That it may dwell with thee at laſt,
'Till then, afford us ſo much Wit;
That as the World *ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,*
And both thy Servants be.—Herbert.

But my Subject now is only of every Thing in the Great World, for I reſerve the *little walking* WORLD to be conſider'd hereafter. 'Tis the Great World I'm now to behold. And the firſt Thing I ſhall obſerve in it, is, the Heaven and the Stars. Oh what a fine Book is Heaven for mortal Man to Study! By Heavens I mean not the Supream Imperial part, not the *Seat of the Bleſſed*, which is out of ſight, but the *outward and viſible Parts of the heavenly Orbs.* *What Heaven is.*

Here all th' extended Sky.
Is but one Galaxie;
'Tis all ſo bright, and gay
And the Joint-Eyes of Night *make up a perfect Day.*

Every Star is a fair Letter of the Almighty's Power, *and is a firm Eſſence in Heaven, giving* Light. If you ask what this Heaven is. I anſwer, *'Tis as it were a vaulted Body made of water thin like a Skin and movable*— And here I muſt own that when I view the *whirling Heavens*, and revolve their natural and violent motions—when I obſerve the *wandering Stars* not fail to accompliſh a certain courſe, to keep ſuch exactneſs in their Irregularities, that a *Prognoſticator* will give us *What a Star is.*

a

a Prediction of the most Shadowed Ectypes in the cleareſt Sun-ſhine,——when I ſee the Nimble Spheres Dancing their unerring Rounds, I eaſily aſſent to their Harmony ſo much diſputed. Bleſſed Lord, when *I conſider thy Heavens, the work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou haſt ordained*; I muſt ſay with *David*, *What is Man that thou art mindfull of him, and the Son of Man that thou viſiteſt him?* *If it be ask'd how* David in ſurveying the Heavens *cometh to mention the* Moon *and* Stars *and omit the* Sun, *the other being but his* Minute S; *ſhining with that* exhibition of Light, *which the Bounty of the* Sun *alots them*—To this I anſwer; *This was* Davids Night Meditation, *when the* Sun *departing to the other World, left the* leſſer Lights only viſible in Heaven, *and as* the Sky is beſt beheld by Day in the Glory thereof, *ſo it is beſt ſurvey'd by, Night, in the* variety of the ſame—Night was made for Man to reſt in, but when I cannot ſleep, may I with this Pſamiſt entertain my waking with good thoughts; not to uſe them as *Opium*, to invite my corrupt Nature to Slumber, but to boſt out bad Thoughts, which otherwiſe wou'd poſſeſs my Soul.

The Harmony of the Spheres.

(a) *Pſ.* 8. 3. 4.

Again when I view the *Firmament* (*the Orb of the movable Heaven*) while mine Eye is terminated with it, I admire without a limit, when I behold the curious Colours in it, and the variety of Blazon; and then again, conſider my ſelf *a Poor Creature, and yet in Chief to the reſt*; By obſerving this I have *wondred to Extacy*, and conclude that my Tongue was made for nothing more then to dwell on the Praiſes of that Glory that owns this *Coat-Armor*.

What the Firmament is.

The Sun is the Spring of Light, an always burning Torch, or a Univerſal Candle that ſerves the whole World to Work and Walk by.

What the Sun is.

Then twinkling Tapers of the Night,
That poorly Satisfie our Eyes,
More by your Number then your Light;
Like common People of the Skies;
What are ye, when the SUN does riſe!

When

When with *a dazled-Eye* I look upon this **Radiant-Sun** (the brighteſt of all Wandring Stars, and the Fountain of Light and Heat) when I view this *Enlivening Planet*, and find him **roll in the Zodiack as in a Wheel**, when I note how he ſcrews the Heavens in the Ecliptic, how well he knows his Regreſſes; having touched either Tropick, I aſſure my ſelf there is a HAND that wields this uſefull Inſtrument, and *trims this Lamp unto the World*: The Pſalmiſt tells us expreſly, *He appointed the Moon for Seaſons, and the Sun knoweth his going down* —— Pſ. 104. 19

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly Healths,
Thou liv'ſt by Rule; what doth not ſo, but Man?
Houſes are built by Rule, and Common-wealths;
Entice the truſty **Sun** *if that you can,*
From his **Ecliptick line**, *beck'n the Sky;*
Who lives by Rule then, keeps good Company.--Herbert.

Again, When I conſider the Circuit of the Earth, that 'tis more then **one and Twenty Thouſand Miles**, yet of no Moment in reſpect of the Heavens, this conſtrains me to acknowledge the great Immenſity of the **Aetherial Orbs**—*Great Immenſity, did I ſay?* why the Sun alone is much bigger then the Earth; Nay, we have more then probable conjectures from its *Paralax, and the Earths Piramidal*-Shadow, that it exceeds it in Magnitude above one Hundred and Sixty Times; when I conſider this, and that *Sol-Apogeus* is diſtant from me more then **Eleven Hundred Semi-diameters of the Terreſtial Globe**, yet no higher then the midſt of the Planets; when I conſider this, and what ſmall proportion it bears to the expanded Skies, I am loſt in the wideneſs of the **8th Sphere**, and will ſay, Certainly, *If a Creature cou'd fill our Capacious Spirit, I had found it*—Were I meerly Ethnick, the beholding the **Sun** alone wou'd drive me to *a Metaphyſicall-Search*; the Power, and Glory evident in this wou'd force me to proclaime an *Athieſt* the greateſt Dunce in Nature; for he is one who denies the Light, and upon the

The Earth ſmall if compar'd with the Aetherial Orbs.

Advice to thoſe that wou'd be Atheiſts.

firſt aſſent of his Irrational thoughts, forfeits all his Senſes—— *Then you that are, or wou'd be Atheiſts, often view* the Bright Eye of the World (the Glorious Sun for by the Light hereof (if you en't blind) you may ſee The being of a God, for *what is the whole World but the Explanation of a Deity?* But if nothing reforms you, but you'l ſtill be Atheiſts, (that you may ſin ſecurely) you run your ſelves into Premunire, out of Protection and will be *undeceived by the Flames of Hell*; and perhaps ſooner, for the *Atheiſt dreads that Deity he does deny.* We ſee this verified in that Great Commander (Mr. *Terry ſpeaks of*,) who was a profeſt Atheiſt, yet a Man of approved Valour: But upon a time he ſitting in dalliance with one of his Women, ſhe pluckt *an Hair from his Breaſt* (which grew about his Nipple) in Wantonneſs, without the leaſt thought of doing him hurt. But the little wound, *that ſmall Inſtrument of Death* made, preſently began to Feſter, and in ſhort time after, became a Canker incurable; when he ſaw that he muſt dye, he uttered theſe words *viz.*

See Terry's Voyage to the East-Indies. *p.* 414.

The dying Speech of an Atheiſt

'Who wou'd not have thought but that I, who have 'been ſo long bred a Souldier, ſhou'd have dyed in the 'Face of mine Enemy, either by a Sword, or a Launce, 'or an Arrow, or a Bullet, or by ſome ſuch Inſtrument 'of Death: But now (tho too late) I am forc'd to confeſs 'that there is a Great God above, whoſe Majeſty I have 'ever deſpis'd, that needs no bigger Launce than an Hair 'to Kill an Atheiſt, or a deſpiſer of his Majeſty; and 'ſo (deſiring that thoſe his laſt Words might be told unto 'the King his Maſter) died——

Till Sin, into the World had made a Breach,
Death was not heard of: Ever ſince in Each
Poor Human Mortal it doth Covenant lie,
The Kernel of a Grape, kills one; a Fly
Another choaks; by a corrupted Breath
of Air one dyes; and others have found Death
In a ſmall bit of Meat; or by a Corn,
Too cloſely cut, or by a Prick of Thorn When

When Death comes arm'd with God's Imperial Word,
An Hair can pierce as deep as ſharpeſt Sword.

Such **Reflections** as theſe I made upon viewing the **Sun, Moon, and Stars**, &c. and when I was weary of looking upwards (as he ſoon is that lives in a Hurry) **I would take a Walk into my Garden**, to viſit Madg; (tis the Bird of *Athens*) or to pleaſe my ſenſes with the curiouſneſs of the *Nets*, or variety of Flowers that were in it.

I have writ an Eſſay upon this Owl, of near twenty Sheets, to which is annext the Elegy I writ in Ireland, upon the News of his Death.

God the firſt Garden made, and the firſt City, Cain. And indeed where does the VViſdom and Power of God ſhine in a more bright and ſweet Reflexion than in a Garden? which *Cowly* was ſo in love with, that he tells us; 'A ſmall Houſe and a large Garden (with moderate Conveniencies join'd to them) is all he deſires in this VVorld.

Nor does this Happy Place only diſpenſe,
Such **various Pleaſures** *to the Senſe;*
Here Health it ſelf does live,
That **Salt of Life**, *which does to all a Reliſh give;*
Here fragrant Beauties ſtill are ſeen;
'Tis only here an Ever-Green.

No Man poſſeſſes more **private Happineſs** in a Garden than I have done; for I was once ſuch *a Lover of Gardens*, that when I cou'd ſteal time from behind the Counter, I made it my buſineſs to be well acquainted with all the **variegated Tapeſtry of Nature** in the ſeveral Seaſons of the Year. But I find *no Pleaſure is of long continuance with me*, for I had not applied my ſelf to the Study of Gardens above five Years, but I was baniſht my **little Eden**, and the Flowers that coſt me a great deal, are now expos'd to the mercy of Caterpillars.

The Pleaſures of a Garden.

Farewell dear Flowers; ſweetly your Time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for Smell or Ornament;
And after Death for *Cures*.

I follow ſtreight without Complaint or Grief,
Since if my *Scent be good*, I care not if
It be as ſhort as yours.---- *Herbert.*

How uncertain are worldly Comforts.

I am fall'n out with the World.

I ſhan't be ſo Rich as my Honoured Mother, 'till I have Publiſh'd the whole Art of Living Incognito.

Nothing pleaſes me now, but ſome deep Tragedy, &c.

I ſhall never Out-Rival the Baggs.

My Firſt Garden *was a little* Eden, *my* Second, *the very Picture of Melancholy.*

How uncertain are worldly Comforts? for being baniſh'd from the Black-Raven, (the moſt pleaſant Houſe I ever dwelt in) I am now ſo far from taking Pleaſure in GARDENS, &c. That I'm like a Man fallen out with the World. Fortune has deny'd me ſomething, and I take pet and will be miſerable in ſpight---- In plainer *English*, I've ſent for my Dear Spouſe, and ſhe refuſes to come 'till I'm as Rich as her Mother, which will ſcarce be 'till I have publiſht the whole Art of living Incognito. So that nothing pleaſes me now, except ſome *deep Tragedy. A Charnel-Houſe cover'd with Skulls--- A gloomy Vale wrapt with unpleaſant Yews--- Or ſome dark Cell* cut out by Nature's skill, and whoſe Entrance is inviron'd with thick Trees (like to that where I now live) In a word, I'm ſo peeviſh grown, ſince I find I can't Out-rival the Baggs, that *I* can ſcarce bear to ſee my own Brother Merry, and wonder what Men can find to laugh at; for my own ſhare, *I* think *I* ſhall *never more draw my Lips to a Smile*, but *I* en't ſo moroſe neither, but ſtill I can love a Garden, but none pleaſes me NOW, but what's the very Picture of Melancholy.

I.

Fain wou'd I have a Plat of Ground,
Which the Sun ſhou'd never ſee,
Nor by wanton Lover found;
That alone my Garden be.

2

No Curious Flowers *would I crave,*
To tempt my ſmelling or my Eye:
A little Hearts Eaſe, *if I have*
Place a fading TULIP *by.*

3. My

3.

My Counterfeit will beſt appear
In the Violets *drooping Head,*
On which a Melancholy Tear,
The Diſcontented *Morn hath ſhed.*

4.

MY TIME *be wither'd, let no* ROSE
Her perfumed Boſom ſhow;
And the Sweet-Brier *when it blows,*
No imbracing Wood-bine *know.*

5.

Weave a pretty Roof of Willow,
On each ſide the Black-Thorn *Spring;*
Raiſe a Bank, where for my Pillow,
Wormwood, Rue, *and* Poppies *bring.*

6.

No Bird *ſing here unleſs my Soul,*
Would Hear ſad Philomels *Diſgrace;*
The TURTLE *ſhall awake the* OWL,
To join her Melancholy BASE.

7.

Here let no Man find me out;
Or if CHANCE *ſhall bring one hither,*
I'll be ſecure, when round about
I mote it, with my Eyes foul Weather.

8.

Thus let me Sigh *my Heart away,*
At laſt to one as ſad as I.
I'll give my GARDEN *that he may*
By my Example, Love and Die.

And ſo much for my little EDEN—— and that Melancholy-Garden where *Valeria*'s Jointure has ſent me to digg—— I ſhall now proceed to the *Obſervations I made in my curſory view of the Word.* After I was tyr'd with my Two Gardens (*except 'twas Poſt-Night, or I had ſome Author to viſit*) I wou'd next take a Turn to *Stepney, Hackney,* or my beloved *Hamſtead*; and now as I went along, I wou'd conceive the World a Building, the

(a) *Obſervations in a Walk to* Stepney, &c.

the Earth a Floor, ſpread with a Green Carpet-Covering, the Heavens a Roof belpangled with exquiſite Ornaments; ſuch Thoughts as theſe did make me revere the Wiſdom of the mighty Architect. When (in theſe little Walks) I obſerv'd ſuch magnificence in the Outward Court, I preſently concluded the Sanctum Sanctorum was beyond deſcription. Alas, Madam! we live here in the very bottom of Nature, and think little who or what are on the Top of the Context; *methinks I have ſomething of it by fleeting glances, but it vaniſhes, and I ne're catch it!*

Thus you ſee (Madam) what Meditations the World affords, when I conſider it as a Building, the Earth as a Floor, and the Heavens as the Roof to it.

Satisfaction for every Senſe.

When in *longer Walks*, I have conſider'd the World as a Table ſpread; I have obſerv'd ſatisfaction for every Senſe, diſhed out in Proper-Objects.

For us the Winds *do blow,*
The Earth doth reſt, Heaven move, and Fountains flow;
Nothing we ſee but means our good,
As our Delight, or as our Treaſure:
The whole is either our Cupboard of Food,
Or Cabinet of Pleaſure. —— Herbert.

The Muſick to be found in Groves.

What Orient Colours are brought in to pleaſe the EYE; to delight the EAR; what Melody is incloſed in the *Breaſts of Birds, ſo well inſtructed in Song*, that every Grove becomes a Quire? What ſilken ſoftneſs have we for the touch --- What Cates and taſteful Viands for the *daintieſt Palats?* What Odoriferous Scents? What perfumed Airs to feaſt the other Senſe? What abundance of ſweetneſs is bound up in the ſmall Volume of a Flower? I read no leſs then a Deity in the Few Folios of a Damask Roſe – Thus Bleſſed Lord, thy VVorld is a Table ſpread! and every thing in it looks up to thee for their daily Food.

Thy

Thy Cupboard ſerves the World; the Meat is ſet,
VVhere all may reach, no Beaſt but knows his Feed:
Birds teach us hawking, Fiſhes have their Net:
The great prey on the leſs, they on ſome Weed.

Nothing ingender'd doth prevent his Meat;
Lives have their Table ſpread, e're they appear:
Some Creatures have in VVinter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envy not their Chear.

And as thy Houſe is full, ſo I adore
Thy curious Art in Marſhalling thy Goods:
The Hills with Health abound, the Vales with ſtore;
The *South* with Marble, *North* with Furrs and VVoods.
(*Herbert.*

By the many Sights, I obſerve in theſe *ſeveral Walks*, I conclude that Nature hath not left my Soul Objectleſs, but there is ſomewhere a *Truth for my Underſtanding, and Goodneſs for my Will.*

Again, my Heart it Elated above the *ordinary Level of Admiration*; when I perceive this Sublunary-world top full of Things, as contrary as *Fire and Water, Earth and Air*, yet to ſubſiſt by one another; when I ſee this, (and which is yet ſtranger, when I ſee them peaceably cohabit in the ſame Subject) I cannot but attribute their ACCORD to a Sovereign Arm and Guidance.

This ſublunary World is top full of Things as contrary as Fire and Water, &c.

VVhen on a Promontory I fix my Foot on firm Earth, while mine Eye *lancheth out into the Main*, and ſee the Billows come wallowing one in the Neck of another, as if they naturally encouraged themſelves to an univerſal Deluge, yet when they foam and make a noiſe as unkennel'd: I may ſoon obſerve them at the end of their Chain; or if the Tempeſt ſhou'd rage ſo long, that the toſſing Seas ſhou'd touch the Sky, and every Puff ſhou'd blow up a Grave, yet as theſe Storms are of Gods ſending, ſo they are ſubject to his Government. *The Lord hath his way in the whirl-wind; and the ſtormy Wind fulfils his word.*

A *Storm deſcrib'd.* *Nah.* 1. 3, 4. *Pſ.* 148. 8.

Tempeſts

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy Hand,
And hold it fast, as Children do their Fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor Sand
Check the Proud Sea, even when it swells and gathers?
(*Herbert.*

VVhile the Ocean swells it self into **Alps of Water**, and the Brow of it is so furrow'd with Rage, that every VVave threatens to write me among the Dead, suddenly all is cut off with a dash: VVhen I behold this diffusive Element stand upon an Heap, sure there is some **hitherto and no further**; that it hears in its loudest Roarings, and this is Gates and Bars to it. VVhen I look upon the *Reciprocation* of the VVaters, I feel a Spring-Tide of Thoughts at the highest flow within me, and go beyond the MOON to find a Cause.

The Reciprocation of the Waters.

'Tis true, some attribute the *Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea*, to certain subterranean Fires, whose Matter is near a kin to the Matter of the MOON; and therefore according to her Motion, there continue their Times of burning; and burning they make the Sea so to boil, as that it is a *Tide or High-water*, but going out, the Sea sinks again, but these *Fires in the bottom of the Sea* are but meer Conjecture; for the *Flux and Reflux of the Sea is a great Secret of Nature*, and gives us therefore principal occasion to magnifie the Power of God, whose Name only is excellent, and whose Power above *Heaven and Earth*: VVith what amazement have I view'd the swelling Main! *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do Business in great Waters -- These see the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep.* Who can enough admire the Providence of God to Sea men!

Fires in the bottom of the Sea.

Psal. 107. 23.

The

The Sea, which seems to stop the Traveller,
Is by a Ship the speedier Passage made;
The Winds, who think they rule the Marener,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his Trade.

Again when I look upon the Use of the Sea; I conceive great Mercy and Wisdom, in placing of it:—— Those Heavenly-Buckets that pour out refreshing Showers on the parched Soil, are dipp'd in this Cistern, and it is as the *Liver* to the Body, fills the Ground with irriguous Veins; thus we see ——

Refreshing Showers whence they come.

Each thing is full of Duty:
Waters united, are our Navigation;
Distinguished, our Habitation
Below, our Drink; above, our Meat:
Both are our Cleanliness. Hath one such Beauty,
Then how are all things neat.

Again, when I see the Earth once every Day muffle it self in 'its own Shadow, and that the Dark may not be Irksome our busy Eyes are as often clos'd by a Law of Rest which upon Pain of Death we may not long infringe, and how orderly do we go to sleep?

The Night describ'd

The Stars have us to bed;
Night *draws the Curtain, which the Sun withdraws:*
Musick and Light attend our Head.
All things unto our Flesh are kind
In their Descent and Being; to our Mind
In their Assent and cause ——Herbert

That Sleep (which refreshes Nature) may be thus defin'd—*'Tis the resting of the feeling Faculty*: the Cause is a cooling of the Brain by a pleasant abounding Vapour, breathing forth of the Stomach, and ascending to the Brain——when that Vapour is *concoct and turned into Spirits the Heat returneth*, and the Senses recovering their former Function, cause waking.

Sleep how caused.

Waking how caused.

Dreames.

The Affections of Sleep are Dreams—If 'tis asked what they are, I answer—*A Dream is an inward Act of the Mind, the Body sleeping*: and the quieter that Sleep is, the easier be Dreams; but if Sleep be unquiet, then the Minde is troubled——

What they be.

There variety.

The Variety of Dreams is according to the divers constitution of the Body—the clear and pleasant Dreams are when the Spirits of the Brain, which *the Soul useth to imagine with*, are most pure and thin, as towards Morning, when Concoction is perfected. But Troublesome Dreams are when the Spirits be thick and impure. All Natural Dreams are by Images, either before proffered to Memory, or conceived by Temperature alone, *or by some Influence from the Stars, as some think.* But I shall say no more upon this head, designing my 40th Letter shall treat of the *Sentiments of the Soul in Infancy, Dreams, Trances, Dotage* &c.

Halfe our Life runs out in a Sleepy Vacation of Senses.

Thus we see NIGHT serves us for a Curtain, and that whether we Sleep, Wake, or Dream, the half of the Term of our Life runs out in a Sleepy-Vacation of Senses; and is most pleasureable, tho least delightsome *Blessed Lord!*

How finely dost thou Times, and Seasons Spin,
And make a Twist checker'd with Night and Day!
Which as it lengthens, Winds, and Winds us in,
As Bowls go on, but turning all the way.——— Herbert.

The Heavenly Limbecks distill their chearing influences, that there may be a Growth in Vegetables.

In this I adore a Sweet Wisdom! The withering Grass likewise is no less beholding to the Night then our heavy Heads, for now the Heavenly-Limbecks do distill their chearing Influences, that there may be a Growth in Vegetables; the Nightly Moisture Mingles it self with the Heat by Day; But while I stand admiring thus. *Cynthius Aurem Vellit*, here is one within tells me, I need not go fish for Wonders in the Deep, or climb the height of Heaven, for Heaven; for my self is an amazing wonder.

Indeed

Indeed when I reflect on the **Structure of my Body**, I see it is not ordinary; I see it is erect, when other Creatures Grovel; I have a Priviledge of looking up, when the rest stand motto'd by the Poet with. *A Pronaque cum spectant* &c. Os *Homini sublime dedit* &c. *Meditations on the structure of my own Body.*

Is there a more exact Work then our Head? here all **the Senses keep their Rendevouz**, lie Leaguer to give Intelligence; if an Object that carrys any Colour with it comes; the **Eye** notes it immediately; If it makes a noise, the **Ear** catches it, and so of the rest. *The Senses keep their Rendivouz in the Head*

Man is all Symmetry,
Full of Proportions, one Limb to another,
And all to all the World besides:
Each part may call the farthest Brother:
For Head with Foot hath private Amity,
And both with Moons, and Tides.

We see MAN is a Creature that hath Reason, and as he is most excellent, so hath he *a more perfect shape in Body than others.* **Physitians tell us**, His Members are formed, and begin to appear distinctly, about the *Six and twentieth Day.* And they are all perfect in Males at 30 Days, and in Females at 36 Days. About this time, the *Child beginneth to live, and to feel.* The Male is moved in the Third Month, but the Females in the Fourth Month: then 'tis nourish'd and encreased till the Ninth Month *when it is Grown great, it is brought forth.* This is the forming, and procreating of Man, for whose sake all other Creatures were made. Then *what a wonder in Nature is Man!* and where ever we Ramble, we find the Wonder the greater by the *diversity of Faces we see in Publick*, in Ten Millions of **Faces** there are not two alike, or not so alike but they are easily known one from to'ther; and their **Voices** are different as their Faces. *What Man is and the manner of his Generation.*

Tho the *Face of the Creation* hath its variations of Prospect and Beauty, by the alternate Intermixtures of *Land and Waters, of Woods, and Feilds, Meadows and* *Senses outward.*

Paſtures; God here mounting a Hill, and there ſinking a Vale, and *yonder levelling a pleaſant Plain*; deſignedly to render the whole more delectable. and raviſhing to the Eyes of Men, (could they ſee his wonders in the Land of the Living)—yet hath he no where given us more admirable expreſſions of his infinite Power and Wiſdom, than in the little **Fabrick of Mans Body**, wherein he hath contriv'd to Sum up all the Perfections of the Greater, that lye here and there ſcattered about; nor, is it poſſible for the Heart of Man to adore enough the **Tranſcendencies** of his Divine hand in the Perfections that he bears about him. But amongſt them all, (*omitting the curious Contexture of the whole Frame*) to ſurvey only the (*a*) **Glories of the Face**, and the admirable Graces that God has lodged in each Feature of it; and then to remember **how many Millions** of them have paſſed through his Hands already, flouriſhed out with a perfect diverſity of appearance; every one (as I hinted before) *diſcernably varying from all the reſt in different Feature and Mein*; and yet every one excellently agreeing with all, in the ſame Identity of Aſpect. All this *variegated-Work* **miraculouſly performed within the compaſs of a Span**, to let us ſee what a God can do, when (as the Wiſe Potter) he *turneth his Wheel, and molds Nature into infinite Ideas and Formes.*

(*a*) *A Breif Survey of* Glories of the Face *and of the Admirable Graces that God has lodged in each Feature of it.*

Senſes Outward. The ſeveral **Senſes** in Man are alſo *Matter of Wonder*, Theſe are **Outward or Inward.** The Outward only perceiving Things preſent: And every one of theſe have their *Proper Subject.*

Touching The Senſe in the whole Body is TOUCHING; This is a Sence by means of Fleſh, full of Sinews, *apprehending Tactil Qualities.* His Inſtrument is Fleſh, full of Sinews, or rather a Nerve, like a Hair, diſperſt thoughout the whole Body

Seeing Sences of certain parts are more or leſs Noble. The Nobler are **Seeing and Hearing**: whoſe means are the *Water and Air*: Sight, by the Eye, perceiveth bright and coloured Things: the Subject where of is Light.

Light, &c, his Inſtrument is the *Nerv-Optick, which from the Brain cometh to the Eyes.*

Hearing is a Senſe perceiving Sounds; his Inſtrument, is a little Skin in the loweſt winding or turning of the Ear, dry and full of Holes: The Skin is double, one below which covereth a little Bone, like an Anvile; another above, containing a little Bone, as it were a ſmall Mallet. *The upper ſtricken by the Sounds, ſtriketh the Lower*, and ſtirreth up the Spirits in the Nerves to perceive the ſound. Hearing.

The more Ignoble Senſes are **Taſting and Smelling**; Taſting apprehendeth Taſtes. His Inſtrument is —— a Nerve ſtretched like a Net, upon the Fleſh of the Tongue, which is full of little Pores. His means is a *Temperate Salt Humor*, which if it do exceed the juſt quantity, it doth not exactly perceive Taſtes; but if it be altogether conſum'd, no *Taſtes* are perceiv'd.— Taſting.

Smelling judgeth qualities fit for Smell: His Inſtrument is the Entrance into the firſt Ventricle, cover'd with a ſmall Skin; the dryer it is, the quicker of Smell, as in *Dogs and Vultures*; but Man, for the moiſtneſs of his Brain, hath but a dull Smell. Smelling.

Were there no more in *MAN* then theſe five *outward Senſes* to be wonder'd at; well might *David* ſay he was wonderfully made, and *curiouſly wrought in the loweſt parts of the Earth* (a) But beſides theſe Five **outward Senſes**, (to raiſe our Wonder yet a little higher) there are **inward Senſes**, which, beſide Things preſently offered, do know Forms of many abſent Things— By theſe, the Creature doth not *only perceive*, but alſo underſtandeth that which he doth perceive. *Theſe have their Seat in the* **Brain**; they are either **Conceiving or Preſerving**; Conceiving exerciſeth his Faculty by diſcerning, or more fully judging; it is called **common Senſe**, and the other is **Phantaſie**. **Common Senſe** more fully diſtinguiſheth ſenſible Things; his Inſtrument is the former Ventricle of the Brain, made by dryneſs fit to receive. *Phantaſie* is an inward Senſe more diligently examining the Forms of Things: *This is the Thought and Judgment of Creatures*; his Place is the middle *Senſes inward.* (a) Pſ. 139. 15. Conceiving.

dle

dle part of the Brain, being, through dryneſs, apt to retain----

The preſerving Senſe is **Memory**, which according to the Conſtitution of the Brain, is better or worſe. It is weaker in a moiſt Brain than in a dry Brain. *His Inſtrument is the hinder part of the Brain.*

Preſerving.

Memory calling back Images preſerved in former time, is called **Remembrance**; but this is not without the Uſe of Reaſon, and therefore is only attributed to Man.

Remembrance.

I wou'd next ſay ſomething of the *Wonders found in the Brain, whence* Tears *proceed by the Angles of the Eyes*, (and the greater the Fleſh of thoſe Angles be, ſo much more plentiful be Tears) but (*Sabina*) ſhou'd I inlarge you'll take me for ſome *Quack-Doctor*, who confounds his Auditors with his *learned Nonſenſe.* However, the **Structure of Man's Body**, *&c.* being what took up much of my Thoughts when I liv'd in publick: I can't leave this Subject 'till I have ſaid ſomething of *his* **breathing Parts**, which (next to the EYE) *I* take to be one of the greateſt Wonders in the Body of Man.

Tears proceed from the Brain.

The Principal **Parts of breathing** are in the Breaſt; being either **Lights** or **Heart**, wherefore theſe being touched, breathing is immediately hurt; and ſuch Wounds be deadly: The Lungs are a ſpongious and thin Part, ſoft, and like Foam of congeal'd Blood, declining ſomething to the Right-ſide. *Breath is brought into the* Lights *by a rough Artery knit to the Root of the* Tongue: This Artery is a long Channel made of many Griſtle-Rings on a Row, which endeth in the **Lights**. If any thing falls into the hollowneſs of this, the *Breath is hindred*, and *there is danger to be Choaked*; but this is a **Nice Subject**, *I* ſhall therefore treat of it more at large in an *Eſſay upon my own Death.*

The breathing Parts.

Thus having told your Ladyſhip what I diſcover'd in the *Celeſtial Bodies*, and likewiſe what I obſerv'd under the Sun (but more eſpecially) with reſpect to *the Wonders of the Deep. The Tapeſtry of Nature--And the curious Frame of the Body of Man*, &c. I ſhou'd next proceed (*if I'a'e treat of every thing*) to what Remarks I made upon **Beaſts, Fiſhes, and Birds**, more

Beaſts, Fiſhes and Birds, but juſt mentioned, and why.

(more especially on the OWL, on whom *I* have written a large Essay) but *I* am forc'd to drop these Subjects with just naming of 'em; for when *I* remember THAT whereby *I* observe all this, *I* am *so nonpluss'd I can go no further.* *If* you ask me any Question about it? *I* will say it is some strange Divine Thing, but what, *I* well know not; it is call'd a SOUL; a most active Being, *I*'m sure it is; it is ever grinding; if you rake it up in the Ashes of a Sleep, it will glow in a Dream: It is fixed in the Orb of the Body, but raiseth it self further then the Sun: *It* will pierce the most solid Substance; rests not in a few Objects, tho *a single one sometimes may, like a Glass, collect its Beams to a Flame.* O the Soul that can drag the past and future Times to the Bar of present Consideration! that will in the most *retir'd Cell*, discourse to me of various Matters: This *Cosmographical Spirit* that can shew me the Heavens and the Earth as in Landskip, in the darkest Room! Oh the swiftness of its motion! it will beat against *East* and *West* (like a Bean in a Bladder) with less noise and more nimbleness, which made *Randolph say*,

As is hinted before.

The Soul is some strange Divine Thing.

It can shew me the Heaven and the Earth, as in Landskip. in the darkest Room.

And when I walk abroad, Fancy shall be,
My skilful Coachman, and shall hurry me
Through Heaven and Earth, and Neptune's *watry Plain,*
And in a Moment bring me back again.

This nimble Soul forgets (sometimes) *'tis espoused to Flesh and Blood*; it now leans so far without my Windows (by Reason of the STONE, and other Distempers) that another Blast will puff it out, and freeze up the Casements.

It forgets sometimes that 'tis espous'd to Flesh and Blood.

Oh! if thou stay'st still; why must I stay?
My God, what is this World to me?
This World of Wo? Hence all ye Clouds away,
Away; I must get up and see ———

Then lose this Frame, this Knot of Man unty,
That my free Soul may use her Wing,
Which now is pinion'd with Mortality;
As an entangl'd hamper'd thing.

What

What have I left, that I should stay and Groan?
The most of me to Heav'n is fled:
My Thoughts and Joys are all packt up and gone.
And for their old Acquaintance plead.

By musing on the **Nature and Excellency of my own Soul** it leads me to consider the SWAY I bear in the World; and here *I* observe all the visible Creation to bow down to me. **The Sun, Moon, and Stars**— wait upon me, but what shall all this fill my Life with Pride, as my Mind with Wonder? Neither can any thing *I* have heard or seen in my Fellow-Creatures, (who are **proud of being Rational** tho' their Reason is but the *Perspective Glass*, through which they behold their Misery) warrant my giving them **Black Characters**— No (*Sabina*) *I* find too much in my own Breast, to damp my censuring others, and have as little Reason to be puft up with Conceit: *With Conceit*! of what shou'd *I* be proud of, for my Head is as full of Whimseys as if it *kept open House for all the Maggots in Nature*— yet excuse me too! for *I* don't see but others (only they have more Wit to conceal 'em) have as many Maggots as **John Dunton**: And therefore 'tis Mr. **Herbert** tells us—

The Nature and Excellency of the Soul, leads me to consider the sway I bear in the World

Maggots in every Brain.

Man *builds a House, which quickly down must go,*
As if a **Whirlwind** *blew,*
And crush'd the Buildings: And its partly true,
His Mind is so.

O what a sight were Man, *if his Attires*
Did **alter** *with his* Mind!
And like a Dolphin's Skin, his Cloaths combin'd
With his Desires!

Surely, if each one saw anothers Heart,
There wou'd be no Commerce,
No Sale or Bargain pass: All wou'd disperse,
And live apart.

But suppose I cou'd see nothing greater (or more Maggotty) then my self to arrogate my Service, yet were I far from

from being Absolute, nor dare I think my self *mine own Man*; for my **Hands and Shoulders**, and other parts, are a Lecture to me for the *labour of my Body*—— And my station here minds me, that I must be busied in Contemplation; for I look on the Earth as a *Green Bank* recover'd from the Waters for me to stand on unmovedly, while I behold the **tossing Seas and turning Spheres**, and all things else in agitation. Now to be tasked in this manner, denotes my *condition to be that of a Servant*. I further know my subjection by my Ignorance, I cannot so much as give an Account of my own Being; *how I was brought hither, I have it not in my own knowledge*; if those about me had combined, it had been more easie to have made me believe an Eternity of my self, *a parte ante*, than the Atheist *a parte post*— That I had a Beginning is but deliver'd me by Tradition, confirm'd by the Motions of **accretion and diminution** in my self, and *Example* in others, *for I was* LIGHTED I know not how, nor when.

My Hands and Shoulders tell me I was born to labour.

My great Ignorance.

I was lighted I know not how nor when.

Again, In the *Administration of Things*, their Order is not from any **Law of mine**, and I might well be call'd **Æsop's foolish Fly**; should I think my self able to make the **very Dust** that made me; now while I ponder on these Things, **and a thousand more that I see in the World**, I look for something greater than it. It seems to me unreasonable, That a Work so Absolute and Uniform, should want an Efficient; I dare not with *Empedocles*, sit shuffling in a dusty CELL, 'till I have made a World of Atoms. But I will resolvedly say, such wise *Position* and *Administration* of Things here, was never **Casual**, so I search, and wonder, and tremble; for I find my self not far from that **Immense Being** that I thus grope after; and (sure I am) if a Light was brought into the Room, I shou'd see my self in the **everlasting Arms** of a Father or an Enemy.

Æsop's foolish Fly.

The wise Administration of Things, lead us to the Consideration of an Immense Being.

These things I read by the Hierogliphicks of the Creatures in the *A. B. C.* of Nature, for so I'll call the **Book of Works**, compar'd to that of the **Word** of later Edition, and of more Perfection: This is the unmasking of the others Frontispiece, this leads me, and refers them, to an

ALMIGHTY GOD, here manifested in his several **Subsistences and Attributes**; I have it here in plain Words, What was but pointed at in the other.

Behold this **little Volume** *here enrold,*
'Tis the Almighty's Present to the World.
Hearken Earth, Earth, Each senseless thing can hear
His Maker's **Thunder**, *tho' it want an Ear,*
Gods Word *is senior to his Work, nay rather,*
If righ ly weighd, the World may call it Father;
God spake, *'twas done: This great Foundation,*
Was but the Makers **Exhalation**,
Breath'd out in speaking. The least work of Man,
Is better then his **Word**; *but if we scan*
Gods Word aright, *his Works far short do fall:*
The Word is God, *the Works are; Creature's all:*
The sundry pieces of this general Frame,
Are dimmer Letters, all which spell the same
Eternal Word. *But these cannot express,*
His Greatness with such easie Readiness,
And therefore yield. For **Heaven** *shall pass away,*
The Sun, the Moon, the Starrs, shall all obey,
To light **one general Boon-Fire**; *but his* WORD,
His Builder up, his all destroying Sword;
Yet still survives, no jot of that can die,
Each Tittle measures *Immortality.*
Once more, this **mighty Word** *his People greets,*
Thus lapp'd, and thus swath'd up in Paper-sheets,
Read here **Gods Image** *with a Zealous Eye,*
The Legible and **Written Deity.**

Why the Holy Bible is the chief Book we shou'd study.

But I'll not undertake to unfold its Excellency; for to speak of **every Thing** in this Book, requires a better Pen than mine; however, this I shall say of it, He that Questions its Worth, instead of an Answer, shall be deservedly blam'd, as neglectful of reading the **Holy Scripture**.

My Resolutions to read it often.

When I have weighed the Premises, I am troubled that I have so truanted formerly, and cannot but now resolve to put my self with more diligence upon this **Spiritual Literature**.

Thus having mentioned the Characters of SUN, MOON, HEAVEN, and EARTH, (and the other Creatures) I shall be able to put them together, and make them *spell Infinite*

Wisdom,

Wiſdom and Power, as much as boundleſs Mercy. From the **Earth**, I learn to contemplate, from the **Heavens**, I learn to add *Motion and Practice to my Speculation*— When I ſee how the **dead Earth and Water** ſerve the Vegetive, and they the Senſitive, and they the Rational Creatures: And when I ſee how this ſubordination keeps every thing entire, let me hence alſo **learn Duty**, let me remember, tho' I am exalted above all theſe, yet there is a higher than the **higheſt**, to whom I am in all humbleneſs to ſtoop, as they to me. And if my *Ox knows his Owner, and my Aſs his Maſters Crib*, let them teach me to know him from whom I have receiv'd All, and to whom I owe all. And Laſtly, When I ſee the **largeneſs and capacity of my own Soul**; I will learn to decline the ſmall and narrow Creature, and ſearch after an Object able to better it, able to fill it.

What ſpiritual uſe we ſhou'd make of every Thing we ſee in the World.

And as I ſhou'd make this **ſpiritual uſe of every thing** I ſee in the World, which I call the **Book of Works**; ſo likewiſe, that I may be more skill'd in *God's other Book*, I ſhall deſire to **meditate in it Day and Night**, to uſe it on all occaſions, as a Medicine for every Diſeaſe.

If I am in **doubt**, *I* will make it my Counſellor; if in **Affliction**, I will make this ſure and tryed Word my ſupport; if I am in **Darkneſs**, and ſee no Light, here I'll ſtay my ſelf; when *I* ſee my **Ignorance**, *I* will eſteem this able to give Underſtanding to the Simple; when *I* would **lance my Soul**, *I* will make uſe of this Two edged Sword, when it is fit to be heal'd again, why this is **Balm from Gilead**: If *I* am **Poor**, *I* will take pains for this Treaſure, more worth than much fine Gold, Pearls and Rubies are not to be compar'd with it, by this I may learn *Godlineſs, which is great Gain*. If *I* am **Rich**, this Book will plentifully ſhew me, that a Man's Wealth doth not conſiſt in the Abundance which he poſſeſſeth, and that Riches have Wings: If **Sorrow** takes hold of me, the ſweet Conſolations here are as Health to the Navel, and as Marrow to the Bones. If **Trouble** be general, I have here direction where to reſt at Noon.

A Cure for every Diſeaſe both of Soul and Body.

Oh Book, infinite ſweetneſs! let my Heart,
Suck every Letter, and a hony gain;
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the Breaſt, to moliſie all Pain.

Thou art all Health, Health, thriving 'till it make
A full Eternity; thou art a Maſs
Of ſtrange Delights, where we may wiſh and take:
Ladies, look here; this is the Only Glaſs

That mends the Lookers Eyes; this is the Well
That waſhes what it ſhews; who can endear
Thy praiſe too much? thou art Heav'ns Leiger here,
Working againſt the States of Death and Hell.

Thou art Joys handſel; Heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every Mounters bended Knee.——Herbert.

The way to be happy, when the whole world is diſſolv'd.

My treating of every Thing *has been a Wild-gooſe chaſe through Heaven, Earth and Seas, &c.*

The danger of being unacquainted with our ſelves.

My Retreat from this great World to my private Cell.

My own Grave *to be the Subject of the next Letter.*

In a Word, If I wou'd leave that which I feel ſlipping away and periſhing, and repoſe my ſelf upon what is firm and laſting, Let me relinquiſh each *worldly Confidence*, and reſt upon this Word, which ſhall ſtand unſhaken upon the **Ruines of Heaven and Earth.**

Thus (Madam) have I led you a **Wild Gooſe-Chaſe,** *through Heaven, Earth, and Seas, &c.* I wou'd rummage the World further, but that I obſerve he that has the Oſtentation or Vanity to be too much *known to the World*, is in great danger of being unacquainted with himſelf; and therefore having conſider'd **every Thing** I ſaw in Publick, (which was wont to employ my Thoughts) I ſhall retreat again from this **Great World**, to my quiet Cell, where I'll diſſect my Breaſt, and write an Eſſay of **the Leſſer World**, my ſelf; and when I have ſo well ſurvey'd this **little piece of Earth**, that I have left no part undiſcover'd, I ſhall next repreſent my ſelf as **Dead and Buried**, in an **Eſſay upon my own Grave**, &c. Where I ſhall lie Incognito, 'till the Reſurrection. And when the **Dead awake**, I ſhall then be

Your **known Friend**, *and Servant,*

JOHN DUNTON.

The LADY's Anſwer to my Seventh LETTER.

SIR,

IF *inſtead of* living, you were buried Incognito, *I could expect no account of your obſervations*; *but* if you live, you muſt needs think; *and the obſcurity of your Cell, can be no impediment to your contemplating the* great and buſy World *at ſuch a diſtance, tho only, upon what your memory furniſhes*; *for from thence thoſe thoughts may be produced in* order and method, *which were at firſt obtruded on you in* hurry and confuſion: *'Tis now, and not till now, you are in capacity to prove that ſomething may be learnt* even from Courts and Cities; and every thing we ſee in Publick: *For the noiſe and turmoile of the World, is no Friend to reflection.* Virgil *found it ſo, and ſo do all thinking Men, in ſo much that* Retirement from the World, *ſeems to ſtamp a Character of Wiſdom upon thoſe that can bear any Inconvenience better than the interruption of their Thoughts. Yet the very aſpect of thinking, is ſo unacceptable to the* gay World; *that according to* Monſieur Scuderie, Thoſe that have better things to think of, than what they intend to ſpeak, ought to remain in their Cloſets, and not to trouble the company with their ſilence; *and yet perhaps their beſt Thoughts might be loſt, ſhould they venture to impart 'em ſo at random, as the Company ſhall be diſpoſed to take 'em; but when* compoſed in Solitude, *and after Printed, tho' they are deſigned for none but thoſe that like and approve 'em, they may with great pleaſure ſatisfy the paſſions and malignant humours of ſuch as diſlike 'em, that all muſt own themſelves mutually obliged; thoſe that preſent the Subject for remarks; and thoſe, who like the* Bees in their Cells, *convert 'em into uſeful Reflections.*

The great and little World, as they are the Nobleſt Objects you could chuſe for Contemplation, ſo your Eſteem and Love of this Exerciſe appears by the Exactneſs of your Obſervations upon

upon them, for besides Man, the epitomy of the great World, *the visible Heavens and Earth, alone, are full of the Majesty of Gods Glory, and might sufficiently convince an* Atheist, *for as you well observe,* the whole World is but the Explanation of a Deity; *'tis possible a Man with some defect of Mind, like that of* Blindness *in the Body, may have but weak Conjectures of what appears a* perfect Demonstration *to others; but should such a one take upon him to Dispute against a Deity, 'twould be a presumption like that of a Blind-mans going about to prove there's* neither Light nor Sun, *because he can't see 'em; for the same Reason the Atheist therefore may well be silent, for he that does not conclude there is a God by* Contemplation of the Universe, *one must conclude has some defect in his Understanding or Will; that spoils his Judgment; for without Speech or Language,* the Heavens declare the Glory of God; their sound is gone out into all Lands, and their words unto the ends of the World. *Then who can pretend they have not heard enough to convince their Understanding? The fault must needs lie in the Will.* A Fool may say in his Heart there is no God, *when at the same time his Understanding tells him there is; he speaks as he would have it, but* thinks as he fears; *and truly Atheism is one of those stupendious Wonders which would astonish much, but that it* loses the Horror *by being so common; Nay, tis so familiar to us, it passes unobserved: We little perceive the* Practical Atheism *we are all Guilty of, when we are so solicitous to please the World, and never ask our selves the question* whether we can serve God and Mammon; *in that case we say in our Hearts,* There is no God; *that is, our sinful Affections and Appetites perswades us to think there is none; or at least not such a one as deserves our highest Love and Care to please; As also in any temptation of Profit, or Advantage, shall easily put a stop to our Proceedings: But all the Threatnings of the Great God of Heaven can't stop us in any sinful Action that is attended with Credit and Applause, as too many are; which is an* Establish'd Atheism, set up by Custom, if we can't say by Law; *But you have taken the propereſt way to Destroy this* Monster *by penetrating, with such exactness* all the Various and Wonderful Works

of

of God, *both the Pleasure and Advantage of such Contemplations are unspeakable; therefore 'tis as much for our Benefit as for Gods Glory, the Scriptures were given us, that by them we might learn to observe & acknowledge his* mighty Acts, *and distinguish his* Divine Providence *from the Actions of sinful Man, who never fails to shew his Sin and Frailty on all occasions, where God leaves him to Act alone; and certainly there is* a kind of Atheism in that general disrespect to Gods Providence, *observable in the World; so few are sensible from whom they must expect the success of their Enterprises, they Esteem some Persons very* Lucky, others they term Unfortunate, *according to what befalls 'em, adverse or prosperous; Nay, even* great and remarkable Providences are Esteem'd Accidents, *or if any cause assigned them, 'tis such as is purely humane, without the least* relation to God.

Thus we live without God in the World, *and if we have but either Riches, Friends in Power, or our own Wits to trust to, we say in our hearts,* there is no God; *that is, we are not concern'd whether there is or no, we think we can* enjoy the World without him. *But how much happier are those who are the great* Observers of Gods Providence, *so that all That comes to pass in the World, serves for their Instruction? For as they acknowledg them to proceed from Gods Order and Determination, they are of the same Use to us with the Holy Scriptures, to perfect and incourage us in all Good Works, when we are certain of the Truth of them, which may be discover'd by their* agreement with the Written Word; *for were they as infallibly true, and we could have the same certainty of what is reported of Things done, and Acted in the World, nothing could excuse us from the same Reverence and Respect for 'em; for we know we shall be* all taught of God, *and we know his Providence has been of Old, and is still, his most usual way of teaching, as it falls under the Observation of the* meanest Capacities; *and great effects may be seen of a true sence of Gods* Power, Mercy, and Goodness, *amongst such Persons as have had neither Time nor Opportunity of other Instructions: I can speak it of my own knowledge, I have seen* more signs of true Faith, Hope, and Charity, *and a reverent sence of God, in the Discourse and Actions of the Vulgar, such as* Farmers and Day-Labourers

in

in the Country, whose outward teaching has chiefly been the Experience and Observation of the Providence of God *to themselves and Neighbours; tho' by the Learned so despised, as if for want of Knowledge, they were* little better than Brutes: *I wish I could see 'em mightily surpass'd by the Lives and Discourses of those from whom we have reason to expect much more, as living under the means of Instruction, from their* daily attendance at Church, *of which the greatest part are* WOMEN; *but of too many of 'em, so little Virtue appears in their Conduct, one might take 'em for the* silly Women *St.* Paul *describes,* laden with Sin; led away with divers Lusts; ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the Truth: *'Tis to be feared they trust too much to teaching, and think themselves Religious and Devout, for only using the Means of being so; 'twere good if those People could be taught, that the* faithful discharge of their Duty and Calling, *would be a better Service to God; and then from a strict observation of his Providence, great Lessons might be learnt of* Patience, Humility and Charity, and every Christian Virtue *they shall need to be adorned with.*

But those Men that have the advantage of natural and acquir'd Parts, *are accountable for the Glory they owe to God, from the* Contemplation of his WORKS, which are great, sought out of all those that take pleasure therein: *His Works are worthy to be praised and had in Honour; even so much as Man is able to comprehend of 'em is enough to discover, by the* invisible Things of God, his eternal Power and Godhead; *this was manifest to the very Heathen, besides his infinite Love and Bounty to us Christians; from which Fountain spring* all the Wonders you present me, whereof you make such pious Uses; *and indeed I cannot enough admire, how it is possible so many* Naturalists *should ever be able to make such Advances in this Study, and not learn from the uncertainty and difficulties they find in 'em, to set the* highest value upon the next Life, where the desire of Knowledge shall be fully satisfied; *for as God in his Wisdom and Goodness, has given to all our Senses* suitable Objects, *our thirst after Knowledge and Happiness must necessarily from the same Goodness,*

meet

meet with the fulleſt ſatisfaction in Heaven; for on Earth we are far from any Capacity of injoying ſuch Bleſſings as Truth and Goodneſs in its full Perfection. Every Days Experience, convinces us of the Miſtakes thoſe curious Minds continually make by an unſucceſsful and preſumptious ſearch into Nature, which they can never fathom, but for the preſent they are forc'd to appeaſe their eager and unquiet Thoughts, with Dreams and Shadows, while they quite loſe the true end of Contemplation, which ſhould lead us to our own chief good, the Knowledge and Love of the Divine Perfections; therefore an humble and modeſt Enquiry into the nature of God's wonderful Works, might, by this means, prove uſeful Spectacles, always ready at hand, through which his glory would reflect, to keep us in perpetual Praiſe and Admiration of his Wiſdom, Power and Goodneſs, to us poor ſinful Mortals in this life; and make us ſigh after that more full and perfect meaſure of intellectual Knowledge we ſhall find in Heaven, where we ſhall then read all thoſe Riddles we are now ſo puzl'd with. That ſtrange divine Thing, the Soul, you ſo pleaſantly deſcribe, will have the happineſs to know, and be known, both which it wants now; for did we but know the Dignity of that Divine Gueſt, we would treat it with more Reſpect, than to employ all our Care and Thoughts to ſerve and content the Body, to the Injury and Diſparagement of the Soul; for 'tis certain, that Soul which knows its true rank, keeps the Body in ſubjection, and ſuffers none to rule and govern it, but God who made it; nor is it of the Bodies childiſh Appetite, to take Delight in ſenſual Pleaſures, it values only Heavenly Food, of which 'tis amply furniſhed in the Holy Scriptures, and of a far more delightful Reliſh than can be found in any Humane Science. The Royal Prophet David found it ſo, which fill'd his Pſalms with ſuch high Elogiums of the Law of God, where he found his Hearts Deſire; and as it was his chiefeſt Buſineſs and Concern, not only by continual Exerciſe in it Day and Night, to perfect his own Delight, ſo he earneſtly recommends

it to others, as that which would give 'em the Wisdom of the Aged, *and make them wiser than their Enemies; and never rests 'till he has made it plain, that the Word of God is the* only Remedy for all the Miseries of Humane Life, *consider therefore what a Treasure you have got in your Resolution of putting your self with more diligence upon this* Spiritual Literature, *where you will not only See, but Taste the Divine Goodness; after which, the study of the* Great World, *and your self, the* Little World, *or whatever serves for Matter of Contemplation, will all be refer'd to the glory of God, as its ultimate end; which will encrease your* Joy *and* Happiness, *in that Day when you shall* awake from the Dead, *and may perhaps be* KNOWN, *amongst the rest, to*

Your &c.

Dunton Represented

AS

DEAD and BURIED,

IN

An Essay upon his own Funeral.

From my Cell, April 30. 1700.

LETTER VIII.

Madam,

IN my Sixth Letter, I acquainted your Ladyship, That tho' God had blest me with a *competent Fortune*, yet that I was streightned at present; and that as long as I continued so, a **Private Cell** was the best Place to refine my Thoughts, and to preserve my Liberty: —— But can I doubt my Liberty, when I am only a *Prisoner to my Wifes Jointure*? That Minute she pulls off the Shackles, I'll receive her as a Dutiful Wife; but can she be so whilst she refuses to make me easie? When all that's desir'd is but 500 Pound *(out of 6000 l.)* and that to pay off a Debt which she knew of before Marriage. She tells me *(a)* indeed, *That she loves me as her own Soul; and that she and I are one*; and if so, (to use her own Expression) *she shou'd not let her Member suffer* in the midst of a good Estate, in which she has but her bare Life, and that neither, 'till I am **Dead and Buried** (not in Effigie, but) *in good Earnest*. But *Valeria* (like some other Wives) thinking all *the Duty lies on the*

A Cell the best place to refine our Thoughts.

'Tis an Emblem of Death.

(a) *In the Letters she sent me since we parted.*

Some Wives think all the Duty lies on the Man's side.

MAN's side, won't release a Foot of her Jointure; so that at present *I* do as 'twere *want what I possess*; however *I* the less admire at my Change of Fortune, when *I* consider the *Divine Providence* useth Men here below, as Counters in a Reckoning, which now stand for Pence, and straightways for Crowns: Some all the time of their Lives are *buryed in a deep Night*; we neither know their Entrance into the World, nor their Passage out (except by a *Sprig of Rosemary*, if their Estate will bear it) and if we know them by a Title, 'tis by that of their Miseries. But if the World be such a *perfect Lottery*,

Give me the pliant Mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all Estates;
Which can let loose to a Crown, and yet with Pleasure;
Take up within a Cloyster's Gates. — Herbert.

Why I shou'd not admire at my change of Fortune.

This is my Case till *Valeria* smiles; till then, I'm confin'd to my **little Cell**, where turning over in my Remembrance, all that cou'd further afflict or torment me; *I* was brought at last to think on the last of all *dreadful Terrible Things*, DEATH. And seeing my present Dwelling and Circumstance, is so very private, as to be an **Emblem of Death**: *I* think *I* can't make a better Advance in the **Art of living Incognito**, then by making this Subject —— **An Essay on my own Funeral**, &c. ——

Of an Irish Gentleman, who in his perfect Health sent for a Sexton to ring his Knell.

Whilst *I* liv'd in *Ireland*, my Friend Mr. *Larkin* brought me acquainted with a Gentleman, who in his perfect Health sent for the Sexton **to ring his Knell**, being ask'd the Reason, he reply'd, because he was DEAD; that is, (said he) in a Civil Sense, **I am Dead** (tho' *I* walk about) for my Mony is gone, and *I* were as good be out of the World; *this seems to be my Case*, yet 'tis not this DEATH I'm writing of: but tho' 'tis not, yet we see by this Man, who wou'd have his Knell rung whilst he was living, that some Men have more Brains than they can be quiet with, and the Death of such, if not a Triumph, yet (as *Felltham* observes) is *a repose to themselves, and to those who were their Acquaintance.*

Every Miser is a dead Man.

Those also that grudge themselves *the Conveniencies of Life*, may be said to be DEAD (whilst they are yet breathing) as much as the 'foresaid Gentleman; for the one is starv'd for the want of Money, and the other is starv'd with his Abundance; *and in this Sense each Miser is Dead*; like a Dog in a Wheel, he toils to roast Meat for others eating, and therefore might properly write an **Essay on his own Funeral**. Tho if he shou'd, he now makes *his Will against his Will*; settles his Estate, assures all for the World, and at last, sends for a **Preacher**, who finds him unfitting

fitting for *God or the World.* **Sickness** and **Death** *I see are Bold and Impartial Serjeants; the World and Wealth are but poor Bail upon Deaths Arrests; all Means are nothing when God strikes.*——

Yet when a *Rich Man* is sick, what resorting is there to his House, by *Kindred, Friends and Neighbours*? He wants not for Company, Counsel, or Help; when as an *honest Poor Man* may lye long enough under a tedious Sickness, and have no such Visitants——

My design in writing an Essay on my own Funeral.

But my **Funeral Essay** is intended for neither of these Persons; for what I design is only an Essay on my Dead Body, (and what will happen to it) and I wou'd here, by **laying my self out for Dead,** learn to dye at my own Funeral.

'Tis a Subject that was never writ of before.

I can't find this Subject was ever handled before; for 'tho some have seen themselves buryed in Pomp, as I shall shew anon, yet no Man ('till now) 'ere writ *An Essay on his own Funeral*, neither has——

Any courteous Ghosts told this great Secrecy,
What 'tis they are, and we must be —— Mr. **Norris.**

In the representing my self Dead and buryed *nothing can be expected but meer conjecture.*

I have never met any one of those Milions of Souls, that have past into the other World, to learn from 'em what Death is; and therefore in **the representing my self Dead and Buryed** when I am yet alive, you can expect nothing but meer Conjecture; However *I'll close my Eyes on this vain World, and dress out my Hearse in the best manner I can*: I went Yesterday to **Stepny-Church** to to view the Graves of others, the better to prepare my Mind to write this *Essay on my own Funeral*; I spent about Five Hours among the Tombs; which tho' it be a Melancholy sight, yet has something in it *proper to instruct the Living*; In walking through a **Church-yard** (especially that of **Stepny and Chiswick**) we see a great number of Dead-mens-Sculls arranged one in Pile upon another, which puts us in mind of the Vanity and Arrogance wherewith other while they have bin fill'd. *We need but walk through a Church yard to see what is this* **Foolish Animal, Man.** Here we see what we Magnify; what we call **a King, a Duke, a Lord,** even *a little Warm and Walking Earth, that will be Ashes soon*; we came into the World crying and squalling and so much of our Time's consum'd in drivling Infancy, in Ignorance, Sleep, Disease, Trouble, that the remainder is not worth the being rear'd to; we see *in walking through a Church yard* **how Time laughs us out of Greatness, and shuts up our wide designs in a Dark Narrow Room.** Then what Mideses is the *Pomp, the Noise, the Splendour the Frantick Glory* of this Foolish Life; we make our selves Fools, to disport our selves, and *Vary a Thousand antick ugly shapes of Folly*

What we may learn, by walking through a Church-yard, and by Viewing of Dead Mens Sculls.

We consume our Lives in drivling Infancy, in Ignorance Sleep, &c.

Time shuts up our wide designs in a Dark Narrow-Room.

Folly and Madness fill up the Empty Spaces of our Lives.

Folly and Madness; These fill up the Scenes and Empty Spaces of our Lives. The Thoughts of this, one wou'd think, shou'd abate our Pride and sensual Affections, for why shou'd I be so Vain to Pride my selfe in outward Pomp, and Bravery; who within a few Hours may be a Dead Carkase carryed in Procession——Methinks the Sight of a Funeral shou'd humble the Proudest Man; or Proud Man, that thou maist be humbled,

The Sight of a Funeral shou'd humble the Proudest-man.

Go to the dull Church-yard *and see,*
Those Hillocks of Mortality?
Where Proudest Man *is only Found;*
By a small Swelling of the Ground,
Here Crowds of Rich Bodyes are made
Slaves to the Pick-Ax and the Spade;
Dig but a Foot or two to make
A cold Bed *for thy Dead Friends sake,*
'Tis odds, but in that Scantling Room,
Thou robbst some Great Man *of his Tomb*
And in thy Delving Smit'st upon
His Shin-Bone, or his Cranion——

Some make a huge Noise in the World to have the Honour to fill out a more Splendid Epitaph.

Such Lessons as these we may learn by viewing the Tombs of those who make a huge Noise in the World, that they may have the Honour to fill out a more Splendid Epitaph—— And *as a walk through a Church yard* shews us the Vanity and End of all Worldly Grandeur, so it also shews us That Death is as Common as it is Ingrateful. Infants, as well as Men, dayly can direct us in it; Witness every Church-yard, where are to be seen Graves of all Sizes.

In every Church-yard are to be seen Graves of all Sizes.

This Treasury *of Death Survey,*
Where Young and Old like Tribute pay.
See what Acquaintance *thou canst Spy*
Amongst those Skulls; *I prithee try:*
Man of Science, *prithee shew:*
Thy Darling Child, or Aged Foe.
Mankind by thee alone are read:
And know'st thou nothing of the Dead?

Diogenes Tumbling among Dead-Bones.

No surely, nothing at all: for *Alexander seeing Diogenes tumbling among Dead Bones,* ask'd him what he sought? To whom the other Answered, that which I cannot find, The *difference between the Rich and the Poor.*—— And as there be Graves of all Qualities and Sizes, so who can see 'em covered with *Green Turf and withering Grass*, and forget he must die?

Before

Before we come into the Church we are presented with these Sights; as if unfit to hear Gods Word, untill we are **put in mind of Death**, and this we are Injoyn'd once in Seven Dayes, as if **a 7th part of our Time** were to be set apart, to put us in mind of dying —— And happy are those Christians whom the **sight of Funerals** and **Graves** Rings a Peal in their Ears, of their own Dissolution, which (by most) is so little remembred, that 'tis become a saying, **I thought no more on't then of my Dying Day**; which tho' a wicked Expression, yet I fear there's a great deal of Truth in't; for my self must Confess, —— That **Living in a Country Village**, where *a Burial was a Rarity*, I never thought of Death, it was so seldom presented unto me; coming to *London*, where there is **plenty of Funerals** (*so that Coffins and Corpse in the Grave justle for Elbow-Room*, for so they do both at *Stepney* and *Chiswick*, and every **Church-yard** in this Populous Town) I slighted and neglected Death, because grown an Object so constant, and Common —— *How foul is my Stomach to turn all Food into bad Humours?* **Funerals** neither few nor frequent, work effectually on me; *London* is a **Library of Mortality**: Volumes of all Sorts and sizes, *Rich and Poor, Infants, Children, Youth* &c. dayly dye —— I see there is more required to make a good Schollar, than only the **having of many Books**. *Lord, I therefore miss, that thou wilt be my School-Master, and teach me to Number my Days, that I may apply my Heart unto Wisdom.*

A 7th part of our Time is set a part to put us in mind of dying.

Observations upon the Funerals in Country Villages, and upon those in London.

Thus *Madam* have I shewn, what we *may learn in a Church-yard* (where **you'l see me buryed ere my Letter is finish't**) *It teaches us the Vanity and End of all Worldly Grandeur.—What little reason (such Worms as I) have to be Proud?* —— That Death is the Fate of all that come into this World (*from the Man of 60 to the Infant that is just born*) And in this Particular it reminds me of *my own Death* and the consequence of it, and therefore *A walk to a Church-yard*, I thought the most likely thing to prepare my Mind to write **an Essay on my own Funeral** —— And as a *Church-yard gives me hints about my own Death*, (and fair warning to prepare for it) so it also shews us **the Folly of murmuring, that we are Mortal Creatures**; for should I complain, that there shall be a Time, in the which I shall not be, I may as well repent that there was a Time in the which I was not; and so be greived that *I am not as Old as Adam had he lived to this present Year* 1700; for not to have been 4000 Years before this Moment, is as much to be deplored as not to be 4000 Years after it: we know (something) what Death is by the Thought of that Time and Estate of our selves which was (*then we were not*) and Nature's *voice* the *Light of Reason* to see that *London* —— plain, that we shall not be old in theirs; they who fore-went

A Church-yard gives me hints about my own Death, and fair warning to prepare for it.

We have no Reason to murmur that we are Mortal Creatures

us,

us, did give place unto us, and shall we grieve to give room to them who come after us? And I'm apt to think, **there's nothing in Death it self that can affright us**; 'tis only Fancy gives Death those hidious Shapes we think him in, 'tis the Saying of one, *I fear not to be dead, yet am afraid to dye*; tho' I don't see why we should be afraid of Death, (**but as 'tis the inlet to Eternity**) *for* **Death** *is no more than a soft and easy Nothing.* —— *Should you ask me then what is Life? I'd answer with* Crates, *who being asked this Question, said nothing, but turned him round and vanish'd, and 'twas judged a proper Answer.* Life's nothing but a dull repetition, a vain fantastick Dream, and there's an end on't — But what ever 'tis *to live*, sure I am (if you credit *Seneca*) 'tis no more *to dye* than to be born; we felt no pain coming into the World, nor shall we in the Act of leaving it.

What Life is. ——

What Death is. ——

'Tis only Fancy gives Death those hideous Shapes we think him in. ——

Death is but a ceasing to be what we were before we were, we are kindled and put out, to cease to be, and not to begin to be, is the same thing. I have met with one arguing thus. *Death which is accounted the most dreadful of all Evils, is nothing to us,* (saith he) *because while we are in being, Death is not yet present; so that it neither concerns us as living nor dead; for while we are alive, it hath not touch us, when we are dead, we are not.* So that we look upon Death with our Eyes, not with our Reason, or we shou'd find a **certain Sweetness in Mortality**, for that can be no loss which can never be miss or desired again. But let Death be what it will, 'tis certain 'tis less troublesome than Sleep, for in Sleep I may have disquieting Pains, or Dreams, and yet I fear not going to bed. For Sleep gives us a sip of Joy, but Death the full draught. This is my Notion what DEATH is, but I can't be sure I 'ent mistaken, for my writing of **my own Funeral** shews I'm yet alive, or were I laid in my Grave, I shou'd know as little what Death is as I do now, *for dying deprives us of knowing what we are doing, or what other state we are commencing. 'Tis a sleep in the dark, not knowing where we shall light, as Mr.* Hobbs *told his inquisitive Friend when he was going to dye.* But 'tho I know so little what Death is, there have been Men, that have tried even in **Death it self** to relish and taste it, but (*as I said before*) there are none of them come back to tell us the News ——

Epicurus in Gassend. Synt.

Easy on knowing our Friends in Heaven p. 87.

Canius Julius endeavoured to make Trial what Death was that he might come again to acquaint his Friends with it. ——

——— *No one was ever known to make*
Who once in Death's cold Arms a Nap did take. Lucret. Lib. 3.

Canius Julius being condemn'd by that Beast *Caligula*, as he was going to receive the stroke of the Executioner, was ask'd by a Philosopher well *Canius* (said he) where about is your Soul now? what is she doing? what are you thinking of? "I was thinking (remembering

Before

" and the faculties of my mind settled and fixt, to try if in this " short and quick instant of Death I cou'd perceive the motion of " the Soul when she starts from the Body, and what this passage is, " and whether she has any resentment of the separation, that I " may afterwards come again to acquaint my Friends with it. But we don't read that *Canius*, after he was put to death, ever came to life again to acquaint his Friends what **Death was**. But 'tho he did not there be those that have, for my self had once the Curiosity to visit two certain Persons, one had been **hang'd**, & the other **drown'd**, and both of them very miraculously brought to Life again. I asked what Thoughts they had, and what Pains they were sensible of? The Person that was hang'd, said, " He expected some sort of a ' strange change, but knew not what; but the pangs of Death ' were not so intolerable as some sharp Diseases; nay he cou'd ' not be positive whether he felt any other pain than what his ' fears exacted: He added, that he grew senseless by little and lit- ' tle, and at the first his Eyes represented a brisk shining red sort ' of Fire, which grew paler and paler, till at length it turn'd into ' a black; after which he thought no more, but insensibly acted ' the part of one that falls asleep, not knowing how, nor when. The other gave me almost the same Account, and both were **dead** (apparently) for a considerable Time. These Instances are very satisfactory in cases of *violent Death*; *and for a natural Death I cannot but think it much easier*; diseases make a conquest of Life by little and little, therefore the strife must be less where the inequality of power is greater.

Of two men that came to Life again after they had been hang'd and drown'd, with an account of what they felt in their dying.

Essay on knowing our Friends in Heaven p. 88.

However, by these instances we see there is a certain way by which some Men **make tryal what Death is**; but I never expect to know it, till I make the Experiment. But I do believe, if there be any **evil in Death**, it wou'd appear to be **for that Pain and** Torment which we apprehend to arise on the breaking of those **straight bands which keep the Soul and Body together.** But that the *Sight*, *Hearing*, *Smelling*, *Taste*, leave us without Pain, and unawares, we know most certainly; and why should we not believe the same of **Feeling**? But 'tho we can have no perfect Notion of **Death**, yet this we are sure, that ' Death is a pro- ' found sleep in which Nature lets it self fail insensibly, when she ' is tyr'd with the disquiets of this Life. It is a Cessation of all ' those Services which the Soul renders to the Flesh. This is **Death** (as near as I can judge of it) And if **Death** be no more then this, I shan't **shed one Tear at the Thoughts of my own Death, tho' I have shed many at the Death of Others.** I think the *Thracians* were much in the right, to weep when a Child was born, and to rejoyce when it dyed. We also read that *Lodowick Cortusius*, a Lawyer of Padua, *forbid to his Relations*

The Sight, Hearing, Smelling, Taste, leave us without Pain, and why should we not believe the same of Feeling.—

Tears and Lamentations by his Will, and desired that he might have *Harpers Pipers*, and all sorts of Musick at his Funeral, who should partly go before, partly follow the Corps, leaving to every one of them a small sum of Money. His Bier he ordered to be carried by 12 Virgins that being clad in Green were to *sing all the way* such songs as Birth brought to their remembrance; leaving to each *a certain sum of Money instead of a Dowry*. Thus was he buryed in the Church of St. *Sophia in Padua*, accompanied with a hundred Attendants, together with all the Clergy of the City (*excepting those that were Black*) for such by his *Will*, he forbid his Funeral; as it were, turning his Funeral Rites *into a Marriage-Ceremony*. I can't say how far such rejoycing as this is proper for a *Funeral occasion*, but this I declare, when I am *once dead*, I wou'd not have my Friends *lay it to heart*. But however they may carry it towards my *Dead body*, 'tis a comfort to me that I have no slavish Fears of Death. ——

A Lawyers merry Funeral.

I can be contented (*when I'm fairly dead*) to undergo the tedious conversation of Worms and Serpents, those greedy Tenants of the Grave, who will never be satisfyed, till they have *eat up the Ground-Landlord*. By which it appears that *The end of all other Creatures is less deform'd than that of Man.* —— *Plants*, in their Death, retain some pleasing smell of their Bodies —— *The little Rose buryes her self in her natural sweetness and Carnation Colour*; only mans dead Carkass is good for nothing but to feed Wormes, *and the Worms* (*ere long*) *will feed sweetly on me.* —— *But tho' after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body, yet in my flesh shall I see God*; so that I am not solicitous how, or when I shall make my Exit, provided my Soul be happy, and my *Body buried* in that manner I shall anon describe, and therefore 'tis I'm writing —— *An Essay on my own Funeral* —— that I may bid farwell to the World before I leave it, that being in it, the World may see I wou'd not be of it. —— *I wou'd willingly set all things in order before Death comes*; for tho' I am not much terrified with the Solitude and Darkness of Graves, (*as they resemble my present Cell*) nor with the *Dismal Knells, the Blacks and Hearses, &c.* that attends Funerals; yet I must acknowledge, *Death is a serious thing*; for when a Man dyes, he takes his solemn Leave of one World and goes into another, where he never was yet, to receive his final Doom. The *Dread* of this made *Oldham* cry out in his last Sickness, 'Even I, who thought I cou'd 'have been merry, in sight of my Coffin, and drunk a Health with the Sexton in 'my own Grave, now tremble at the least Errour of the King of Terrors; to see 'but the shaking of my Glass, makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent, 'and do the Work of my Distemper. 'Tis strange to see Men of such great Curiosity, so afraid of dying, 'for who wou'd not be content to be a kind of No-'thing for a Moment, to be within one Instant of a Spirit, and soaring through 'Regions he never saw, and yet is curious to behold. —— But Conscience makes 'Cowards of us all; This made *Lewis* 2. so afraid of Death, that when he 'was sick, he forbid any Man to speak of Death in his Court. —— The wicked Liver ventures Eternity upon his last breath, and therefore Death (which lets him into it,) appears so gastly. —— *But the Rays of the setting Sun are the fairest*; and I desire to live in such a constant preparation for Death, that my life may not set in a Cloud, as they generally do, *that crowd up Repentance into so narrow a room as a sick-bed.* 'Solomon saith, *Man goeth to his long home*; *short preparation will not fit so long a Journey.* O let me not have my *Oil to buy*, when I am to burn it; they dreadfully mistake themselves that think a Man can live a Life of Holiness, when he is just a dying; and therefore when I come to dye, I wou'd have nothing to do but to dye. 'For now I discover a *Fallacy* whereby I have long deceived my self, which is this, 'I have desired *to begin my amendment from my Birth-Day*, or from the *first Day of the 'Year*, or from some eminent *Festival*, that so *my Repentance might bear some remarkable 'Date*; but when those days were come, I have *adjourned my Amendment* to some o-

We must not live in Sin, if we would not be afraid of Death.—

The Worms will feed sweetly on me, Job. 24. 20. J b. 19. 26.

why I am not terrified with the dismal knells the Blacks and Hearses that attend Funerals.

Oldham's *Sunday-Thought in sickness p.* 59.

Reflections on a Death-bed Repentance.

I desired to begin my Repentance from my Birth-day.

'ther time. Thus whilst *I can't not agree with my self* when to start, I have almost lost the *running of the Race*. I am resolved thus to befool my self no longer, *I'll go no time like to day*. Grant, O Lord, that to day I may hear thy Voice. And if this day be obscure in the Calendar, and remarkable in it self for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my Soul, by now beginning the Reformation of my Life. Not that *I allow my self in any known sin* (none but an Atheist can do that) But Bishop *Usher* tells us, *the best Man living does enough in the day to bring him on his Knees at Night*; and therefore I'de now be more concern'd for my Soul then ever, for having, loyter'd too much in my way to Heaven, I have now a long Race to run by a short Breath, a great way to go by a setting Sun. Yet I hope I shou'd not wholly despair, if I had but one moment left to repent in; for tho our Lord says 'tis harder for *a Rich man to enter into Heaven then for a Camel to pass through a Needles Eye*; but yet he tells us, 'tis not impossible for all that, and 'tis as hard for an *old Sinner* to enter into Heaven as for a *Rich man*, and doubtless very hard for a Death bed, or momentary Repentance to obtain Salvation; because 'tis extreamly dubious whether it can be real, but yet 'tis not Impossible; for, we see the *Thief on the Cross* was sav'd with one single act of it, exerted a moment before he dyed; that Example indeed is but one, but yet it shews us there may be, and is sometimes more, or else that Example wou'd be to no purpose; and as it evidences on one side, that *Continuation in Sin is extream dangerous*, so on the other, it demonstrates that Dispair is still more so; and never to be entertain'd *even at our latest Breath*, for our Lord has declared at whatsoever time a sinner shall repent, he will receive him. But I would have no Man put off his Repentance, because God is merciful; for he that puts off his Repentance to another Day, *as he has one day the less to repent in, so he has the less Inclination for* such a work; he that defers Repentance to a *Death bed*, 'tis a Thousand to one if he repents at all: for besides, his aversion to such a work, his *distemper* may seize his Brain, or he may *dye suddenly*, and for that Reason I'll not run the hazard of a *Death-bed Repentance*, but do from this Minute bid farewell, to Covetousness, Pride, Ambition, &c. and all my *beloved Sins*, that so I may *dye* with a good Conscience, and have nothing to trouble me when I'm leaving the World. And in order to this, 'I have made my Will, bequeathed my Soul into the hands of a Merciful God; 'And have (*as you'l hear anon*) given orders about my Funeral.

I allow'd my self in known sin

I'll delay it no longer.

I shou'd be wholly despair if I had but one moment left to repent in.

'Tis as hard for an old sinner to enter into Heaven as a Rich-man

From this Minute I bid farewel to Covetousness, Pride, Ambition, &c.

My Reason for making my Will.

And thus your Ladyship sees, what a Melancholy thing it is, for a Man to *Write of his own Death*, especially if he's in Health, and Strength; for methinks now I'm as 'twere *Burying my self in Effigie*, I mean attending my own Corpse to the Grave. ——*'Tis the last Offits of love to a Friend*: and sure I am, I can follow the Corpse of none (except *Valerius*) that I love better. 'I live now where the 'Bells can scarce solemnize the Funeral of any Person, but that I knew him, or 'knew that he was my Neighbour; and when these Bells tell me, that now one, and now another is buryed, must not I acknowledge, that they have the Correction due to me, and paid the Debt that I owe. 'In the most healthful Times, 'Two hundred and upwards whatlie constant weekly Tribute paid to Mortality 'in *London*. *A large Bill, but it must be discharged*: Can one City spend according 'to this weekly rate, and not be *Bankrupt* of People? At leastwise must not 'my Shot be call'd for to make up the Reckoning?

I'm here burying my self in Effigie.——

The weekly Bill of Mortality never less than 200. in the most Healthful Times——

'When only *Seven young Men*, and those chosen by *Lot*, were but yearly taken out of *Athens*, to be devoured by the Monster *Minotaur*, the whole City was 'in a constant fright; Children for themselves, and Parents for their Children; yea, 'their escaping of the first, was but an introduction to the next Years Lottery.

Seven Young Men yearly taken out of Athens to be devour'd by the Monster Minotaur.

'Were

'Were the Dwellers and Lodgers in *London* weekly to cast Lots, who shou'd make up this 20e, how wou'd every one be affrighted? Now None regard it, my Security concludes the afore said Number will consist of Infants and Old-'Folk; Few Men of middle-Age, and amidst them surely not my self: But oh is not this putting the Evil-day far from me, the ready way to bring it the neareſt to me? *The Lot is Weekly drawn* (tho not by me) for me; I am therefore con-'cern'd seriously to provide, lest that *Death's Prize* prove my *Blank*; for the 'Bells tell me (as I hinted before) that now one, and now another is buried; and 'must not I acknowledge, that they have the Correction due to me, and paid the Debt that I owe?——

Were the Dwellers in London *weekly to cast Lots who shou'd make up the Bill of Mortality, they wou'd be all affrighted.*

1.

Hark! how chimes the *Passing-Bell!*
There's no Musick to a Knell;
All the other Sounds we hear,
Flatter, and but Cheat our Ear

2.

This doth put us still in mind,
That our Flesh must be resign'd;
And a general silence made,
The World be Tenant to a Shade.

3.

This Bell calls our Holy Grone,
A loud Eccho to this Tone;
He that on his Pillow lies,
Half Embalm'd before he Dies;
Carries (like a Sheep) his Life
To meet the *Sacrificers Knife.*
And for Eternity is prest,
Sad *Bell-weather* to the rest.

But is this Sound a Passing-Bell?
Then to Eternity farewell!
Poor Soul, whose doom one Hour shall show,
Eternal Bliss, or *Endless Woe!*
If Virtues Laws thou hast despis'd,
How wou'd that Virtue now be priz'd!
Or say, thou didst in our loose Age,
On her forsaken side engage;
Wouldst thou the dear Remembrance now,
For the Worlds Monarchy forego?
What other Medicine canst thou find,
T'asswage the FEVER in thy Mind?
Now, waken'd Conscience speaks at large,
And Envious Fiends enhance the Charge!
Let the Bold *Atheist* now draw near,
And try thy drooping Heart to chear:
His briskest Wine and Wit to thee,
Will now alike insipid be.
In Deaths arrest, the *Hector's* Sword,
As little Service can afford;
Who hopes for refuge here, will fail,
And the grim Sergeant takes no Bail.

Once

Once hearing one of these Passing-Bells Ring, I pray'd that the Sick-man might have, through Christ, a safe Voyage to his long Home. Afterwards I understood that the Party was Dead some Hours before; and it seems in some Places of *London*, the tolling of the Bell is but a Preface of course to the ringing it out.

The Tolling of the Bell has, through mistake, made me Pray for Persons that were departed this life.

'Bells are better silent than thus telling Lies. What is this, but giving a false Alarm to Mens Devotions, to make them to be ready armed with their Prayers, for the assistance of such who have already fought the good fight, and gotten the Conquest? Not to say, that Mens Charity herein may be suspected of Superstition in praying for the Dead; However my Heart thus poured out, was not spilt on the Ground. My Prayers too late to do him good, came soon enough to speak my good will. What I freely tendered, God took according to the Integrity of my Intention. The Party I hope is in *Abraham's Bosom*, and my Prayers are return'd into my own —— But tho sometimes the Bells misread my Devotion, and I may pray perhaps for a Dead-Neighbour, yet *Passing-Bells* are of great use; for ——

Mens Charity herein may be suspected of Superstition in praying for the Dead.

The PASSING-BELL ringing, calls me into God's Church, to hear and learn, and to pray for the departing Soul; the Grave being digged, warns me to prepare for Sickness and Death; and passing by the Tombs of my dead Friends, puts me in mind that e're long I must come to 'em. Having these frequent *warnings of my own Death*, I often think with my self, what Disease I wou'd be best contented to die of; none please me. The *Stone*, the *Cholick*, terrible as expected, intollerable when felt. The *Palsey* is Death before Death. The *Consumption* a flattering Disease, cozening Men into hope of long life at the last Gasp. Some Sicknesses befot, others enrage Men, some are too swift, and others too slow.

What use we should make of the Passing-Bell.

What Disease I would be best contented to die of.

'If I could as easily decline Diseases as I could dislike 'em, I should be Immortal. But away with these Thoughts. The Mark must not chuse what Arrow will be shot against it. *What God sends, I must receive.* —— May I not be so curious to know what Weapon shall wound me, as careful to provide the *Plaister of Patience* against it! And surely I shall need Patience on a Sick Bed; for if I'm seized with a *Feaver*, I fear I shall rave and rage. Oh whither will my Mind *fail*, when Distempers shall steer it? Whither will my Fancy run, when Diseases shall ride it? My Tongue, which of it self is a *Fire*, (Jam. 3. 6.) sure will be a *Wild-Fire*, when the Furnace of my Mouth is made seven times hotter with a burning Feaver. But Lord, tho I should talk idly to my own shame, let me not talk wickedly to thy Dishonour. Teach me the Art of Patience whilst I am well, and give me the use of it when I am sick. In that day, either lighten my Burden, or strengthen my Back: Make me, who so often in my Health have discovered my Weakness, presuming on my own strength, to be strong in sickness when I solely rely on thy assistance —— But tho I mention a *Feaver*, as 'tis a Distemper I most dread, yet 'tis a great Question whether *that Disease be to end my Days*. For 'tis commonly seen, That Sickness seizeth on Men, which they least suspect. He that expects to be burnt with a *Feaver* may be drown'd with a *Dropsie*; and she that fears to be swell'd with a *Dropsie*, may be starv'd with a *Consumption*. I might mention a thousand other Diseases which unexpectedly may seize upon us. Then seeing there be so *many Ways* out of the World, and but one into it; *I bless my God that I can die but once*, and once I must know what that CHANGE means ——

Commonly that Sickness seizes Men which they least suspect.

Seeing there be many Ways out of the World, I bless God that I can die but once.

For in vain we take Montpellier Air
In hopes to leave the Thoughts of dying there.

And

My own Funeral is a proper Subject to Employ my Thoughts

And as I must die, so, if I don't outlive the Disease, I shall die of, (for I expect to die of the Stone) my *weary Pilgrimage on Earth* is almost finished; so that my own *Funeral* is a proper Subject to employ my Thoughts, and Men of a stronger Body than I (till they get a Leaf of their Linck) will do well to consider, That they have no continuing City here.

Then, *Healthful Man*, why should'st thou take such care
To lengthen out thy *Life's short Calendar*?
Each *Dropping Season*, and each *Flower* doth waste
Fool, as I fade and wither, thou must die,
The beating of the Pulse, when thou art well
Is but the *passing* of thy *Passing-Bell*.
Night is thy *Hearse*, whose Sable-Canopy
Covers alike *Deceased Dog* and thee;
And all those *weeping Dews* which nightly fall,
Are but as *Tears* shed for thy *Funeral*.

Thus you see, (Madam) that Death no more spares the Strong and Healthful, then he that is always *sick*; but that we are all *Pilgrims and Strangers on Earth, as our Fathers were before us*. On this Condition came we into the World, that we should leave it again, and therefore *Anaxagoras* having word brought him his only Son was dead, his Answer was, *I knew he was born to die*. And BONA every time he heard the Clock strike, would say, *Now I have one Hour less to live*; I can't say Death is so often in my thoughts, that I should cry every Hour, *I am so much nearer the Grave*; tho' I may say as often as I view the Hour-Glass, and consider the swiftness of Time, that I desire to see Tears with her Grains of Sands, that I might daily lament, that I've lived to no better purpose, and am so little affected with the Death of others. And as the consideration of the *Death of others* should remind me of my own, so I hope a right of my GRAVE will make Riches (and what else I have doted on) to appear in their own Nature *as things of nothing*, in comparison of those above; and as I go still nearer, the nearer they seem unpleasing: *Cast Fashion of this World, &c.* (as the way is) And I now perceive that *Riches, Paintings, Jewels, Rooms, Plays, Beauty, &c.* had their value to me, meerly from mine own Estimation, which now I begin to take off, and look more intently on them. They begin to vanish like *Castles in the Clouds*, which are not there indeed, but in our Imagination only.

Bona's saying upon the hearing of a Clock strike.

Riches, Plays, Beauty, &c. have their value from our estimation of 'em.

And, as the Thoughts of my *Death*, shou'd wean me from this World, so I perceive that the *Egyptians* found that the *Sight of a Funeral* was of great efficacy to this purpose, and therefore at *Rich Men's Banquets*, one went round about the Table with a piece of Timber, wrought like the Carcass of a dead Man, attended with a Train of Mourners, and he [illegible] *Look on this as on thy self, for even so shalt thou be, &c.* [illegible] But thus to fear Death, is always to live in the pangs of Death, for as Fear it is, Fear is more Pain than Pain; *there is as much Death in Death it self, as there is in the Way, or Prologue to it.* Then considering the Miseries of Humane Life, I wonder any man'd be afraid of Death, as *Solon* [illegible] a Man of great Parts no grity, that he gave one the *Gods* [illegible] Death, who told him he had deserved die again than live again, and certainly *Cas. Frederick* the Emperour was wont to say) *The best thing in the World can't happen to a Man, is to have a good going out of it.* I believe he spake as he thought, for the wearied Man desires the Bed, the languishing Man the Grave: both wou'd fain be at rest. I find this verified in my own Person; for being always followed with one Disease or other, I am so *Zealous for a Passage out of this World*, that I *now take my leave of every Place I depart from*

A piece of Timber wrought like the Carcass of a dead Man, attended with a Train of Mourners.

The sight of Cyrus his Tomb verify'd also Mind of the great Alexander.

from, and think of making his dying: I have already purchased a *Grave*, where I intend to be buried, and look upon it the only sure Possession I have in this World: World, All that I crave of thee living, is a Grave when I'm dead; neither wou'd I (or, in the Bed where my Dust sleeps) exchange it for the *Manor of Sampsil*. In this I follow the Example of Father *Abraham*, for see how he beginneth to possess the Work, by no Land, Pasture, or Arable Lordship; the *First Thing is a Grave*; he was so far from coveting this World, that he minded nothing but the *purchase of a Burying-place*, and that he might not be disappointed of it, he paid down the Money demanded of the Seller, current Money among the Merchants. Most Men (says Dr. *Fuller*) have been careful for the *decent Interment of their Corps*; few are of the Mind of *Arbogastus* an *Irish* Saint, and Bishop of *Spires*, who wou'd be buried near the Gallows, in imitation of our Saviour, whose Grave was on Mount *Calvary*, near the place of Execution. Yet after all, it must be confest, *to want a Grave is the Cruelty of the Living, not the Misery of the Dead.* An *English* Gentleman not long since did lie on his Death-bed in *Spain*, and the Jesuits did flock about him to pervert him to their Religion; all was in vain, their last Argument was, If you will not *turn Roman Catholick*, *then your Body shall be unburied*; then (Answer'd he) *I'll stink*, and so turned his Head and died. Thus Love, if not to the Dead, to the Living, will make him, if not a Grave, a Hole, and it was the *Beggars Epitaph.*

Naked I liv'd, but being Dead,
Now behold I'm covered.

Let us be careful to provide rest for our Souls, for our Bodies (*when Dead*) will provide Rest for themselves.

Having proceeded so far towards my own *Funeral*, as to secure *six foot of Ground* (if the Grave-maker don't cheat me) and having *shaken Hands with my Friends* and this *vain World*.

Being approacht *thus near towards my End*, methinks now all my Worldly Cares are drawing to their Period, and 'twont be long before I shall reach that happy Shore where *his* is already landed. Seing then I am sailing towards mine Harbour (*and for a sight of her who died praying for my Eternal Welfare*) methinks I e'en long 'till Death has wafted me to those *bright Regions* where she is. If I err mistaken, I cou'd rejoice to see the *Beggars* that must carry me to her Grave, and shou'd triumph (cou'd the Dead speak) when I'm tumbled into it. It even now sweetens the Thoughts of Heaven to me, to think I shall one day see her there; which if I do, 'With what Ardour shall we then caress one another! with what Transports of Divine Affection shall we mutually embrace, and vent those Innocent Flames which had so long lain smoothering in the Grave! How passionately Rhetorical and Elegant, will our Expressions be, when our tender Sentiments, which Death had frozen up, when he congeal'd our Blood, shall now be thaw'd again in the warm Airs of Paradise. Like two Men that have escaped a common Ship-wreck, and swim safe to the Shoar, shall we there congratulate each other with Joy and Wonder.

Then how pleas'd am I to think my Ashes will shortly be mingled with hers, who loved me more than her own Life? For it rejoiced *Iris* to think she shou'd die first, and that *she from a Clive to me so long as I liv'd*. And when we dyed, 'twas our mutual desire to sleep together in the same Grave, where (as she expresst it) *we shall be still happy together, if Graves are Happy Places to call Life*. My Body can't *Death*, the fault of being Happy, if it sleeps with *Iris*.

And for my Soul, I wish it no other Felicity, when she hath shaken off these *Rags of Flesh*, than to ascend to her, and to enjoy the same Bliss. Then cast off this *cloudy*.

Of one who being sent to his choice, would rather die than live.

Why I purchased a Grave, and would not exchange it for the Manor of Sampsil.

Of an Irish Bp. that would be buried near the Gallows.

A Gentleman threatned to be unburied if he would not turn Roman Catholick.

The Beggars Epitaph.

Essay to knowing our Friends in Heaven. p. 18.

What Extasies I shou'd be in, upon seeing Iris again.

Journy to Death, is dark and mean.

He forgets that he can die who complains of misery.

this ROBE of CLAY, my Soul, and fly to overtake her; 'tis true, DEATH, the Journy to her, is Dark and Melancholy, but 'tis a Comfort to think that the first Day of our Jubilee is DEATH: He forgets that he can die, who complains of Misery. And therefore one petitioning *NERO* that he might be executed, his Answer was, 'Man, why art thou not dead already, when Death is in thy 'own Power? We are in the Power of no Calamity while Death is in our own. *Death is the Cure of all Diseases.*— Thus (Madam) you see what Improvement I make of my DEATH and FUNERAL, and that I do what I can to secure a GRAVE; for why should I be unwilling to go to that Bed which my Blessed Lord hath perfumed with his own Body, and is now become the Dormitories of the Saints.

1.

Then thou that hast conversed with God and Death,
In Speculation, shall thy Breath
Unwillingly expire into his Hand,
That comes to fetch it by Command
From God that made thee? Art thou loth to be
Possess'd of thy Felicity,
Because thy Guide looks pale, *and must*
Convey thy Flesh to Dust?
Though that to Worms *converted be,*
What is all this to thee?

2.

Thou shalt not Feel Death's Sting, *but instant have*
Full Joys and Triumph o're the Grave;
Where thy long-lov'd Companion *flesh, shall rest,*
Until it be refin'd, new dress't
For thy next Wearing *in that Holy Place,*
That Heaven, where thou shalt Face to Face,
With Saints and Angels, *daily see*
Thy God, and ever be
Replenish'd *with Celestial Bliss:*
Oh my Soul, think still on this.———

The Grave is the Dormitories of the Saints.

when I am in my Grave, *my own Worms*, like the false Servants of some great Man, shall devour me; yet when my poor Corpse is mixt with common Dust, it shall sleep safely with the Dear *Elize*. 'Then grant, O Lord, that as 'I am thus laid in my Grave by thy Serjeant Death, so I may be raised again by 'the quickning Power of thy Sons Resurrection, and be conducted by one of 'thy glorious Messengers to the Gates of Heaven.

Why I ought to prepare for a speedy death.

In this manner do I ponder on my Death and FUNERAL. But whether I consider *my own Funeral*, or the *Funeral of others*, I have Reason to prepare for a speedy DEATH, and the Consequence of it: 'Twas *Plato's* Opinion, 'That the 'Wise-man's Life was the *Meditation of Death*. But Man, in his Travails often measures his Grave, yet is forgetful of His End; seven Foot is his Demension, yet most Men live in that security, as if that small scantling had a perpetual extention: But that my DEATH may not seem further off than indeed it is, I 'will daily expect it; 'it were madness to think I shou'd never arrive at that to 'which I am every minute going. Every Thought I have is a Sand running out of the Glass of Life. Then surely he is dead already that does not look for Death. How stupid are we to think so little of DYING, when not only the DEATH of men, but *every thing else dies*, to shew us the Way.

He is dead already that does not look for Death.

Sweet

Sweet Day so cool, so calm, so bright,
The Bridal of the Earth and Skie,
The Dew shall weep thy fall to Night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, *whose hue angry and brave,*
Bids the rash Gazer wipe his Eye,
Thy Root is ever in its Grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, *full of sweet Days and Rest,*
A Box where Sweets compacted lye,
My Musick shews ye have your Closes,
And all must die.

Only a *sweet* and Virtuous Soul,
Like seasond Timber never gives;
But though the whole World turn to Coal,
Then chiefly lives.——— Herbert.

There may be News of my Funeral *before I can finish my Essay upon it.*

Besides the warning I have of my own DEATH, in the death of every thing I meet abroad; that I might want no warning when I go to SLEEP (which is a kind of dying too): What is my BED, but as it were a *Passing-bell* to remember me every four and twenty Hours of my Mortality, and that the *Grave must speedily be my Bed, a Clod my Pillow, and the Mold and Worms my Covering.*

Death *in Scripture is compared to Sleep.*

When I put off my Shirt, it puts me in mind of my *Winding-sheet* and last Shroud, that must cover me when I sleep under ground. Death in Scripture is compared to Sleep. Well then may my Night Prayer be resembled to *making my Will.* I will be careful not to die intestate; as also not to defer my *Will-making*, 'till I am not *compos mentis*, 'till the Lethargy of drowsiness seizes upon me; but being in perfect Memory, *I bequeath my Soul to God*; the rather, because I am sure the Devil will accuse me when *sleeping.* Oh the advantage of Spirits above Bodies! *If our Clay Cottage be not cooled with Rest, the Roof falls a Fire.* Satan hath no such need: The Night is his fittest time, Rev. 12. 10. Thus Mans Vacation is the Terms for the Beasts of the Forest, they move most whilst he lies quiet in his Bed. Left therefore, whilst sleeping, I be Out-lawed for want of appearance to Satans Charge, I commit my Cause to him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps: Answer for me, oh my God. I would not by this Expression be so understood as if I might defer my Night Prayer 'till I'm in Bed. This lying along is an improper posture for Piety Indeed there is no Contrivance of our Body, but some good Man in Scripture hath hansel'd it with Prayer, 'The Publican standing, *Job* sitting, *Hezekiah* lying on his Bed, *Elijah*, 'with his Face between his Legs; but of all Postures, give me St. *Paul's*. *For this cause I bow my Knees to the Father of my Lord Jesus Christ.* Knees when they may, they must be bended. I have read a Copy of a grant of liberty from *Queen Mary* to *Henry Ratcliff* Earl of *Sussex*, giving him leave to wear a Night-Cap or Coif in her Majesties presence, counted a great Favour because of his Infirmity: I know in case of necessity, God would graciously accept my Devotion, bound down in a sick-dressing; but now whilst I am in perfect Health, it is inexcusable: Christ commanded some to take up their Bed, in token of their full Recovery; my laziness may suspect least thus my Bed taking me up, prove a presage of my ensuing Sickness. *Then Blessed Lord, pardon the former Idleness*

My Night-Prayer, *&c may be resembl'd to making my Will.*

The Devil *will accuse me when* sleeping.

An Appearance to Satan's *Charge.*

Lying along *is an improper Posture for Piety.*

Job. 18. 1 Kings 18. 42. Eph. 3. 14.

Wesy. ects Fun. Mon. p. 63.

Idleness of my Night-Devotion, and I will never more offend thee in the same kind. And thus my Bed, my Sleep, and every thing else proclaims Death is on his March towards me. And, seeing my Sand runs faster than my Ink, your Ladyship may have News of my Funeral before I can finish this Essay upon it.——

In case of Necessity, God will accept my Devotion bound down in a Sick-Dressing.

How soon doth Man decay!
When Clothes are taken from a Chest of Sweets,
To *swadle Infants*, whose young Breath,
Scarce knows the way:
Those Clouts are *little Winding-sheets*,
Which do consign and send them unto Death.

When *Boys* go first to Bed,
They step into their *voluntary Graves*;
Sleep binds them fast, only their Breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive Nights like rolling Waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for Death.

When *Youth* is frank and free,
And calls for Musick, while his Veins do swell,
All Day exchanging Mirth and Breath,
In Company;
That *Musick summons to the Knell*,
Which shall befriend him at the House of Death.

When Man grows staid and wise,
Getting a House and Home, where he may move,
Within the Circle of his Breath,
Schooling his Eyes;
That dumb Inclosure maketh Love,
Unto the COFFIN that attends his death.

When Age grows low and weak,
Marking his Grave, and thawing ev'ry Year,
Till all do melt and drown his Breath,
When he wou'd speak:
A *Chair or Litter* shews the Bier,
Which shall convey him to the House of Death.

Man, e're he is aware,
Hath put together a Solemnity,
And dress'd his Herse, while he hath Breath,
As yet to spare:
Yet Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these *Dyings* may be life in Death. ——*Herbert.*

I'm here ringing my own Passing-Bell.

That 'Tis impossible for a man to write of his own Funeral whilst he's living.

Or had I not these Warnings of Death (in the several Stages of Life) yet I have such a Crazy Body, as daily puts me in mind of my Grave; and I'm now (by writing an Essay upon my own Funeral) as 'twere ringing my own Passing-Bell. 'But perhaps you'll say, How can you write of your own Funeral when you 'are yet alive? And were you dead, you'd be less able to handle your Pen, as much as you love scribling.——

Why

Why, Madam, I am dead; but don't be frighted that I appear again in this *White Sheet*: For tho I'm dead——'Tis thus dead; I was born seemingly dead (twas thought I was lugg'd out of my natural CELL into my Grave) and I could have been content had I had no more than the Register or Sexton, to tell the World that I had ever been. However I may venture to say that from the first laying of these Mudd-Walls in my conception, they have moldred away, and the whole course of Life is but an *active Death*; nay, every Meal we eat, is as it were a Ransom from one Death, and lays up for another; and while we think a Thought, we die, for the Clock strikes, and reckons on our Portion of Eternity; nay, we even form our Words with the Breath of our Nostrils, and we have the less time to live (*wan't we dead already*) For ev'ry word we speak: I say it again, *wan't we dead already*, for *Anaxagoras* undertook to prove, 'what we call Life is actual Death, and that what we call Death is Life——

I was born seemingly dead.

The whole Course of Life is but an active Death.

And as I am dead, (as dead as I've here described) so if I take a view of my *Generation and Friends* about me (tho I enjoy them a while) I find at last they follow the necessity of their Generation, and are finally removed, some by Age, some by Sickness, and some by casualty; what, a Bubble! what, a nothing! What a wink of Life is Man! Most of my Friends are gone, and all by Death: My Father is gone in one Friend my Mother in another, *Dear Ben* in another *Dapper*, (the MATCHLESS DAPHNE) in another, *Harris* in another *Snowden* in another, and *S. Darker* in another, the Delight of mine Eyes, the pleasure of my Ears, the Fellow of my Bed. —— The Servants of my House, my old School-fellows, are either all gone, or much impair'd.

My Father, Mother, &c. and most of my Friends are dead.

Time was their Race, but newly was begun.
Whose Glass is run.
They on the Troubled Sea were heretofore,
'Tho now on Shore.

And 'tis not long before it will be said,
Of me as 'tis of them, Alas he's dead.——

Now when I consider the Diminution I daily suffer in this kind, methinks I stand (*as Aaron once did in the Camp*) betwixt the Living and the Dead; and while I reflect on my self, I find I so participate of both, that I am indeed but *half alive and half dead*, for half my Body (by reason of the *Stone*, &c.) is dead, and hath already taken *Seizin* of the Grave for me: And (as I hinted before) Five Parts of my Relations are dead, the Companion also, and Fellows of my Apprentiship, are gone before: So that if I won'd adhere to the greater number (as Many do in Factions) *I must repair to the Dead, if I can't with 'em already*; for my Habitation (*My own Body*) moulders apace, and the very top and Cover (my THATCH above) turns Colour, grows Gray, and withers. But, tho' my Friends are dead, (and I'm dying apace my self) yet I am so much the same with my Reverend Father (which I dare not say of the other Persons I have here mention'd) that he cannot die whilst I am alive.

I'm half alive and half dead.

My Body moulders apace.

Reverend Sir,

THE youthful *Blood* that beat the winding *Mazes*
Within your *Veins*, gave length unto my *Days*;
The active *Heat* distil'd a crimson *Dew*
Through those warm *Limbecks*, and made *Me* of *you*:
That to such full proportion I am grown,
People do still *Me* for *Your Figure* own:
Then since I have deriv'd a part from *Thee*,
Thou canst not dye, whilst *Thou* hast part in *Me*.

I'm now laying my self out for Dead.

Thus *Sabina*, having given you some general thoughts on my Death and Funeral, I shall next, lay my self out for Dead (for I'm now supposing what will happen one time or other)——— And now 'when my Breath is gone, my 'Eyes closed, the Bell toll'd, and my Body coffin'd up for the Grave, 'where wou'd I have my Soul, whether in Heaven, or in Hell?——— Sure not in Hell, least I shou'd want *Lazarus* to cool my Tongue, but in Heaven where there be *Rivers of Pleasures*, &c.——

No sight so terrible as to see a man breathing his last.

I thus descend to *a particular Application of Death to my self*, for the common sounds of Death-post's through our Ears without any stop, whereas the seeing a Dead Friend, the Spectacle thereof by a self Application Inns even in our Hearts. Much more then shou'd the Representation of our own Deaths affect us, for there's no sight more Terrible then to see a Man breathing his last, but——

It must be done (my Soul) tho' 'tis a strange
A dismal and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this Tenement of Clay,
And to an unknown Some-where wing away;
When Time shall be Eternity, and thou (how,
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st not

When Life's close Knot, by Writ from Destiny,
Disease shall cut, or Age untye;
When after some delays, some dying strife,
The Soul stands shivering on the ridge of Life;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Does she lanch out into the Sea of vast Eternity.——*Norris*

The parting of Soul and Body.

My Soul and Body (*Two old Friends*) being now parting, methinks I see how my Mind wou'd fain utter it self and cannot, for Respiration, or Breathing, is thus perform'd—— 'The outward Air is drawn in by the vocal Artery, and 'sent by the mediation of the Midriffe to the Lungs, which dilating themselves 'as a pair of Bellows, reciprocally fetch it in, and send it out to the Heart to cool 'it: and from thence, now being hot, convey it again, still taking in fresh; but these Organs being now quite disabled, the Spirits shrink inward, and retire to the vanquish't Heart, as if like Sons prest from an Indulgent Father, they wou'd come for *a sad Farewell*, while that in the mean time pants with affrighting pangs, and the *hands and feet*, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a Fashionable Clay, as if Death crept in at the Nails and by an insensible surprize suffocated the invirond Heart. 'Curiously didst thou make me (saith '*David*) in the lowest parts of the Earth; but now to see those Elements which compounded made the Body, to see them thus divided, and the Man dissolved, is a rueful sight——

How the Body is enclined to a Fashionable Clay.

And now methinks I see all my Friends like conduits dropping Teares about me, while I neither know my wants, nor they my cure.——Nay now my very Doctor

Doctor (tho' the moſt able Phyſitian I know in *London*) ſtands as one that gazes at a Comet, which he can reach with nothing but his Eye alone.—— To ſee all this happen to one whoſe Converſation has endear'd him to us, is very dreadfull:—Oh the Pangs I felt when *Iris* was breathing her laſt! for even then ſhe lay uttering ſuch Expreſſions as theſe. I'll love thee as long as I live——Thou 'art a dear Child to me—— I pray God bleſs my Dear Yok-fellow, and give 'him Grace—— I pray thee give him grace to live ſo here, as he may live 'with thee hereafter.—— And all this ſhe utter'd at the Time when ſhe was actualy dying—— Which we found to be a *Lightning* before Death; 'tis obſerved of ſick Perſons, that 'a little before they die their Pains leave them, 'and their Underſtanding and Memory returns to them; as a Candle juſt before 'it goes out, gives a great Blaze. This is what is call'd a *Lightning before Death*, And this was *Iris* Caſe; for tho' ſhe was now within a *few Minutes of breathing her laſt*; yet 'tis clear by the Prayer ſhe then made, that ſhe was very ſenſible of what ſhe ſaid, even ſo ſenſible, that ſhe was now in joyful Raptures, and expreſt a kind of impatience till ſhe was diſſolv'd. And why, becauſe ſhe ſpiritually ſaw what ſhe could not utter; doubtleſs ſhe had a kind of *Draught* preſented to her by her *Guardian Angel*, of thoſe Heavenly Joys ſhe was almoſt ready to enter in poſſeſſion of, and therefore ſhe now prayd more earneſtly than ever, and even longs 'till ſhe's conver'd by *Angels into* Abraham's *Boſom*, which was now in a little time; for ſhe had no ſooner ended her Prayer, but DEATH ſeizes upon her: Thus——

The Doctor knows not what to preſcribe.

What's meant by a Lightning before Death.

Iris had a kind of Draught preſented to her of thoſe Heavenly joys ſhe was going to poſſeſs.

DEATH that on Humane Fleſh doth uſe to feed,
With Time and Sickneſs, two bold Thieves, agreed
To rob a Houſe, and e're the Break of Day,
To ſteal the Treaſure of POOR JOHN, away;
Sickneſs took foot, but time went on apace.
DEATH came behind; all come unto the Place.
TIME ſtays without, *Sickneſs* would fain begin;
DEATH watcht a time, and after was let in,
For *Sickneſs* faint, when he ſhou'd ſtop her Breath,
DEATH ſtole upon her, *Sickneſs* ſuffer'd Death:—
DEATH had no ſooner fixt his Dart into her,
But *Hue and Cries* purſue the Murderer;
The Noiſe was heard, and TIME ran faſt away,
Sickneſs no longer had the Heart to ſtay.
DEATH, with his Prey ſtrait hid him under-ground,
Not ſince by any living Creature found.

Death cou'd not ſurprize Iris.

And now the PALE Murderer has done his worſt, but 'tis my Comfort to think, he cou'd not ſurprize *Iris*, as Theeviſhly as he ſtole upon her, for ſhe was *Ripe for Heaven*, and had long expected him, which made her often ſay, *Were my Work now to do*, I were undone forever—— Madam you may think me tedious on this Head; but I cann't think ſo my ſelf, for *Iris* lov'd me, and thought her Heart not enough to give me, and as ſhe loved me and not my Fortunes, ſo God bleſt our Marriage accordingly; for there was an even Thread of Endearment run through all we ſaid or did, for the Fifteen Years we livd together, there never paſt one angry Word—— No diſappointments (tho we met with many) did ever leſſen this growing Affection. *Iris* could not bear to ſee me dejected, and heard of my Loſſes with only ſaying, 'God will provide. She never rail'd at Providence, as they do who abuſe their Friends for not being ſucceſsful. We took each other— *For Richer for Poorer*; and therefore all our diſtreſſes of Body and Mind were ſo equally divided, that all hers were mine and all mine were hers; and tho Death has now ſtole her from me, yet ſuch a kind

She had aſſurance of Heaven.

Iris lov'd me and not my Fortunes, and God bleſt our marriage.

We took each other for Richer for Poorer.

I can die but half whilst I am preserv'd.

kind and generous Wife can die but half. Whilst I'm preserv'd —— And as for my present Spouse, tho she has been so Hungry as to fall in Love with her Jointure, yet I still think, cou'd she love as I do, she'd have *no other Wish but me*; I infer this from my former Experience, for when *Iris* and I were throughly Indear'd by a *mutual confidence, compliance, and long Experience* of each others Love, *No Jointure* cou'd part us; and had we lost all the World (*but one another*) we had still been happy. I'm sure had she enjoy'd 'em, (*or my occasions requir'd 'em*) she'd have *dealt out Kingdoms to me without thing* —— Her *Sympathy* with me in all the Distresses of my Life, makes her Virtues shine with the greater Lustre, as Starrs in the darkest Night —— Like the *Glow-Worm* (*the Emblem of true Friendship*) she still shin'd to me in the Dark; and tho' this concern for me was *no more than her Duty*, yet to requite her Love I made her my *sole Executrix*, that I might give at the rate I lov'd her, and was scarce contented with giving all—And I'll be as kind to *Valeria* (who's like *Iris*) *she thinks my Ease and Credit preferable to House and Land.* But whether does *Iris* lead me from the description of my own *Death*? But, Madam, you can excuse it, for 'tis to shew how loth I am to give her the last beck'n of *Farewell*. 'The best of Wives, and my truest 'Friend is but part of her Character, and I can't *part* with such a Treasure in 'post-haste —— Part! bless me! how it sounds? The very Word is as 'Dagger thrust into my Heart; and now it comes to the push, I can't bear the 'Thoughts on't.

I made Iris my sole Executrix, and shall be as kind to Valeria when she grows obliging.

Valeria falls in love with her Jointure.

Iris leads me from the Description of my own Death.

I'm loth to give her the last Beck'n of Farewell.

That very Voice that did her Sickness tell,
Strook like a Midnight Chime or Knell:
At every Sound,
I took into my Sense a Wound.

'Tis true, we first came together to help and prepare one another for *Death*, but now Death has snatch'd her from me; I am fainting away, *methinks I feel already the Torments to which a Heart is exposed that loses what it loves.* Thus the loving *Hota* followed her Husband to the Grave, laid him in a stately Tomb, and then for *Nine Days* together, she wou'd neither Eat nor Drink, whereof she dyed, and was buried (as she had order'd in her last Will) by the side of her beloved Husband.

He first deceas'd; she for a few Days try'd
To live without him; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

We came together to prepare one another for Death.

1.

Thus let me weep, weep out mine Eyes
Upon the Tomb where *Iris* lies
Embalmed and enshrin'd.
Let not my Senses lead me home,
And leave dear *Iris* in the Tomb.
Why should I stay behind?

2.

What Hope have I of Life or Bliss,
Under so dire a Fate as this?
What's Man without a Heart?
There was but one 'twixt she and me,
And that away from me did flee,
When hence she did depart.

3.

And though the life of Sense I kept,
'Twere better in the Urn I slept;
For sleeping there, I rest.
And then my Heart and I should be
Cemented in tranquility;
And both for ever blest.

The sight of her Dead Body makes me faint away.

But tho I've Reason thus to grieve for my Dear *Iris* (except *Valeria* won'd make me happy by despising the World). Yet *I* wou'd *not weep as one without hope. For the time is short, and therefore it remaineth that they that have Wives be as though they had none. And they that Weep as though they wept not —— For the Fashion of this World passeth away* —— *David* fasted and Prayed for his *Sick Son*, that his Life might be prolonged. But *when he was dead*, this Consideration comforted him. *I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me*, 2 Sam. 12 13. And this likewise shou'd comfort me under the *loss of Iris*, to think *she is gone to Heaven*

Iris as happy as Heaven can make her.

and

and that *if I die in Christ, I shall goe to her*, but this *she could not do but by dying*, which makes me the easier *forgive Death* for the Treasure he has stole from me, and my next comfort to her being in Heaven, is to think in what a triumphant manner she went thither ——— In a painful Sickness of near *Forty Weeks*, she never once repin'd at it, but wou'd still say *God had dealt tenderly with her*, and that she was wholly resign'd to his Will. Then certainly the Death of such a Good Wife is like the putting out of a *Wax-perfum'd Candle*, she in some measure) recompenses the loss of Life with the sweet Odour she leaves behind her.

Iris Triumphant Death *is like the putting out of a perfum'd* Candle.——

——All must to their cold Graves;
But the Religious Actions of the Just
Smell sweet, in Death, and Blossom in the Dust.

In a Word, Iris *both in her Life and Death* was like a *Rose in* June, which (tho dead and dry) preserves a pleasing Sweetness, and for that Reason was strewed by the Antients upon *their Kindred's Graves* ——'Twas but reasonable to think that a Life which was *one continu'd Act of Piety* shou'd have a joyful and happy ending.——

Her Life was a continued Act of Piety.

And as *Iris* dyed in this *Triumphant manner*, and with uttering such Expressions as I have here mention'd, So I desire I may expire with these Words:

My last Prayer.

ETernal and everliving God, *I am now drawing near the* Gates of Death, *and which is infinitely more terrible, the* Bar of thy Judgment; *oh Lord when I consider this, my Flesh trembleth for fear of thee and my Heart is wounded within me. But* one deep calleth upon another, *the depth of my misery upon the depth of thy mercy*, Lord save now, or I perish eternally.——*Lord one day is with thee as a Thousand Years, oh let thy mighty Spirit work in me, now in this my last Hour, whatsoever thou seest wanting to fit me for thy Mercy and Acceptance*; and then tho' I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no Evil.—— *There is but one step between me and Eternity; then* blessed Jesus *have Mercy on me*, Pardon the Sins of my whole Life, *O let not my Sun go down upon thy Wrath, but* seal my Pardon before I go hence and be seen no more.——*Dear Lord I neither desire, nor expect of thee* Life or Death, *may it be done unto me according to thy Will: But since* Death is my passage into thy Presence, suffer not the Thoughts of it to be terrible unto me. ——*I can't without some Reluctance think of leaving my* Friends and Relations, *and forever shutting my Eyes upon that World where I now live* (To go into a World where I never was) *but tho'* the Light is pleasant, and a joyful thing it is to behold the Sun, *yet let it abundantly content me, oh Lord, that whether waking or Sleeping*, dead or alive *I shall be always thine, tho' thou shouldst break all my Bones and from Day even till Night with* pining Sickness and Aches *make an end of me*, yet let me be dumb and not open my Mouth, because it is thy doing; *suffer me not to whisper to my self what's the reason the Lord will deal thus with me, help me rather to consider* what my Sins have deserved, *and what a poor Derivative thing I am.——What a meer dependant upon thee*——Lord I came into the World on thy Errand, and I live only upon thy allowance. *Then let the consideration of thy Majesty and Glory swallow up all those petty Interests of my own which I create to my self*, and help me oh Lord in every Passage of my Life and Death to say thy will be done.——*If it be thy will I shall dye now, receive my Spirit; and altho'* I come in the Evening, *as the very last of all, grant unto me that I may receive Eternal-Rest.* Blessed Lord *as soon as ever the Chain of my mortality is broke, let me take* Wing and fly to thee.——*Grant that sincerely reaching my Hands to thee from that* Moment *which is the* upper Step *of the Ladder of my Life, next to Heaven, thou mayest* reach forth thy hand and receive me.——*And when my* Breath is gone, *grant oh Lord, that* I may see and know her again, who dyed praying for my Everlasting-Happiness, *Into thy hands, Lord, I resign my Body and Soul.— Blessed Saviour receive my Spirit*——even so come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. *Amen.*

I shall go to Iris, *but she shall not return to me*

I wou'd have these words be my *last breath* till my Lips fail, and my Tongue cleaveth to the roof of my Mouth for as the *sun shines brightest at his setting*, so shou'd Man at his departing.——It is the evening crowns the day. As

And now the Fatal Hour is come in which I must
Resign to Dust,
This borrow'd Flesh, whose Burden tires,
My Soul as it aspires;
Oh what a frail and undone Thing
Is Man, when his best Part is taking Wing?
But quake not, Oh my Soul! for Rest; thou'lt find
This *Pisgah* Mount! thy *Canaan* lies behind:
Look back and see the Worlds thin gaudy-Toys!
Look on, and see the Crown of all thy Joys!
For such a Place is worthy to be sought,
Or were there none, yet Heaven's a pleasant Thought.
Nor for my bright Conductors will I stay,
But lead Heavens flaming Ministers the way,
In their known Passage to Eternal Day.
Where the blest CLIMES of Light will not seem fair,
Unless I meet my dear Redeemer there;
Unless I see my shining Saviours Face,
And grasp all Heaven in his sweet Embrace.
When the *trembling Soul* has Heav'n thus in sight
Oh with what Joy and ravishing Delight!——
She spreads her Wings, and bids this World good Night.

Thus have I represented in what manner my *Soul* will leave that *Body* where it now dwells.——And have also considered in the Death of *Iris*, with what tranquility, and peace of conscience a Soul sequestred from the World, taketh her farewell of Earth.

Whilst thus I musing lay, to my Bed side
(Attir'd in all his Mourning Pride)
The King of Terrors came.
Awful his Looks, But not deform'd and grim;
(He's no such Goblin as we fancy him)
Scarce we our selves so civiliz'd and tame!
Unknown the Doom assign'd me in this change,
Tho justly I might fear Heavens worse Revenge;
Yet with my present Griefs redrest,
With curious Thoughts of unknown Worlds possest,
Enflam'd with Thirst of Liberty,
Long lov'd, but ne'er enjoy'd by me,
I su'd for leave the fatal Gulf to pass.
My vital Sand is almost run,
And Death (said I) will strike anon.
Then to dull Life I bid a long Farewell;
And stretcht for flight—But as the last grains fell
Death fail'd my flatter'd hopes, and turn'd the Glass.

The Peace of Conscience with which a Soul (sequestred from the World) takes her Farewell of Earth. A meditation upon the sight of a Dead-man.

But tho' my Soul and Body en't yet parted, yet I have convers'd too long with the World already, so that now I'll suppose my self a dead Man: At the Sight whereof (were I living) I wou'd thus meditate:

'Teach me (O Lord) so to number my Days, that, I may apply my Heart 'unto Wisdom, for I see by this dead Friend here lying before me, we soon pass away and are gone——All Flesh I see (in this Instance) is Grass, and the Beauty of 'it as the flower of the Field——Thou (oh God) hast determined the number 'of my Days which I cannot pass.——And I see here in my dead Friend, what 'will follow the Separation of my Soul and Body.——As long as this Tabernacle lodged the Soul of my Friend, it was sensible, active, cou'd hear, see, speak 'or move; but now that Guest is driven forth, there is nothing in it but breeds 'my abhorence, so——

that

that I now see all Confidence in Man is vain, and that I shall soon become as Pale and Wan, as this Dead-Corpse, which I here behold with Terrour and Amazement ——— *And Lord help me to consider, that as this Body is dead without the Soul, so both Soul and Body without Grace* ———

I've said nothing of the *manner of my Dying*, but what I've observed in the Death of others.

So much for the supposed manner of my **Dying**, and for those useful Thoughts, that a Sight of my **Dead-Corpse** might afford; in which I've advanc'd nothing but what I've observ'd in the Death of others, (*especially of my dear* Iris)

I'm now Stript and Dress'd in a Shroud.

My Breath being gone, I'll next suppose my self **Laid out for Dead** ——— and now the Cry of the House is ——— *Bury the Dead out of my Sight* ——— *Being now Stript and Dress't in a Shroud*, great Care is taken by my **Executor**, (for I know he'll be punctual to observe my Will) that my **Body** be **kept** veiled and secret, and not exposed to curious Eyes; neither shou'd the *Dishonours wrought upon the Face by the Changes of Death, be star'd upon by impertinent Persons* ——— When **Cyrus** was Dying, he called his Sons and Friends to take their leave of him, to touch his Hand, *to see him the last time*, and gave in Charge, that when he had put his Veil over his Face, **No Man** shou'd uncover it ——— And *Epiphanius*'s Body was rescued from inquisitive Eyes by a Miracle ——— But nothing of this will disturb the Dead, but a **sight of my Dead-Body** shou'd affect the Living ——— Then now all my Friends, (*if you ben't drown'd in Tears*) come and observe what a Change is here ——— **What a Change indeed!** For my trembling Soul being fled, Lo how the **Successors of Sin** do trample upon these Mud-walls, and demolish my House of Clay! ——— **This dismal sight**, one would think, shou'd squeeze out a few **Tears**, if not from my Heir, (who has *Sign'd, Seal'd, and deliver'd*, and is hasty to Bury me) yet surely it will from the Dear *Valeria*, for tho' some Wives Bury their Husbands only with *a few'r Visage*, Mask'd over with Dissimulation, contracting (like the Ephesian Patron) second Marriages, before they have worn out their Mourning Garments. But *Valeria* may pass for a better Wife: For ———

Cyrus wou'd have no Man stare in his Face after his Death.

A sight of my *Dead-Body* shou'd affect my Relations.

Valeria makes a shift to cry for my Death.

When her dear Spouse's last Departure's nigh,
See where this Fubbs has made a shift to cry;
But I'm Box'd up (the Parliament be thanked,
Whose Act has made my Rime) in Woollen Blanket.

Being laid in my Coffin, come hither *Valeria*, and view me a little. The *Chinesses* always before they Bury their Dead, (*if he was a Married Man*) bring him to his Wife, that so she might *first Kiss him, and bid him Farewel*; when you have done this, prithee *Valeria* gaze upon me, see in my **Dead Phiz**, what Comfort you will have of your Jointure, (*which you once kept to my Ruin*) when you come to this? For prithee *try the Experiment* ——— If you shou'd put *a Bag of Guineas* into my Hand, I shou'd let it fall —— or cou'd you give me **Dampsil**, 'twou'd be too heavy to carry to the other World, for don't you see that *my Eyes are closed, and I observe nothing?* ——— Then *Valeria*, view me well, uncover my Face again, (*for a dead Husband is worth observing*) and you'll find the Luminaries of my Body, which us'd to shine with a living Brightness, *like the Gelly of a sliding Meteor, lie now intombed in Darkness*; and that ruddy **Hue** which gave the

A good *Jointure signifies nothing to a* Dead Wife.

A *Dead Husband* is worth observing.

Name of Flesh to this whited Earth, hath either chang'd its Colour or its Place——— In a Word——— my Head, Arms, Body, Legs, &c. have now left their Motion, and lie as still as a Wife could wish, *who loves nothing of her Husband, but the Jointure he has left her.* No wonder then, she refus'd to come when I sent for her, but has reserv'd all her Love for my dead Body; which perhaps she'll wash with a Tear or two, as it looks kind, and will cost her nothing; neither need she make any use of an Onion, for 'tis observ'd of Widows, *they have Tears at command*———.

——— See where
The Treasure *of my* Bosom *doth appear,*
Now coming to my Corpse *with her drow'd Eyes,*
For Jointure *brings her where her* Husband *dies,*
To whose pale Relick *she devoutly Payes*
Obedience, real as her Love, *and Brays*
With many Tears, *till quite dissolv'd in them,*
She SEEMS *contri-v'd into a* Walking-Stream,
As Destiny had meant her to descend
From Rivers *only, but to serve this end.*
Next, let my Sisters *drop their pious-Rain,*
Lackin *and* Renswell *too, will Weep in vain;*
For none can soften my stiff Clay again,

In the *supposed View* of my dead Body, I behold other Mens Fate as well as my own.

Whilst my Eye thus *amazedly wonders o'er my Dead Body*, methinks I view in it other Mens Fate as well as my own——— Then blessed Lord, let me Die daily, that when Death shall be swallowed up in Victory, and the numberless Atoms of my Dust shall by thy Almighty Power be new moulded into a Body, my Soul may make a re-entry, and be both glorified together.

Death *we do now behold thee gay and glad*
As at Dooms-day,
When Souls shall wear their new Array,
And all thy Bones with Beauty shall be clad.
Therefore we can go Die as Sleep, and trust
Half that we have,
Unto an an honest faithful Grave;
Making our Pillows either Down or Dust——— Herbert.

My Corruption belongs to the maintaining of of the Order of the Universe.

I lie merrily down in my Bed, tho' I expect to rise again to resume the Burthen of all my Fears, Hopes and Griefs, (*the constant Attendants of my Life*) and yet look Gayly and mournfully upon the Grave, (*tho' my Corruption belongs to the maintaining of the Order of the Universe*) but why should I be afraid of Corruption, seeing at my next Rising, much Gayer clad than before, I shall awake to Immortality and endless Joy? With the Eye of Reason I can look through the Glory of the World, and behold Vanity and Oblivion; with the Eye of faith I can look through Oblivion and Corruption it self, and behold Glory and Eternity. *'Tis indeed a Wonder how a little Dust resolv'd into Elements, should become a living Body again. But I no ways doubt of the Resurrection, for I'm sure that my Redeemer liveth, and tho' after my skin Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God*——— Then let the Body rise in what manner it will, I'm ravisht to think what a bright and serene Morning the Resurrection will

'Tis a great wonder how *a little Dust resolv'd into Elements*, shou'd become a living Body, but I no ways doubt of the *Resurrection*.

will prove, after the long Night of Death, and the languishing Slumbers of the Grave ——.

My Soul being fled (I know not how nor where) and my Body left as a ghastly Spectacle to my Wife and Friends —— Methinks now my Soul and Body too seem at once laid out——.

My Soul & Body now seem at once laid out.

So that having proceeded so far towards my Funeral as —— *To purchase a Grave* —— *To suppose the manner of my Dying* —— *And to describe what a frightful Spectacle Death will make me* —— 'twill be proper next to give some Account of my Will —— For I never was of their Opinion, who think they must Die presently if their Will be made, and so neglect it till it be too late.

Some think they shall Die presently if they make their *Will*.

A Sick-Bed is no proper place to disturb our Brains about Worldly Matters, I therefore made my Will when I was best able —— A Scotch Laird having sent for a Clerk to make his Will, began to him thus, (after the common Preface) Imprimis, I bequeath my Soul to God -- —— To which his Clerk made Answer very seriously —— But what if he wonnot take it, mon? —— With what temper of Spirit this was spoken I know not, but sure I am, 'tis a point that deserves a serious Thoughtfulness and Gravity of Mind — And particularly we should avoid all unjust Partialities, which are oftentimes very ill Grounded.

Why I made my *Will* in a time of Health.

Of a Will made by a *Scotch* Laird

We shou'd avoid all unjust Partialities in the making our Wills.

But to proceed in the Account of my Will —— My Nurse and Assistants having declared me Dead, methinks I see my *Executor*, (whose Character you shall have anon) *sending in all haste to the Persons concern'd in my Will*; for the Will of the Dead should be punctually observ'd, for to these we owe a nobler Justice than to other Men, as they are unable to right themselves. It is the bravest thing in the World, to do an Act of Kindness to him whom we shall never see again, but yet hath deserved it of us, and to whom we wou'd do it if he were present; and unless we do so, *our Charity is Mercenary, and our Friendships are direct Merchandize*; but what we do to the Dead, (or to the Living for their sakes) is Gratitude and Vertue for Vertue's sake, and the Noblest Friendship we can shew: *Such a Generous Person I have made my Executor*, so that all concern'd, will have speedy notice of my Death ——

My Executor sending in all haste to the Persons concern'd in my Will.

To fulfil the Request of the Dead, is the noblest Friendship we can shew

And now methinks I see all my Friends assembled about me, some to weep, but most rejoicing in Hopes of a good Legacy; but because they may see the Vanity in waiting for Dead-mens-Shoes, I'll now suppose my Executor Reading to them the following Lines, which are,

News being sent of my Death, my Relations come to my Cell in Hopes of a good Legacy.

—— A Breviate of my last Will ——

A Breviate of my last will.

IN *the Name of God*, Amen— I John Dunton, Citizen and Stationer of *London*, and late of St. *Giles Cripplegate* Parish, in the County of *Middlesex*, being through Mercy, in Health of Body and Mind, do make this my last Will and Testament ——

I commit my Soul into the Hands of God.

And first out of Choice, (and not as 'tis matter of Form) *I commit my Soul into the Hands of God*, trusting through the Merits of Jesus Christ to be accepted with him——

I Bequeath my Body to the Dust.

My Body I Bequeath to the Dust, in hopes of a Glorious Resurrection; but with this Charge to my Executor, that he see it Buried in the same Grave with my first Wife, for there (as she expreit it) *we shall be still Happy together, if a senseless Happiness can be call'd so* ——

As to the World, tho' I never lov'd it, yet I have taken that Care in the disposing of what I have, as to give it to *one that will keep open House for*

I have made a person *heir to my Estate* that has *sense* enough to enjoy it, and Piety enough to be Charitable,

My presumptive *heir* wou'd starve himself shou'd his Wealth encrease.

Death's the truest friend.

We shou'd take care not to leave our Friends quarreling for our Estates when we are Dead.

what I mean by my debts

Legacies bequeath'd to *Graffham, Frome*, &c.

To the *honourable Lady.*

To *George Larkin*, Sen.

To the *Person* that took care of me in my Sickness.

To *George Kenswel* and his Wife.

To *Elizab. Johnson.*

To my only Brother and my Sisters.

Diversother Legacies.

God and his poor Servants; I mean to one that has Sense enough to enjoy it, and Piety enough to be Charitable, and for that Reason I thought my self oblig'd in Conscience to give it all from the presumptive Heir and his scraping Friend, finding by sad Experience *the more he has, the more he covets*; so that if his Wealth encreases at the rate it has done hitherto, he'll *starve himself and his whole Family*; and therefore to add my Estate to his, would be (in some sort) to hasten his Death; but that they might not think I forget 'em, I bequeath to 'em that Text, —*And the Covetous which the Lord abhors*— to reflect on as long as they live——. I'm very Cordial in this Advice, for Men in their last Wills appear open and plain Hearted, they *dare not dye revenging of Injuries*, no! when they think they shall dye, their Eyes are open, and their Judgments unbiast. In some sense Death's the truest Friend, for Death will not flatter, but deals plainly with us, and as Men dare not dye with a Lye in their Mouths (nor in Malice with any) so they should be careful that they do not leave their *Friends quarrelling for their Estates*, but take such care in their Wills that their Lands and Possessions may know their Owners after their Deaths; and that mine may do so, of what I shall leave behind me, I make this following Disposal, all my just Debts being first paid, (and by Debts, I mean whatever shall be prov'd to be so after my Decease, or whatever my Executor, hereafter nam'd, can by diligent searching find out that I owe) I bequeath the following Legacies to *Graffham, Frome, Chesham, Aston, Missenden, Iver, New-street*——. And here I presume so far as to give your Ladyship Mourning, and a Ring with this Inscription, *In remembrance of* Daphne *and* Philaret. To my most esteem'd and eternal Friend, Mr. George Larkin, Sen. who I am sure will be a True Mourner at my Funeral, I give not only Mourning (which will soon wear out) but also a Ring with this Motto, *Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the Love of Women*; I also give him, as a farther Testimony of our Inviolable Friendship, what is not here expres'd——. To that Generous and Virtous Person whose tender care of me in my Sickness has (*through the Divine Blessing*) more than once sav'd my Life, I give, &c. as a grateful Token of that seasonable Care, wherewith I was assisted in my greatest Extremity——. I have also remembred *my obliging and diligent Friends* Mr. George Kenswel and his Wife, for that great Fidelity and Readiness to serve me, which they have expres't upon all occasions——. Neither have I forgot my Cousin Elizabeth Johnson for that matchless Tenderness she shew'd to my first Wife, during her Sickness of near 40 Weeks continuance——. To my only Brother Mr. Lake Dunton, and to my Sisters Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth, I have been more kind than perhaps they expect——. I next bequeath to the generous *Lutwich*, (and to my two Sisters *D—ld* and *I—th*) such a Legacy as shews I have been oblig'd——. To the Reverend *S—T—* I give Twenty Pounds to Preach my funeral Sermon that Day, I am Buried, upon this Text, *They shall lye down alike in the Dust, and the Worms shall cover them*—. To my faithful Friend Mr. *Richard Wild*, the sole manager of all the Auctions I made in Dublin, I bequeath, &c. as an acknowledgment of the extraordinary Services he did me in that Kingdom. To my ancient Landlord Mr. *Wilkins* of *Boston* in *New England*, I also bequeath, &c. as a requital for his *great Civilities* to me and my Servant *Palmer*. I also give to my try'd Friends the *Booksellers, Printers* and *Stationers* of *London*, 10 *s.* each, to buy 'em a Ring with this Inscription, *Speak evil of no Man.* And to my Summer Friends

I give

I give all my **Gratitude** *, for I find they need it, and that they may hereafter do as they'd be done by, I bequeath to 'em all that **Readineſs** with which I ſerv'd 'em, *both with my Perſon and Caſh*, when no body elſe wou'd; but leaſt their change of **Fortune** (for they keep their Coach) ſhou'd make 'em forget this, 'tis my deſire that the Letters they formerly ſent me be return'd to 'em, that they may ſee **how Black** Ingratitude is, for they now deny to have receiv'd thoſe Favours which (in theſe Letters) *they declare they could never requite*. One of theſe is ſo Haughty that if I meet him by accident, (for **Summer Friends** never viſit but **when the Sun ſhines**) *he ſcarce knows me*, or if he ſtoops ſo low as to give me a Nod, he does it in ſuch a manner as ſhews he forgets **how deeply I engaged** for him at a time when SOME BODY wou'd not, and his other Friends made too ſmall a Figure to ſerve him. —*'Tis true, to a generous mind the Remembrance of old Favours wou'd live even in the blows of Injury*, but do an ungrateful Perſon 99 Kindneſſes, and refuſe him the Hundreth (for ſo I did, being provok'd to it) and he thinks you cancel all your former Obligations; ſuch **Monſters**, when they are *oblig'd beyond a poſſibility of Requital*, their way is to unmake, (or to leſſen) thoſe Favours they can't requite, and *to abuſe their very Benefactors* — ſuch Friends as theſe act like a fawning **Spaniel**, who when he gets out of the River ſhakes off that very Water (alias **Pagots**) which ſupported him —. And I don't doubt but others of this mean *Spirit* have been ready to blame me for publiſhing my *private Caſe*; but their diſlike of my Conduct makes me the more approve on't. *I cou'd never creep for Intereſt*, and Men of greater Senſe and Honeſty both adviſed to it, and judged it the beſt thing I could do for my quiet; *and I have found it ſo*, and therefore I ſhall never repent of any thing I did in that **Publication**, but for ever own my Obligations to thoſe that promoted it; then if the Reflecter on **my** Caſe ſays true, that *I'm a Man of ſo grateful a Temper that I ſtudy to requite the leaſt Courteſy from meer Strangers*, &c. ſurely I can't leave a better Legacy to my **Summer Friends** then to bequeath **my Gratitude amongſt 'em**. To that worthy and **Ingenious Gentleman** Mr. G—*R*—, I give, &c. or in caſe of his Death, I give this ſum to his Wife; or if ſhe dies, to his Son; or in caſe of his Death, to his neareſt of Kin, for the **generous Favours** Mr. *R*— has done me ſhall ne'er be forgot whilſt I have a Penny in the World, or he has a Relation alive. To the Members of the **Athenian Society** (*as 'twas my darling Project*) I bequeath Mourning —. To the **Nightingale** I give my Conſtancy, *Platonick* Letters, and contempt of Grandeur —. I next give to the Poor where I was born the ſum of —. And to the Pariſh where I dye as much —. I alſo give to that **Reverend Divine** that Married me 10*l.* to Preach (and afterwards Print) a **Sermon** againſt **Covetouſneſs** —. To the ſweet Town of **St. Albans** I bequeath all my **Printed Caſes** that ſhall be left unſold at the time of my Death; *I bequeath 'em to this Town, as herein is a true State of my Caſe*, with reſpect to **Madam Jane Nicholas** and her only Child **Sarah Dunton**, with an Anſwer to all the Lies that either **Revenge**, **Malice** or **Covetouſneſs** can ſpit at me (in any of the three Kingdoms) neither is there one Line in this **Printed Caſe** but *what I'd aſſert to be true were I now dying*; and therefore I can't underſtand *Valeria*'s Policy in not ſparing 500*l.* out of 6000*l.* *ſeeing I do reſolve, if ſhe will be happy, it ſhall only be with her Husband*, for I marry'd her for *Richer for Poorer*, and as we embark'd in the ſame COURT-SHIP, ſo I do aſſure her we'll Sink or Swim together. But *Solomon* tell us there's *a time to embrace, and a time to re-*

* Mention'd in my Printed Caſe p. 1.

My Legacy to my Summer Friends.

When I meet 'em they ſcarce know me.

The Remembrance of old Favours ſhou'd live even in the blows of Injury.

My Summer Friends compar'd to a fawning Spaniel.

I could never creep for Intereſt.

Page 2.

We ſhou'd requite the leaſt courteſy we receive.

My Legacy to the reverend Divine that married me.

To the ſweet Town of St. *Albans.*

More Legacies.

There's a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.

My Wife is my proper Goods.

A promiſe in writing is a debt in the Court of Conſcience, and in the Court of Chancery too.

The Attorneys Letter gave ſatisfaction about my Eſtate.

Valeria's Company is all I deſire.

The Bags lie ſo high in her way that ſhe can't get over 'em.

The Bells of St. Albans ſhall ring as loud for our Reconciliation, as ever they did for our firſt Marriage.

Other Legacies.

to refrain from embracing, and therefore tho' the Law is Eloquent, and will perſwade her to Live with me, yet till I ſee a fair opportunity, I ſhan't turn my **Adverſes** into a **Legal-Courtſhip**, for I had rather that **kind methods** ſhould melt her into Love and Tenderneſs. However **my Wife is my proper Goods**, and I'll **Pound** that Man (whoever he is) that offers to ſteal her from me, or that endeavours by any **Device** (or by flattering her Mother) to defraud me of that which **ſhe ſolemnly promis'd me before marriage**, for as 'tis a *Promiſe in Writing*, 'tis as much a Debt in the *Court of Conſcience* (and in the Court of Chancery too) as if I had a *Bond or Mortgage* to ſecure it to me. And as I am able to prove ſuch a Promiſe in Writing, ſo I can alſo prove (**by a letter under her Attorneys Hands**) that ſhe was fully ſatisfied with my Eſtate. But why ſhou'd we give Money to promote the *Law? It wou'd be more like Chriſtians to give it to promote the* **Goſpel**. Beſides if I had **Valeria's Company** (and a ſmall matter to make me eaſy) I have all I deſire, and when ſhe ſends me the ſame Meſſage, **I'll run to meet her with open Arms**; ſhe ſhall then even **Rule** me (and all I have) by her voluntary and ready obedience. But **the Bags lie ſo high in her way** at preſent, that ſhe can't get over 'em; but when ſhe falls to diſperſing this gilded Rubbiſh, all miſunderſtanding will be then remov'd; and the ſame Hour I hear the News, *the Bells of St. Albans ſhall Ring as loud for our Reconciliation, as ever they did for our firſt Marriage*; neither ſhall the **Poor** of that **Town** be forgot, that ſo Heaven may continue us **a happy Couple**. But this is News that I don't expect, and therefore I bequeath all my *Printed Caſes* (except the Caſe ſhould be alter'd) to my old Friends of St. *Albans*, that by comparing the **Truth** with thoſe many Lyes they have heard, they may defend the Cauſe of an injur'd **Stranger**, who did not come till he was ſent for, and therefore 'tis fit he ſhould have civil Treatment ———

And in the laſt Place, I give to the Dear *Valeria*, (my preſent Wife) A Ring with this Inſcription ——— *Set your Affections on things above*; for ſeeing ſhe talks ſo much of **going to her God**, (inſtead of giving her Money to Adore and Worſhip) *I freely bequeath her to God who gave her.* 'Tis true ſhe has a **Rich Mother**, and I might juſtly bequeath her to her, (*for the Reaſons mentioned in my Printed Caſe*) and I have a Preſident for the leaving her Mother ſuch a Legacy as this, for we read *Endamida* dying Poor, left his Aged Mother to *Aretæus*, and his young Daughter to *Charixenus*, two Rich Friends of his; the one to be maintain'd 'till ſhe dyed, and the other 'till ſhe Married; and the Heirs as ſoon as they heard of this Will, came forth, *and accepted thoſe things that were given in Charge.* But ſuppoſe I had no ſuch Preſident as this to *beſtow her Daughter upon her*, yet ore wou'd think I cou'd not leave her a better Legacy than her own Child; but ſeeing ſhe won't *part with her Bags now*, ſhe'll leſs do it when I am Dead, and therefore (out of pure **Love**) I chuſe rather *to bequeath her to God who gave her*; and tho' I en't like to be Buryed with her —— her precious Duſt being to Feaſt the St. **Albans worms**, (in the *Abby Church* where her Father lies) and not the **Phanatick-worms**, of the New-Burying-place, yet I hope ſhe'll there reſt in **Peace**, and hereafter meet me in Heaven —— But if ſhe grows ſo obliging as to deliver me from my **Preſent Grievance**, that I may (**HONESTLY**) have Iſſue by her, to it I wou'd leave 1 *Chron.* 28. 9. and I pray God ſee it executed according to my Will —— And for her ſelf, were ſhe thus kind, I wou'd

turn

turn her Jointure into a Deed of Gift, (which would double the value of it) *and make it the Study of my whole Life to please her.*

Having in these **Legacies** endeavour'd to satisfie **my self, my Friends, and my dear Spouse.** It is farther my Will, That for the Payment of these **Debts and Legacies,** (If my present Wife happen to survive me) that my Executor Sell my Woods, and the Reversion of my Estate, **as soon as ever I am Buryed**; but in case I survive her, I'll pay 'em my self in a Weeks time. *But if neither of our Deaths happen*, let no Man question his Money; for the **Growth of my Woods** in about **five Years Time** will pay all I owe, (*what I owe not being the fifteenth Part of what my Estate is worth*) ——— The growth of my Woods will Pay all I owe in 5 Years time.

'Tis farther my **Will**, that no Debts in any of my **Shop-books** be receiv'd from any Person that is not **fully satisfied** he owes me what he is charged with; I insert this, *that no neglects of crossing Accounts* (tho' I hope there's none) may be an Injury to any Man ——— No Debts in my Shop-Books to be receiv'd, &c.

'Tis also my Will, that all the **Promises** I ever made (*provided they are fully proved*) be as punctually perform'd by my *Executor*, as if the Persons to whom they were made, had 'em under my **Hand and Seal** ——— *So much for my Debts and Legacies* ——— My Promises to be all perform'd

As to my **Funeral and Grave**, &c. 'Tis my Will that the *7th Day after my Decease*, (and not before, my own Mother coming to Life that Day she was to be Buried) my *Executor* see me nail'd down in an *Elm-Coffin*, such a one as was made for my *first Wife* ——My Reverend Father (Mr. *John Dunton*) in his last **Will**, speaking concerning his **Funeral**, says, 'Tis his Desire that *his Funeral might not be perform'd 'till seven Days after his Decease*; which Request was occasion'd, (as I hinted before) by his first Wives lying seemingly Dead for 3 Days, and *afterwards coming to Life again, to the Admiration of all that saw her* ——— This was also a Custom among the *Romans*, **to keep the Body 7 Days unburyed**, Washing the Corpse every Day with hot Vinegar, and sometimes with Oil, that if the **Body were only in a Slumber, and not quite Dead**, it might by these hot Causes be revived ——— My Body not to be Buried till the 7th day after my Decease. My Father's Funeral. My Mothers seeming Death.

After being kept **Seven-Days unburyed**, 'tis my desire that my Body be conveyed in a decent Manner to ——— where I desire Mr. ——— shou'd Preach my Funeral Sermon for the Benefit of my surviving Friends ———

This Custom of Preaching **Funeral-Sermons** is very old, and of great use, for Dr. **Taylor** tells us, that antiently the Friends of the Dead used to make **Funeral-Orations**, and the Custom descended, but in the Channel of Time it mingled it self in the Veins of the Earth through which it passed, *And now a Days Men that Die are commended at a Price, and the Measure of their Legacy is the degree of their Vertue* —— But these things ought not to be, and therefore 'tis my Desire, that nothing be said of me, (so many are my **Sins and Infirmities**) save my *Abhorrence of Covetousness--- and of Backbiting*; as for **Covetousness**, I ever thought it a **Beggarly-Vice**, and I find 'tis its own Tormentor, *For the Miser having all things, yet has nothing* ——— The Custom of Preaching Funeral Sermons very Ancient. I'd have nothing said of me at my Funeral, but my Abhorrence of Covetousness and Backbiting.

And I'm as great an Enemy to **Backbiting**; not one **Report** in 40 is true, and therefore in Cases of Slander, *I believe no Man's Eyes nor Ears but my own:* If I find any Man Censorious, I have done with him, for 'tis my way, *to judge of all Mens Religion by their Charity* ——— I observe that

that Prejudice and Mis-information has Murdered the Reputation of many Innocent Persons, and for that Reason, I never judge any Man unheard; and those that do, I think 'em worse than the Man they'd Blacken; as will appear by some late Instances, which shall be mention'd in my Funeral Sermon, or else be inserted in my History of those modern Divines, that have been branded with Crimes of which they have been wholly Innocent; and as I'll Publish nothing (in this History) but what I'll prove, *So Grant, Oh Lord! that no Man may turn that to an occasion of uncharitableness towards me, which I design'd for his good, or was necessary for my own. Neither let any Man Censure me for any thing but what he sees in me; and Lord thou knowest I have not the least Cause to be proud of that.* I speak not this as I value the Praises of any Man--No! *I wou'd willingly come again from the other World to give any one the Lye, that reported me otherwise than I was, tho' he did it to honour me* —— And as I abominate Flattery, so I as little fear the worst Enemies I have; for tho' they may Strike me in the Dark (and then like a Serpent creep into their hole again, for want of Courage to abet their Actions) yet I challenge them all to prove black is my Eye, with respect to Women, Avarice, Drunkenness, Injustice, or any other immoral Practices; not but that single Life I'm forc'd to, will make People the more Censorious, and some (that have been in the Oven) will be railing Lies of me perhaps, as well as of better Men; but by the Grace of God, I shall endeavour to live so, *as I may have a Conscience void of Offence, both towards God and towards Man*: 'Tis a comfort that Accusations make no Man a Criminal; or if they did, an innocent Life would make me easy under all Aspersions, for they are generally rais'd by the leuder sort. *A Backbiting Tongue is a sure sign of a Whore-master.* I cou'd tell you of one that Stole his Wife (the worst sort of Theft) and of others that have had *Bastards*, that have been the first in slandering their Neighbour; and I observe, that most Slanderers owe their rise to the fair Sex, but this is none of their Fault, but the Fault of the Men, who make it their Sport to abuse that Vertue they can't Debauch. *Lampoons* and *Libels*, so much in Fashion in this witty Age, are a ready way to murder any Persons Reputation; and indeed, (as a late Author observes) *The Nature of true Vertue is commonly such, that as the Flame ever has its Smoke, and the Body its Shadow, so the Brightness of Vertue never shines, but hath Disdain or Envy waiting upon it* ——

Some Men are so vile, that when no *merit of Fortune* can make 'em hope to enjoy the Bodies of those Beauties they are Charm'd with, they will yet lie with their Reputations, and make their Fames suffer— And tho' to such Women, Innocence is the safest Armour, (*for just Heaven will ne'er forsake the Innocent*) yet this lewd Revenge is a double Villany, for certainly Women are necessary Evils; *from our Cradle to our Grave we are wrapt in a Circle of Obligations to 'em.* (my Divine Pylades was of this Opinion, or had never sent so often to his Doctress) And I am sure, such a Mortal as I (who am helpless at best) and often so afflicted with the Stone, &c. that I can neither go nor stand, can't, Live without their Assistance; which if they are Vertuous they'll never deny me; for I'm so great an Enemy to running astray, that I heartily wish Adultery were Death. But whether does Covetousness and a Slandering Tongue lead me? But they are two Vices that my Soul loaths (as will be shewn in my Funeral Sermon) so that my Zeal against them is the more excuseable ——

I never Judge any man unheard.

I'm writing a *History of those Modern Divines* that have been branded with Crimes of which they have been wholly Innocent.

I challenge my *worst Enemies* to prove me guilty of any immoral Practice.

Accusations make no man a Criminal.

A Backbiting Tongue is a sign of a whore-master.

Most Slanders owe their rise to the Fair Sex.

Some men are so vile that when they can't enjoy the *Bodies* of those Beauties they are charm'd with, will yet *lye with their Reputations.*

Women are necessary Evils.

After

After this *Funeral Sermon* (or rather *Sermon against Slandering*) is Preach'd, 'tis my request that my Body be carried to the *New Burying Place*, there to lie in the same Grave with my first Wife, and upon her Coffin, if it can be found; and 'tis my Will, that no others be Buryed with us, save my Executor, and that *Dissenting Minister* who is to Preach my Funeral Sermon —— *For as 'tis good to enjoy the Godly while they Live, so 'tis not amiss to be Buryed with them after Death.* The old Prophet's Bones escaped a Burning, by being Buryed with the other Prophets; and the Man that was tumbled into the Grave of *Elisha*, was revived by Vertue of his Bones.

My Body next to be carryed to the New burying-place.

As my **Body** will now Sleep in the same Grave with my first **Wife**, &c. So I hope through the Merits of my blessed Saviour, my Soul will be now fled, where I shall *find, and know her again, for I don't question but we shall know our Friends in Heaven, (Wise and Learned Men of all Ages, and several Scriptures plainly shew it)* And as we are to be **Buryed** together, so 'tis my Desire that my Executor purchase a marble **Tomb**, (for when *Valeria* Dies he may well afford it) not exceeding 50 *l.* and cause the following **Superstription** to be Engraved upon it.

My Soul is fled where I shall know Iris again.

This is largly proved in my Essay on knowing our Friends in Heaven.

Here lies (Sleeping together) **John Dunton**, *Citizen, and Stationer of* London, *and* **Elizabeth** *his first Wife* —— *She departed this Life*, Friday, *May 28th* 1697 —— *And he*, &c. *And being the last that Dyed, his Will was* (as they had promis'd each other in their Life time) *to be Buryed with her in the same Grave, and that on this* **Tomb-stone** *shou'd be Engrav'd the following Lines.*

I'm come to Bed, having lost my Pen and Sight,
To Sleep with Iris *in her Cell this Night;*
And leaving all for her, will never take
Another Farewel, 'till our Ashes wake.

Dr. **Watson** indeed tells us at his Death, 'He intends to take a total 'Adieu of the World, not caring for a Monument, History, or Epitaph, not 'so much as the bare Memory of his Name to be found any where, but 'in the universal Register of God ——— This Superscription on my **Tomb** shews I'ent for taking such a Farewell as this —— Nor am I so Cinical as to approve the **Testament** of **Diogenes**, who willed his Friend *to Bury him with a Staff in his Hand to Fright away the Crows.* No! I am for an Epitaph, and such an Epitaph as may shew to my Friends, *how much I can value a Wife that loves me*; and indeed the **Original** of **Epitaphs** is owing to this Loving Temper —— For the first **Epitaph** which was put upon Tombs, was that of the *Fair Rachel*, as is partly remarkt from Scripture, (for 'tis said, *Rachel dyed, and was Buryed in the way to Ephrath, and Jacob set a Pillar upon her Grave*) and *Bochartus* assures us it was a Pyramid which *Jacob* erected, sustained upon a dozen precious Stones, with this Inscription ———

Remarks on my Tomb-stone.

Diogenes desired to be Buryed with a Staff in his Hand to fright away the Crows.

The first Epitaph which was put upon Tombs, was that of the Fair Rachel.

Here lies Fair Rachel
Composed of nothing but
Beauty and Love.

It shews the great Care Jacob took to preserve her Memory.

A Grave is but a plain Suit, but a Rich Monument is one Embroider'd, and therefore in the erecting such a noble Pillar as this, we see the great care *Jacob* had

had to preserve the Memory of his dear Rachel; and I hope none will think me either Vain or Prodigal, if I endeavour (so far as I am able) to imitate such a *kind Husband*; however a Marble Tomb is the only Legacy I bequeath to my self, and my young Bedfellow; and I expect we have Justice done us. Not that I so much insist upon the Epitaph of my own Writing; for if my Friends please, they may scratch it out, and Grave in the room of it these Words, viz.

A Marble Tomb is the Legacy I bequeath to my self.

To those whom Death again did Wed,
Their Grave's their second Marriage-Bed;
For tho' the Hand of Fate cou'd Force
'Twixt Soul and Body a Divorce,
It cou'd not sunder *Man and Wife*
When they both lived but one Life.
Peace good Reader, do not Weep;
Peace, the Lovers are asleep.
They, sweet Turtles, *folded lye*
In the last knot *Love cou'd tye;*
And tho' they lye as they were Dead,
Their Pillow Stone, their Sheets of Lead;
Pillow hard, and Sheets not warm,
Love made the Bed, they'll take no harm;
Let them Sleep, let them Sleep on,
'Till this Stormy Night *be gone,*
And th'Eternal Morrow dawn,
Then the Curtains *will be drawn,*
And they wake into that Light
Whose Day shall never end in Night.

A good Memory the best *Monument.*

I'm so desirous of having this Tomb (and Epitaph) erected as a Memorial of our happy Marriage, that had I Money to spare, I'd see it done in my Life time, hereby to prevent the *negligence of Heirs, and to remind me of my own Mortality*——. But after all the care we can take to preserve the Ashes of our Dead Friends; it must be acknowledged, That a good Memory is the best Monument; others are subject to casualty, and we know that the Pyramids themselves, *during which Age*, have forgotten the names of their Founders ——.

My Debts & Legacies being first paid, *the rest of my Estate* I give to my Executor.

Thus having given instructions about my Funeral and Grave, &c. and bequeath'd what Legacies I think fit, *all the rest of my Estate, both Personal and Real*, (my Debts and Funeral Expences being first paid) I do hereby give, to my Executor, who your Ladyship will know by the following Character, *He's a Person truly Religious*——, *sincere in his Conversation*——, *wise in his own Business*——, *loving to my Relations*——, *very Charitable*——, *and I'm sure will accomplish the whole intent of my Testament*——. These are the *Legacies* I have bequeath'd to my Friends, which some that have wist of their Expectation may perhaps say are like those in the *Spanish Friar*, where Sir *Fiash*, having left many Legacies, and his Executors asking where he should have 'em to pay, he answer'd, *E'en where he pleas'd, for he was better able to find 'em than himself*——. But whoever thinks so with respect to me, will find themselves mistaken, for as great a strait, as *Valeria's* Jointure has put me to, my Death will soon open a way to an Estate, (besides the Reversions, which in time may double what I now enjoy, (that will not only satisfie my true Creditors, but

The Character of my *Executor.*

Of a Man who *bequeath'd* more than he was worth.

but more than pay all the Legacies I have here bequeath'd—. And therefore—— But I shall tire you with the Repetition of an odd Will, which I had not inserted but to humble those that desire my Death.

This is my last Will till I make another.

Having given your Ladiship a Byt biate of my last Will, I'll return again to my dead Body (for I'm still supposing my self unbury'd.)

My Will being read to my friends, and all things agreed upon in order to my Funeral, next see the greedy Nurses fighting for my Shirt and Cloaths, and my hasty Relations scuffling for what's left.

My greedy Nurses fighting for my *Shirt and Cloths*, and Relations scuffling for what's left.

Keep the King's Peace! as soon as Phil. *is Dead*
They for his Money quarrel round his Bed.
Fight Nurse, fight Lads, Sirs make a Ring about,
E'en let 'em have fair Play, and Cuff it out.

There's no fear of my living again.

Having lain the time I desir'd, *there's no fear of my living again* (as my Mother did) then honest GEORGE, Nail me down, and bury me, for the Mourners are come (*the Claret is drink*) and here stands Azariah Reynolds ready to dress out the funeral Procession; and that nothing may be wanting on this sad occasion, here's Weeping Dev'ral (my old Servant) coming with the Pall, the Bier and the six Bearers to carry me to Church, and from thence to the Grave.

My Friends have now leave to bury me.

Azariah Reynolds stands ready to dress out the Funeral.

Weeping *Dev'ral* comes with the Pall, Bier, and Bearers.

See where my Friends surround my private Urne,
Where all my kind Relations fondly Mourn,
And When the solemn Bell does sadly call,
The drooping Pomp attends my Funeral.
Now I from Fortunes store can only have
A narrow Coffin, and a scanty Grave.

I am as Rich in my Coffin as a dead Monarch.

However, I am as Rich in my Coffin as a dead Monarch——, Death makes us equal with Kings——. In the Grave the Spade may challenge equality with the Scepter—— *A winding Sheet, Coffin and Grave*, is all that the Greatest Posses when they leave the World—— Philip *King of Macedon* walking by the Sea-side, got a fall, and after he was risen, perceiving the Impression of his Body upon the Sand— *Good God!* said he, *what a small parcel of Earth will contain us, who aspire to the possession of the whole World*——. This great Monarch, after many and great Victories, at length he fell not only into his Bed, but into his Tomb, contented with a small Coffin; *Peter Alphonsus* reports that several Philosophers flock'd together, and variously discanted upon the King's Death, one there was that said, *Behold now four Yards of Ground is enough for him whom the spatious Earth could not comprehend before*——. Another added, *Yesterday cou'd* Alexander *save whom he pleas'd from Death, to Day he cannot free himself*——. Another viewing the Golden Coffin; *Yesterday*, said he, Alexander *heap'd up a Treasure of Gold; now Gold makes a Treasure of* Alexander——. Thus miserable and wretched is Man (the very greatest of Men) in their last Exit——; I might prove it by more Instances; but for Brevity sake I'll name no more than the Bier of *Ablavius*, who being an insatiable devourer of Gold, *Constantine* the Great, takes him by the Hand, and said, Ablavius, *Tho' thou hadst all the Riches in the World, yet after thou art dead, a Place, or Chest no bigger than this which I have here mark'd out, must contain thee; if so large a piece of Ground do come to thy Lot.*

A small parcel of Earth will contain those who aspire to the possession of the whole World.

Several Philosophers discanting upon the Death of the great *Alexander.*

Constantines Speech to *Ablavius* concerning his Riches.

had nothing but a *black Shirt* to attend him to the Grave.

Saladine Lot ——. *Constantine* was a Prophet; for *Ablabius* being cut in bits (the next Hour) had not a piece left big enough to be bury'd: The great Saladine observing this, order'd that before his Corps a Black Cloth shou'd be carry'd on the top of a Spear, and this proclaimed (with sound of Trumpet, in the midst of his Army) Saladine *Conqueror* of the East had nothing left him but this *black Shirt* to attend him to the Grave.

The Brags of Life are but a Nine Days Wonder;
And after Death the Fumes that spring
From private Bodies make as big a Thunder,
As those which rise from a huge King.
Only the Chronicle is lost; and yet
Better by Worms be all once spent,
Than to have Hellish Moths still gnaw and fret,
Thy Name in Books which may not rent. ——Herbert.

Most Kings have Died a violent Death.

Cæsars chair of State was his Death-bed.

Crassus cou'd scarce obtain a Shrow'd to cover his Nakedness.

Deaths of *Roman* Emperours.

Amurath's Grave.

Bajazet had scarce a Coffin to bury him.

Darius and *Alexander* were both snatch'd away by unnatural Deaths.

J. Dunton is as frail and mortal as the greatest King alive.

Whilst I'm viewing the *Graves of Rich Men, I* forget that I'm carrying to my own.

The highest place is most obnoxious to Variation, *the Sun is never so near a declension as in the Vertical Meridian.* May I not say many, yea most that have been Sceptred in the World, have been wrapt out of it violently, as if they perish'd by Fassination, from the many ambitious Eyes that dart upon 'em——. *Julius Cæsar*, that he may be wofully miserable, his Chair of State shall be his Death-Bed; where he feels no fewer than 23 Wounds, and sees Brutus among the Conspirators——. *Crassus*, for all his Bags, shall be slain, *and scarce obtain a Shrowd to cover his Nakedness*; and so shall the valiant Pompey, Sirnam'd the Great, who tho' he got an *old Shirt for a winding-Sheet*, yet he cou'd not be supply'd with Funeral-fire enough to consume his Body ——. *Lamentable was the Death of* Mark Anthony, *and many other Emperours among the* Romans ——. Lewis the gentle, afflicted with 3 Rebel Sons, grieves to Death, and has now no more to possess than just without Love or Honour, House or Bread, at his End ——. I might name many others; if you peruse *Turky* a little, you shall find the mighty *Bajazet* miserably thrown down from the top of Victory, and *a Grave is now all his Riches* ——. You may see the renowned Bajazet, who had hovered aloft like a Royal Eagle, mewed up in an Iron Cage; and the way to go out of the World was so block'd up to him, that he *was forc'd to beat out his Brains against the Grates, to invent a Death* which was followed with so mean a Funeral, that he had scarce a Coffin to bury him, and but two Persons to carry him to his Grave——. And what better Fate had Darius, and Alexander, (*Heads of the Second and Third Monarchy*) for see how they knock'd one against another, and both snatch'd away unnaturally; *and how little do they now possess, of those many Kingdoms they were striving for?* —— I abound too much in these *Examples*, yet I must not pass by the Monarchs of the World, without their due Observance; for tho' Kings be no Examples for private Men, as they be Kings; yet (*as they are Men*) they be, especially as they are mortal Men, and must dye like others; and therefore I hold it no Presumption to say, I am as frail and mortal as the greatest King alive. Thus have I prov'd that Death makes us equal with Kings, and that *I'm as Rich in my Coffin as a* dead Monarch ——. But whilst I'm viewing the Graves of these great Men, *I shall forget I'm going to my own*; so 'tis time now (*the Sermon being ended*) to suppose me carrying

carrying to the new Burying-place, where being brought to my Grave, (*I call it mine as I have paid for it*) the Parson declares,

I'm now brought to my own Grave.

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great Mercy, to take unto himself the Soul of our dear Brother, here departed, we therefore commit his Body to the Ground; Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust, in sure and certain Hope of the Resurrection to Eternal Life———.

The words used at the *Burial of the Dead.*

The Church in her Funerals of the Dead, us'd to sing Psalms, and to give Thanks for the delivery of the *Soul* from the Evils of this Life. I think this a seasonable Devotion; for *Phil.* now is cur'd of all Diseases, and lies lovingly *in the Bosom of his Mother Earth*, where my divided Parts (in a few Years) will *revel in their loosned Motions*, which had before been crowded together in my *sickly Composure*; and thus you see (*in my fleeting Life and Burial*) that

The Church in her *Funerals of the Dead*, used to Sing Psalms, and to give Thanks for the *Delivery of the Soul* from the Evils of this Life.

Phil. lies *lovingly* in the Bosom of his Mother Earth.

Our Entrance and our Exit seem to meet,
Our Swadling Bands almost our Winding-Sheet;
Poor Man! from Mother Earth does just arise,
Then looks abroad, returns again, and Dies.
Some Sixty Years, perhaps, with much ado,
He has prolong'd his tedious Life unto;
Then under Griefs, and Cares, he sinks away,
His Carcass mouldring into native Clay.

The Bearers laying my Corpse as neat to the Bones of *Iris* as possible.

And now (methinks) I see the Bearers laying my Corpse *as near to the Bones of* Iris *as possible*; and I suppose your Ladyship won't blame me for this part of my Will, for Dr. *Brown applauds those Tempers that desire to Sleep in the Urns of their Fathers, and strive to go the nearest way to Corruption*——— 'Twas the late Request of a *great Divine, to lie by his Wife in* Shore-ditch, and for that Reason he was Buryed there—— Sr. *Nathaniel Barnardiston* in his last Will, desires his Executors, that the Bones of his Father might be digged out of the Earth (where they were Buryed) and laid by his own Body in a new Vault he order'd them to Erect for the same purpose; that tho' he cou'd not Live with his Father as long as he wou'd have desir'd, yet he design'd their *Bodies shou'd lie together 'till the Resurrection*—— The Lady *L.*—— made the same Request, with respect to her Worthy Father; and her Funeral Sermon tells us, They lay down alike in the Dust. Neither is this fond Love any great Rarity, for we read, that in *some Part of the* Indies, a Father of a Family being Dead, the Law of the Country ordains, that he be *put in an Equipage for the other World*; and that such things as had been most dear unto him shou'd be Burned with him. *The best beloved of his Wives* Dresseth her self more Richly, and with more care for Death, than she had done for her *Wedding-Feast*, the whole Kindred in Festival Garments, *Conducts her Solemnly to the Flaming-Pile*, and there she suffers her self to be Burnt with Ceremony with her Husband—— I am more desirous to be Buryed with *Iris*, than these *Indians* were to be Burnt with their Husbands, and I hope we shall rest in the same Grave 'till the Resurrection———

See *knowing our Friends in Heaven.* p. 54.

Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiston* and the Lady *L.*—— desire both to be Buried with their Father.

In the *Indies* the Wives will be Burnt with their Husbands.

Here we must rest; and where else shou'd we rest?
Is not a Mans own House (to Sleep in) best?

If this be all our House; they are to blame,
That Brag of the *Great Houses* whence they came.
What is my Father's House? And what am I?
My Father's House is Earth, where I must lie:
And I, a Worm; no Man, that fit no Room,
'Till (like a Worm) I crawl into my Tomb:
This is my dwelling, this is my truest Home,
A House of Clay, best fits a Guest of Lome;
Nay, 'tis my House, for I perceive, I have
In all my Life, *ne'er dwelt out of a Grave.*
The Womb was (first) my Grave; whence since I rose,
My *Body* (*Grave like*) doth my Soul enclose.
That Body (like a Corps with Sheets o'er-spread)
Dying each Night, lies Buried in my Bed;
O'er which, my *spreading Testers* large extent,
Born with Carv'd Antiques makes my Monument,
And o'er my Head (perchance) such things may stand,
When I am quite run out in Dust and Sand.
My close-low-Built Chamber, to my Eye,
Shews like a little Chappel; where I lie.
While at my Window, pretty Birds do Ring
My *Knell*, and with their Notes, my *Obits* Sing.
Thus when the Day's vain Toil, my Soul hath wearied,
I, in my Body, Bed, and House, lie Buried.
Then have I little cause to fear my Tomb,
When this (wherein I live) my Grave's become.

Some *Athenian-Friend* may perhaps scatter some Lines on my Hearse, and Mourning may attend my Funeral, but nothing will tarry with me but my Grave.

So that a Grave, and six Foot of Ground, is all I can call my own; some *Athenian-Friend* perhaps on my Hearse will scatter some Lines, and strew the Cloth with Rime, Painting (perchance) may *Guild some Flag or Banner*, and Stick it on my Coffin, Musick may Sing my Dirge, and tell the Mourners I lov'd that Art, but when all is over, *nothing will tarry with me but my Grave*——

And 'tis most just; for here I did receive them,
I found them when I came, and here I leave them.
Neither the Things I want, and others have —
Accompany their Owners to the Grave,
Will *Beauty* go? Will Strength in Death appear?
Will *Honour* or Proud *Riches* tarry there?
They all say no; for let grim Death draw near,
Beauty looks Pale, and *Strength* doth faint for Fear.
There's little Wealth or Pride in naked Bones,
And Honour sits on Cushions, not cold Stones.
Nay ask our Friends, that when we are in Health,
Wou'd Die for Love of us (*or for our Wealth*)
Mark what they set their Hands to; view it well,
[*Your Friend till Death*] but once dead, Fare you well.

A Grave is all that we can call our own.

So that we are scarce sure of a Grave, or were we sure of that, 'tis all we can call our own, for observe of *a Man new Dead*; this was his Life (says

(says one) that was his Land——— This was his Brother——— That was his Building——— This was his Garden——— And thus they task awhile of what WAS HIS——— but if we go to the Church-yard, where his Body lies, 'tis said, this IS HIS GRAVE, and not his Friends; so that when we are Dead, we are *sure of something*, but 'tis only a Grave. Then what a Wretch is he, that *won't part with the World, when it lies in his way to Heaven*, for he can neither carry it with him, or use above six foot on't when he is Dead, or scarce so much, for the *Chimistry* of *Cardan* found but six Ounces of Dust in the Ashes of a Calcin'd Body——— *We brought nothing into this World, and can carry nothing out*; but Worldlings ne'er consider this, and therefore like Men that *clasp at Spirits, they catch nothing but Air*; they gripe at all the World to satisfie their Avarice, but it slips through their Fingers, and leaves nothing but Dust. But as great a Vanity as this is, we find *Covetousness to be the only Sin, grows young, as Men grow old.* Old Men have their Covetousness natural to 'em, their Blood is cak'd and cold, and Nature *as it grows again toward Earth, is fashion'd for the Journey*, dull and heavy——— The nearer Death we grow in Years, the more scraping we are; and this *Sneaking Vice* Drowns not till we Sink; and I don't wonder at it, for Dying-men will grasp at all they see; while they see any thing, but when their Senses fail, then Farewell Riches, the World's too heavy, then they let it fall. Tho' we were misers all our Days, yet when we expire, *we spread our Palms*, and let the World slip by; but when ev'ry thing else is gone, the Grave remains: And in this Cell I shall lie hid (with Iris) till the Resurrection.

He is a Wretch that won't part with the world when it lies in his way to Heaven.

Misers gripe at all the World, but it *slips thro' their Fingers*, and leaves nothing but Dust.

Old Men have their Covetousness Natural to 'em

Covetousness is the only Sin grows Young as Men grow Old.

Lie still where thou art John, *for th' quiet o'th' Nation,*
Nor can'st thou stir more, without strat Conjuration.

Being now laid to sleep with my Dear,——— a Marble-Tomb was to be our Blankets, (*for Tombs are the Cloaths of the Dead*) but we shall get no Cold if we wait for 'em. However, as I lived and died in a Cell, so to shew I'd be still Incognito, I'll here Write my Epitaph, and then, (as one expresses it) *If no Man goes to Bed 'till he Dies, nor 'makes 'till the Resurrection——— Good-night t'ye here, and Good-morrow hereafter.*

Iris and *Phil.* being *laid to sleep*, they want the Marble for their Blankets.

Dunton's Epitaph on himself.

Dunton's Epitaph on himself.

HEre *lies his Dust*, who chiefly aim'd to know
Himself; and chose to Live *Incognito*:
He was so great a Master of that Art,
He understands it now in ev'ry Part;
But tho' 'twas *Solitude* he did so prize,
He has it least, whil'st in this Cell he lies;
For whil'st depriv'd, my dearest Life, of thee,
The World was all an Hermitage to me;
But mixt with *Iris*, nought can lonesome be
My Name inquire not, for thou must not know,
For *Phil.* desired, when he from hence did go,
That he might allways lie Incognito.

Thus

Man goes to his long home.

Thus *Man goeth to his long home, and the Mourners go about the streets*——

Ring the Bells for *Dunton* is Dead and Buried.

Ring the Bells,—— *for* Dunton *is Dead and Buried*, that is, as Mr. Vincent's Friends make a PULPIT of his Grave, (for on his Tomb-stone are these Words,

Immortal Souls to benefit and save,
I thus have made a Pulpit of my Grave.)

I have been only burying my self in Effigie.

When I *dye in earnest*, I hope the thoughts of my Death & Funeral will be no more terrible to me than 'tis now in Speculation.

Philostratus liv'd 7 Years in his Tomb.

Of sudden Death.

The Divine *Herbert* dreſt out his own Hearſe.

I would leave nothing behind me that I thou'd take to Heaven with me.

My Passionate Desire to be stript into a naked Spirit.

So I have endeavour'd to make **An Essay on my own Funeral**, which being a *Representation of what will be done when I'm Dead*, (whereas I'm yet alive) 'tis excusable if I have follow'd their Examples who fill their Maps with Fancies of their own Brains——. But tho' I have been only burying **my self in Effigie**; yet having a longing desire to be happy with **Jesus** (*which I can't be but by dying*) 'tis no matter how soon my **Dying Solemnity** were over; and when I come to dye in earnest, I hope the thoughts of my **Death and Funeral** will be no more terrible to me then 'tis now in Speculation. 'Twas said **Philostratus** liv'd Seven Years in his own Tomb, that he might be acquainted with it. That Death may become thus Familiar to me, I'll walk every Day with *Joseph* a turn or two in my Garden with Death, and (with *Herbert*) **an often dreſs out my own Hearſe**——. I wou'd be so well acquainted with Death as (*impatiently*) to desire it; not that I wou'd dye of *an Appoplexy, by a private Stab, or any sudden Death*——. **From sudden Death good Lord deliver me**; for whenever I dye, I wou'd have so much notice, that *I may leave nothing behind me that I shou'd take to Heaven with me*; not that I wou'd be deliver'd from **sudden Death**, in respect of it self; *for I care not how shorts my passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary Traveller complain'd that he came too* soon to his Journies end; *but I wou'd not have a* **sudden Death**, *so as to be surpriz'd before I'm summon'd:* However dye I wou'd, and as pleasant a sight as *Valeria* may think my funeral, I did not care how soon she saw it as here describ'd, for then she'll have more (*I can't say enough*) of the World, and I'm sick on't, and wou'd fain change it for Heaven——. 'Tis true the **Pannour of Sampsil** *is a fine sight, but he that looks up to Heaven will not care for the World*——. *Oh how amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts! One Day in thy Courts is better than a Thousand; I had rather be a Door-keeper in the House of God, than live any longer in this vile World*; there's nothing in it but *Vanity, Disappointments, and black Ingratitude*; then oh that I was stript into a naked Spirit, and set ashore in a better World!——

Why lingrest thou, **bright Lamp of Heaven?** *Why*
Do thy Steeds tread so slowly on? must I
Be forc'd to live, when I desire to dye?

Lash thou those lasie Jades, *drive with full speed,*
And end my slow pac'd Days, that I may feed
With Joy on him, for whom my Heart doth Bleed.

Post, blessed Jesus! *Come Lord, flee away,*
And turn this Night into the brightest Day,
By thine approach; come, Lord, and do not stay.

Take

Take thou Doves Wings, or give Doves Wings to me,
That I may leave this World, and come to thee,
And rest in thy glorious Presence be.

I like not this vile World, it is meer Dross;
Thou only art pure Gold, then sure 'tis loss,
To be without the Throne t'enjoy a Cross.

What tho' I must past through the Gates of Death?
It is to come to thee that gav'st me Breath;
And thou art better (Lord) than Dunghill Earth.

When shall I come? Lord, tell me, tell me when;
What must I tarry Threescore Years and Ten?
My thirsty Soul cannot hold out till then.

Come, dearest Saviour, come, unlock this Cage
Of sinful Flesh, lovingly stop the Rage
Of my Desires; end thou my Pilgrimage.

Thus have I finish'd the Essay on my own Funeral, and have prov'd (to your Ladyship) that *my Cell being an Emblem of Death*, is the fittest place to prepare for Heaven. *To get ready for Death and the Grave*, is a matter of great Consequence, and no place so fit for it as a *Cell, where there's no interruption*——. I don't wonder that ev'ry Man commends Timon for his hating of Men; for we find so much danger in being in Company, that even *Adam could not live one Day in it, and live Innocent*; the first News we hear of him, after Eve was Associate to him, was that he had forfeited his Native Purity; for having met with a Female, the strait seduc'd him; And what follows? Why now, *he must return to that ground out of which he was taken*——. Then being born to dye— I love my *Cell*, as 'twill transmit me to the Darkness, and Oblivion of the Grave, and remind me of my own *Funeral*——. Neither is this describing my own Funeral without a President; for we read of several that have *Bury'd themselves in Effigie, and have learn'd to dye as their own Funerals*. The Emperour *Adrian* entr'd into his Empire by the Port of his Tomb, he Celebrates himself his own Funerals, and is led in Triumph to his Sepuchre.

I have now finish'd the Essay on my Funeral.

No place so fit to prepare for Death as a Cell.

Adam cou'd not live one day in Company & live innocent.

Being born to dye I love my Cell.

Several that have bury'd themselves in Effigie.

Now was the Peoples Expectation high,
For wonted Pomp, and glittering Chivalry:
But lo! their Emp'rour doth invite 'em all,
Not to a Show, but to his Funeral.
This was self Victory, and doth exceed more
Than all the Conquests he had won before.

The Emperour *Adrian* Celebrates himself his own Fun'ral.

Proud Spirits, be ye Spectators of this *Funeral Pomp*, which this great Monarch *Adrian* Celebrates to Day: He invites the *Heaven and the Earth to his Exequies*, since in their view he accompanies his Portraid Skeleton unto the Tomb, his Body conducts thither its Shadow, the Original the painted Figure, till a Metamorphosis be made both of one and the other——. *Oh glorious Action! where Garlands of* Cypress *dispute the Preheminence with* Laurel *and* Palm! But *Adrian* is not the only Person that has been *buried in Effigie*, for *Charles* the Fifth, long before the Resignation of his Empire, caus'd a Sepulchre to be made him, with all its funeral furniture, which was privately carryed about with him wherever he went. *Maximilian* the Emper-

Charles the 5th, *Maximilian*, the Emperour of the East, and several others have done the like.

Emperour did the same, and *would often take his Coffin to the Grave in a Solemn Manner.* We also read that *John* Patriarch of *Alexandria*, while he was Living, and in Health, caus'd his Monument to be Built, but not to be Finisht, for this Reason, that upon solemn Days, when he performed Divine-Service, he might be put in mind by some of the Clergy in *these Words*—— *Sir your Monument is yet unfinish'd, command it to be finisht, for to Morrow you're to Celebrate your own Funeral.* When the Emperour of the East was newly chosen, no Person had Liberty to speak to him before the Stone-Cutter had shew'd him several sorts of Marble, and ask'd him *of which his Majesty would be pleas'd to have his Monument made.* And many others in perfect Health, have thus attended their own Funerals—— *Genebald*, Bp of *Laudanum*, lay in a Bed made like a Coffin, for 7 Years together; and *Ida*, a Woman of great Piety, long before her Death, caus'd her Coffin to be made, which twice a Day she filled with Bread and Meat, and gave to the Poor. And certainly *the Study of Vertue is the best Preparation for Death.* But we need not look into Ancient Times for Persons that have provided for their own funerals, when our present Age abounds with so many Instances of this Nature—— I shall first Instance in the Reverend Mr. Baxter, (*who Dates most of his Books from the Brink of the Grave*) *Being in my Quarters*, (says this Pious Divine) *far from home, but so extreme Languishing, by the sudden loss of about a Gallon of Blood, and having no Acquaintance about me, nor any Book but my Bible, and Living in continual Expectation of Death, I bent my Thoughts on my everlasting Rest; and because my Memory through extreme Weakness was imperfect, I took my Pen and began to draw up my own Funeral Sermon, or some Helps for my own Meditations of Heaven, to sweeten both the rest of my Life, and my Death*—— I cou'd next tell your Ladyship of a Gentleman, who Markt all his Plate with a Death's-head—— My own Mother would often visit that Grave where she desir'd to be Buried—— Mr. *Thorp* being in Debt, retreats to the *Mint*, where he falls to Writing *a Poem on himself*, which he calls a Living-Elegy, and invites all his Creditors to his Funeral, to lament his Death. I have no Reason to do this, for I have taken that care, that if any come to my Funeral that I'm oblig'd to, they may have Cause rather to lament the loss of my Life, than any thing they can lose by me—— Mr. Stephens of Lethbury, kept his Coffin by him several Years—— Mrs. *Parry* of *Monmouth*, did the same—— and so did Mrs. Collins, 'till her Husband was Buryed in it—— I don't pretend to live up to these Examples, but I've already purchast a Grave, and in these Sheets *I'm following my Hearse to it*, and I hope this Essay on my Funeral, will remind me of Death, when I'm most Tempted to forget it; but that I may not, I shall ev'ry Day my self make Funeral Processions, *I mean, visit in Meditation every Hour my Grave. There is no fooling with Life when 'tis once turn'd beyond Thirty*, and therefore I wou'd now Daily Celebrate my own Funeral, and invite to my Exequies Ambition, Avarice, and all other Passions wherewith I may be attainted, to the end that I may be a *Conqueror even by my own proper Defeat*. For when a Man yields to the Meditation of Death; then Reason commands Sense shall obey to this Apprehension of Frailty. Pleasures by little and little abandon us, the Sweets of Life seem Sowr, and we can find no other quiet but in the Hope *of that glorious Life to come.* 'Twas the Saying of a great Man, Before Death and the Funeral, no Man is Happy. But that I may Die in Peace, 'tis requisite that I Die daily. *Philip* of *Macedon*, gave a Boy a Pension ev'ry

Genebald, Bp of *Laudanum*, lay in a Bed made like a Coffin.

The Study of Vertue is the best Preparation for Death.

Mr. Baxter drew up his own Funeral Sermon.

In his Book called *The Saints everlasting Rest.*

Other *late Instances* of Pious-men, who have kept their *Coffins* by 'em.

Mr. *Thorp's* Living-Elegy.

Mr. *Stephens* kept a *Memento of Death* in his own House.

I would now daily Celebrate my own Funeral.

Before Death and the Funeral, no Man is Happy.

every Morning, to say to him—— *Philip remember thou art a Man.* My Purse won't allow of a Daily Monitor, but I hope this Essay on my Funeral will serve me as well to bear Death in Mind, as if *Philip's Death's-Head* were set before me—— *But God wou'd have me ignorant of my last Hour, that suspecting it always, I might always be ready*; and where can I get ready, if not in a Cell, where are few Temptations to Sin and Vanity? And therefore I'll never leave it, but *like the silly Grasshopper, Live and Die,* (and perhaps be Buried) *in the same Ground*—— But however my Body is dispos'd of, I shall still be

Why God wou'd have me ignorant of my last Hour.

Your Friend

INCOGNITO.

The Ladys Answer to my Eight Letter.

Sir,

I Can easily believe you are the *First that ever Writ an Essay upon their own Funeral*, for our Dissolution is no inviting Subject; it has but a *Melancholy Aspect*, even when 'tis look'd upon as the only Remedy of the Afflicted. But, *How bitter are the Thoughts of Death to those that Live at Ease?* Which if you Consider, you may well conclude, had *Valeria's* Kindness been such as you would have had it, you had ne'er enjoyed the Blessing you do now, of Contemplating the Miseries of this Life; till in *Ransacking your Memory for all that could possibly any more afflict or torment you, you light upon Death as the last and most dreadful of all terrible Things*; which being once fix'd in your Mind, sets you out of the reach of all Temptations. In this she makes it appear, she loves you *as well at least, if not better, than her own Soul*, that she affords you a Happiness she denies her self; and chuses to leave you to the full Enjoyment of it, without robbing you of the least Share. But if you are *Serious in the Thoughts of Death*, 'twill do you more good than all her Smiles, however you may prize 'em.

The Gentleman that thought he was as good as Dead when his Money was gone, might have some cause to think himself really Dead, tho' he walk'd about, perceiving the *Fear every ones Countenance discover'd at the sight of him*, the Case of most Persons in his Circumstance; therefore never be surpriz'd at his having *more Brains than he could be quiet with*, for were your Case his in one respect, it might be so perhaps in the other; *every one is not able to bear the Contempt of the World.* Tho' if well consider'd, when we answer the Designs of Providence, it should be all one to us, whether *we stand for a Penny or a Crown*; for in God's Account we are equally as useful and acceptable: And I am perswaded, there has been *many great Saints, very little seen or known in the World, and whose only Share in it has been but Obscurity and Contempt*; and truly speaking, what are we the better for so large a share of earthly Enjoyments, that shall both disorder our Minds and Bodies that we can't discern our true Interest, but *place our Happiness in catching at departing Shadows, while we forget we are all born Subjects of Death, and begin to die from the first moment of our Life.* And 'tis no matter how soon one is discharg'd of a Debt one must certainly pay. And were our Life never so long, to think in time *we should have enough of living, is a great mistake; for at Fourscore Years end we shall think*

think our lives short, and our past Enjoyments extremely imperfect; and any one that dies at Twenty can do no more: That in general Death is saluted with the same shy Air, whenever he claims the debt they are not willing to pay; as well those he has long forborn, as those he deals with more severely. Yet methinks aged Persons Experience, and some sort of good Nature and Compassion, might prevail with 'em willingly to make room for others; that by their Deaths young Persons, to whom they leave their Places, may have the opportunity of making the *same Experiment they have done of the Emptiness of all humane Joys, which is best known and believed by dear bought Experience*, and never till then can they be freed from the *Tyranny of Vain-hopes and wild Ambition*, the Disease of Youth.

I confess I can't but wonder at the *vain curiosity of the Philosophers*, who set themselves so much to know exactly, in the last Minute of their Life, *what Being Death has*, which is none at all. The most that can be seen of Death is by its Operation on our Bodies in this Life; *our total Dissolution is but the last stroke*, not much differing from the rest, nor perhaps the most painful; we know enough of it to make us hate the thoughts of it, as of a *Melancholy Subject*; and if ever we are brought to love it, 'tis certain it must be by looking beyond it.

For 'tis to the consideration of that happy change of Life, to which Death brings us, that we are obliged for all our *Ease and Comfort* in this Life, and from the hopes that in *Death, the Soul shall be set at Liberty*, and be triumphant over that Enemy which had so long insulted, and with the sight and feeling of his Tyranny kept it in bondage and slavish fear. There's nothing in this World that is not under his Dominion; *his Character is stampt on every thing*, which makes 'em change, corrupt, and die, that we are us'd with such perpetual Alterations; tho' it shou'd sometimes supply the place of a comfort to one that has no better; for if a meer change will mend their Condition, they are sure of that Relief, since nothing remains in the same state, all tends to a Dissolution; *the Heavens wax old as doth a Garment, and shall be changed*; nay, Death it self must shortly yield to Destruction; and till then, the worst it can do is but to change us for the better.

'Tis much to be admir'd, there should be any Pretenders to the making a *Divorce between Death and Sin*, that the same Persons that abhor the Sight or Thoughts of Death, shou'd take Sin into their Embraces; *for what's so sure to let in Death as Sin?* For 'tis not only the Wages of Sin but it's natural Issue; and one may say, 'tis the only *good thing Sin ever brought forth*; for we have many Advantages by Death, since every degree of Death, in the Body, adds to the Life and Vigour of any Soul that is not already *dead in Sin*; and in the total Dissolution of the Body, the Soul is freed from any more sinning, and all the sufferings of this Life; a Condition much to be desir'd, by all but those that are so blind to take *their Misery for their Happiness*, and dote upon this present Life; and such there are, and ever was, of whom St. *Austin* in admirement speaks, when he says, *At what cost and labour do Men endeavour to prolong their Labours, and by how many frights to fly Death, to the end they may be able to fear it for the longer time.*

'Tis true, since Death was at first laid on Man as a penalty, it must be allow'd to be that which Nature in it self abhors; but God, *whose very Punishments are the effects of his Mercy and Goodness*, has ordain'd it to be the means to procure our Happiness, both to wean our Affections from too much love of this Life, and also to bring us to the possession of a better; which if truly understood, would more than overcome our natural aversion; *it wou'd make us long to be dissolv'd, at least willing to die at our appointed time*; for

for those that believe, and hope for a glorious Resurrection, should they regret in Death the loss of their Bodies, 'twould look like the impertinent Folly of one that shou'd lament the loss *of the Egg that was become a Chicken*; for sure it is, for us to desire to be always what we are, is to oppose the perfection of our Natures, and speaks us *degenerated to the lowest degree of Brutality*. Could we obtain a true Judgment of our selves, we should (like the Man you mention) think it more Eligible to end than begin our Life again; and 'tis a great sign we have never labour'd for Heaven and Happiness, when we are not weary enough to wish for Rest, but like Children that pass their Day in trifling Follies are never weary, but must be forced to Bed, or else deluded to it by a false-hope; some such deceits are found for cheating Men as much as Children, and often sends 'em to rest before they think on't; tho' were they not *as insensible as Death it self* can make 'em, they cou'd scarce think of any thing else amongst the many Monitors the World affords us; but yet I wonder how you can think it an easie matter to humble the prepossterous Pride of Man; 'tis not the sight of a Funeral can do it, nor yet your humbling Verses; he carefully secures his Pride from all Assaults while he lives, and charges it to carry it to his Grave, so dearly he loves it as his best Companion, without which, all worldly Enjoyments would be insipid, and give him more pain than pleasure, for *Pride is the chief Ingredient in all our Pleasures to make 'em desirable*; and for that reason they do well to keep the thoughts of Death at an humble distance from their Pride, for Death's the greatest Enemy it can encounter, which first or last will get the Victory; for *how many Persons are in Mourning half their Life time for the Death of Pride?* Those who lament the loss of Youth, the loss of Beauty, or of Grandeur, 'tis all but Funeral Sorrow for the loss of Pride, the dear Companion of Beauty, Youth and Grandeur, which is gone before 'em; but if that will satisfie 'em, *they shall soon follow*. This we must needs observe in the Death *of our Friends* and Relations, who once enjoy'd this Life as much as we do, yet cou'd not baffle Death, but were forc'd to yield to his Summons, which are so Arbitrary, we have no Rule to take our Measures by to prevent surprize; 'tis therefore best *to be always ready to entertain Death's Harbingers, and make every thing our Monitor*, and almost all we see and converse with, are naturally dispos'd to do us that courtesie, wou'd we give leave; for there is so much truth in what you call an Active Death, that more of Death than Life appears in the imperfection of all humane Actions.

For Example, *Your ringing your Passing-Bell—, your laying your self out—, speaking your last Words——, describing your Looks——, and your Spouses Sentiments upon your Death and sight of you—— are very like the Dream of those that are under the Image and Similitude of Death, and probably like Dreams may come to pass by contrarys*: For the Circumstances of your Death may differ so much from what you make account of, that it may not permit you to Pray that Prayer you have prepared for obtaining the Blessing to see and know again your Spouse in Heaven; but let not this fright you, for you may yet have this comfort, If it is none of the Joys that belongs to Heaven, you'll be happy without it; but if it is the common Blessing belongs to all beatified Spirits, you'll not want it. Nor can I see the least reason to count our Death, *because 'tis strange, a dismal and mysterious Change*; for what shou'd we fear, since there's no being unhappy in God's Hands? Had he never discover'd to us the Joys of another Life, we have tasted so much of his Goodness in this, as may well assure

sure us there is *nothing to expect but Happiness wherever he sends us*, for Death, Sin and Misery, was no portion of his providing, 'twas of our own procuring by Rebelion; therefore 'tis no matter what we are, nor whether we go, if we can leave Sin behind us.

How Beautiful were we made at first, to enjoy an earthly Paradice, till *Rebellion and Sin changed all into misery and deformity*? But now how glorious shall we be made at the Resurrection, to fit us for a heavenly Life, where we are out of all possibility of any change, for we are in no danger to forfeit that Life, since all the Conditions we hold it by are already fulfilled for us? You may well think *what a bright and serene Morning the Resurrection will make*, and long for it at a great rate, therefore to be provided for your happy Change is your chief care; when you are once about to die, you won't stay to be ask'd the least Question about *your Funeral, or disposing your Estate*, for you have not only made your Will, but order'd every Circumstance of your Funeral. The Care and Fondness you shew for your Epitaph, and the rich Monument you bequeath your self, may very justly be imputed to your loving temper; for had *Iris* been still alive, you had never had such *her Thoughts and Concern for your cold Grave*, where you are laid in your Imagination with a Pleasure not inferiour to Kings; and to assert your title to that Priviledge, can prove your self *a frail and mortal as the greatest Monarch alive*.

But tho' you might think it necessary to make some *Friendship and Acquaintance with Death* before you fall into his Hands, I can't see so much use of the Contemplation of your Funeral; for to me 'tis a care I shall never charge my Thoughts with, but as I live and die Incognito, so I wou'd be buried; and so wou'd you, I'm perswaded, were it not to shew your Friends *how much you valu'd a Wife that lov'd you*; but having such a President as Jacob, you can't be thought *vain or prodigal*, if like him you erect a Monument in Memory of your *fair Wife and happy Marriage*; for 'tis an imperfect Felicity, according to the World, that is but little known or talk'd of.

I am secured from mistaking *the Person of your Executor* by the *Character you give him*, there are so few comes near that resemblance; from whom you may well promise your self *a speedy performance of your Will*. But how sluggish must that Vertue be, that such an Encomium as you have made upon the Fidelity of a Friend in that occasion, cou'd not animate with Life and Spirits to put every *thing in execution for the Love and Honour of his deceased Friend*?

I can't disapprove your Sentiment, that 'tis the truest Charity to your Presumptive Heir, *rather to leave him a necessary Instruction to Reflect upon and do him good, than your Estate*, that will do him harm; and the Character you give the Person you leave it to, will extremely justifie your choice. Your other Legacies are very generous; and in particular to me, who have done nothing for you equal to so kind a Concern; but it *seems to be your design to exceed all Persons Deserts*.

I wish that be all; for your leaving the Athenians and me Mourning, looks as if you were resolv'd to engross to your self *the sole advantage of living and dying Incognito*; and had found out the way to discover us to the World; for now we are not known but guess'd at; for wherever Wit and Modesty appears in one Person, he is presently suspected for one of the *Athenians*, and perhaps some Woman may be supposed to be the honourable Lady, if she is once discover'd to abound in her own Sense, which are marks so near the Truth, there needs no more than *putting on Mourning for a Friend, when all the Town knows you are dead*, to make a perfect discovery of those Persons who had liv'd till then unknown; but I'm more enclin'd to impute

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it to *the great haste you made to have all your Business and dying Solemnity over*, that you might the sooner satisfie your longing desire to be happy with Her; which may very well excuse your oversight of the danger your Kindness expos'd us to.

But I am to seek for the Reason of your *giving so much for the Preaching your Funeral Sermon*, when you have but two Vertues to be commended, and which in reality are none; for what Vertue is there in abhorring Covetousness and Backbiting, when all your Sufferings are owing to those two Vices? 'Tis but too Natural, and far from a Vertue, to hate your Enemies, which they both are, for the *one keeps you from paying your Debts*, *the other makes you pass for a Hypocrite*: However the Minister is not to deserve his Legacy for the Commendations he gives you, but you are satisfied if *a Sermon is Preach'd for the Benefit of your surviving Friends*, which is all it can pretend to, when 'tis the best perform'd; nor is any thing more design'd in the Highest Elogiums that are given to any Persons Vertues, 'tis but to *recommend 'em to our Imitation with the more advantage*; and as Humble and Modest as it looks in many Persons that decline the having funeral Sermons for fear there should be some mistaken Honour paid to their reputed Vertues, I see but little Reason for it: If in our Life-time *We must let our Light shine, that Men may see our good Works*, notwithstanding the Danger it may prove to our Frailty, then why at our Funerals may not God have the Glory of our good Works, *and our Friends the Benefit of having our Vertue proposed to their Imitation*, with all the just Praise it deserves, for the better prevailing? And as it is the most proper occasion for Instruction, 'tis pity any Consideration shou'd disappoint it.

I am of Opinion you might have spar'd *your Ring and Inscription to Valeria*, for should she follow your Counsel, it would deprive her of all the *Satisfaction she should take in her Jointure*, when it fell to her, for at present 'tis only the Hopes of it that makes her cheerfully undergo all the Misfortunes relating to herself, and her *Dear Spouse*, whose Absence she is forced to bear, having no means to redress this Ill but by a greater, for *she likes her Jointure just as it is*, and had rather endure any Misery, than ever consent to make it better or worse.

Knowing this as you do, let me tell you 'tis a little unkind, to *order the cutting down the Woods*, which will not only alter but deform the Beauty of it, and she may come to repent all the Sorrows she has endured for the Love of it. But perhaps you'll say, you are *as scrupulous of paying your Debts, as she of not breaking her Vow*, and she can't in Conscience but commend you for it; all this alleged of both sides, it seems to put it more in her Power than yours to procure a Remedy, and 'tis a little strange; since, *She adheres so strictly to her Church, as not willing to have a Grave out of their Bosom, she should not have the Benefit of their Counsel in that difficult Affair, but is left to her self to suffer so much Misery, for want of a right Judgment, in the Case of a rash and unlawful Vow*; therefore you need take no more concern, if things remain in the same State they are now, till you Die; you can't oblige her more, than to leave her to her Jointure.

You are very kind to your Summer friends, and give 'em great Gifts, were they not accompany'd with so many Reproaches; all thing consider'd, you have no such Reason, *'tis possible to make so good a use of their Ingratitude*

it may turn more to your Advantage, than all the Services of your tried Friends; for they are the only Persons can teach us to abhor in our selves, what we see so odious in them; for in reflect *upon our own Ingratitude to God, how humble and modest should it make us in exacting Gratitude to us poor sinful Mortals*, who never think how much we are indebted to God's Favour and Goodness, for all the means he gives us of helping others; and we ought to esteem *the Services we do 'em, a special Blessing Heaven bestows upon us, and return 'em in good Offices which those Persons have done us, in procuring us that Favour*; nor can their want of Ackowledgment do us the least Injury, for if you look into your self, to see with what Mind you serv'd 'em, and find you had no Worldly respects in it, but was carried to it by a *Charitable Sense of their Wants, and respect to your Duty*, they then by their Ingratitude, turn you over to God for your Reward; and how much better is that, than the best of their Acknowledgments; but if your sole aim had been to oblige 'em to you, that they might repay you in the same Coin, how well you *deserve to lose so vain a Reward*; but should it have been a fawning and pretended Affection that deluded you, *a Misfortune Men of your Layety and Charitable Temper are most liable to*, you have ample amends made you, by shewing you the World is fill'd with false Appearances, and 'tis a Folly to rely on humane Constitution, for Change of fortune changes friends, for the most part: All you have to regret is, that your Pains and Cost should be so far lost, as that the *Kindness you intended should be turn'd to an Injury, by making 'em Guilty of so black a Crime*; yet could you once put 'em into possession of the good Qualities you Requireth 'em, many might have cause to thank you, and none will ever after be troubled with your Ill.

But what ever your Thoughts are, in my Opinion you have less reason to expect all should approve, than to be surpriz'd that some should blame the Publishing your private Case; who ever appeals to the World, must resolve to stand the shock of many a harsh Judgment; and tho' it *looks like Vindicating our selves*, the Event makes it quite another thing; 'tis much more like a Design to find out *an infallible way to be truly humbled for all our Faults and Frailties*, they will find so many Chastisers amongst the Rash, the Envious, and the Impertinent, as will make 'em know themselves; but if you your self judge you have done well in *Publishing your Case*, as also your Friends who know your Reasons for so doing, what need you heed the Judgment of those who can *only Judge by the Success*, not knowing, but guessing at your Motives for it.

But if some Persons shall declaim against the Pains you have taken to bury your self, and say, 'tis a meer Whim, they must then look upon the Precedents you have brought of so many great and good Men, that have thought it necessary *to sanctifie 'em against the Fear of Death*, which the soft Pleasures of their Condition is apt to represent as the greatest of all Evils. But this is not your Case, you are sick of this Life, and are impatient for a Change; but for all that, in this treacherous and deceitful World, you think 'tis good to be provided of a funeral Ellay, to remind you of Death, least some time or other, you may be *Tempted to forget it*; as you see others, who are so taken up with observing your Faults after you are Dead and Buried in your Cell, which in Charity they ought to cover, but true Christian is their Interest, which Happiness I wish you——, *Who am &c.*

FINIS.